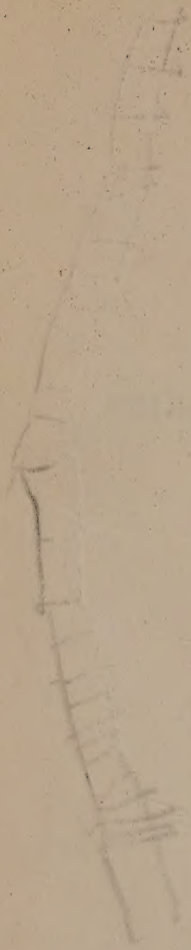
The Best British Short Stories of 1927

EDITED BY
EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

1929

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1927



THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1927

WITH AN IRISH SUPPLEMENT

EDITED BY

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
NEW YORK 1927

Copyright, 1926, by Stacy Aumonier, The Forum Publishing Company, Inc., The Dial Publishing Company, Inc., The Pictorial Review Company, and Charles Scribner's Sons.

Copyright, 1927, by Mary Arden, Stacy Aumonier, H. H. Bashford, H. E. Bates, J. D. Beresford, Elizabeth Bowen, Osbert Burdett, Daniel Corkery, Shaw Desmond, David Garnett, T. G. G. A., Thomas Kelly, Desmond MacCarthy, The Independent, John Metcalfe, R. H. Mottram, Seán O Faoláin, The Dial Publishing Company, Inc., L. A. Pavey, V. S. Pritchett, The Executors of the Late K. F. Purdon, Anthony Richardson, Lennox Robinson, The Forum Publishing Company, Inc., Edward Sackville West, The Atlantic Monthly Company, Violet A. Simpson, The Century Company, and Mary Somerville.

Copyright, 1927, by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

All rights reserved.

Printed in U. S. A.

TO

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

BY WAY OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I make grateful acknowledgment to the following authors, editors, and publishers for permission to reprint the stories included in this volume: Mary Arden, Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., Stacy Aumonier, The Editor of *The Forum,* H. H. Bashford, H. E. Bates, J. D. Beresford, Elizabeth Bowen, Osbert Burdett, Daniel Corkery, The Editor of *The Dial,* Shaw Desmond, The Editor of *Scribner's Magazine,* David Garnett, Colonel T. G. G.-A., C. M. G., D. S. O., Thomas Kelly, Desmond MacCarthy, John Metcalfe, The Editor of *The Independent,* R. H. Mottram, Seán O Faoláin, L. A. Pavey, V. S. Pritchett, The Executors of the Late K. F. Purdon, Anthony Richardson, The Editor of *The Pictorial Review,* Lennox Robinson, Edward Sackville West, Violet A. Simpson, The Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* Mary Somerville, and The Editor of *The Century Magazine.*

If I have overlooked any name in these acknowledgments, it has been through inadvertence, and I trust that the error will be overlooked.

I shall be grateful for suggestions from readers of this volume, and shall particularly welcome the receipt of stories of merit which appear during the ensuing twelvemonth in periodicals which do not come under my regular notice. Such communications may be addressed to me *Care of Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., 30, Bedford Square, London, W. C. 1., England.*

E. J. O.

INTRODUCTION

I

This is the sixth year during which I have studied with some care the British and Irish short story, and as I examined the results which are embodied in this volume, I was particularly struck by the fact that a nearly complete transition has been effected from one generation of story writers to another during the past five years. It has been remarked many times by the youngest group of French writers who have found creative expression only since the war that life has been so accelerated in recent years that they have had the almost annual experience of outliving a literary generation. Five or six years ago, men like Raymond Radiguet represented the leadership of their generation, yet what French writer of 1927 resembles Radiguet? In such an age of rapid transition based upon the continually flowing stream of sensation and intellectual experience, the crystallization of expression is only fleeting. Nothing is retained which may some day be regarded as a particular tradition, and it is well worthy of note that the important creative work of Marcel Proust, Paul Claudel, André Gide, and Paul Valéry had crystallized for the most part before the war and altogether before the peace.

When we compare English work with French work during the same period, it is at once obvious that the transition has been more slow. English writers are much less rapidly responsive to outside influence than French writers. What they lack in intellectual curiosity it may very well be that they gain in stability, but it is much less simple to trace the changing course of experience in English creative work.

Granting this, it is still possible, I think, to note the chief direction toward which the new writers tend, and also to

perceive what influences are chiefly responsible for the reluctance or inability of the older writers to follow them.

Let us examine the older writers first. Those who had achieved a certain crystallization before the war seem to have been confounded by the pressure exerted upon their sensibilities, first by the war, and later by the peace. There is a noticeable arrest of perception coupled with a tendency toward seeking to remedy by execution what they have failed to perceive in content. Their awareness appears to be diminished, and they find their security only in the mechanism of structure. I find that they tend more and more to write for the American magazines which value this mechanism of structure and metallic efficiency of type more than it is valued in England.

The question arises as to whether a certain mechanisation of art coming from America is not in danger of stereotyping much of the current English short story writing. A transition of this sort would seem to have been active for a considerable period in the later work of such writers as Arnold Bennett and W. Somerset Maugham, for example.

A movement of this kind, however unconscious it may be, makes for standardisation, and standardisation makes for mechanisation. It is not unfair to point out that the mechanical age is very largely the English gift to the rest of the world, particularly to America. In a certain sense England may be said to have been the wicked fairy at America's literary christening. Refusing to accept machinery wholeheartedly itself, it made a present of its discovery to America, and now America, whose writers begin to find machinery outmoded, are returning the gift.

Fortunately the gift does not appear to be specially welcome to the younger English writers, who are consequently in a much more advantageous creative position, if they only realise it, than their French brethren to whom the cinema, the turbine, the mechanics of commerce, and the passion for speed and moving from place to place presented themselves as romantic discoveries of a most intriguing nature.

The younger English writers seem unwilling to permit machinery to uproot them from their tradition. They are prepared to accept mechanism as a going concern, but they have a strong suspicion that it is riding to a fall. Anticipating that fall, they are "carrying on" with sufficient courage, as Englishmen do "carry on," finding perhaps no deep and powerful channel for their creative energies, but alert for the possibility of building and development as soon as they are able to sight it.

Their period of transition is a shadowy journey through a country of which they have no very clear map, but they have chosen a direction and carry a compass, and they are travelling bravely onward. In the midst of their doubt, which is profound, they have made an act of faith, if only of faith in themselves, and before that act of faith brings creative fulfilment, they are recording what they think and feel as best they can. If form suffers in the process, it is not their fault. When they reach daylight they will be prepared to impose the necessary form upon what they think and feel. Meanwhile, let us salute their honesty and bravery, and make an act of faith in them which may serve them as a support.

II

For the benefit of readers unacquainted with the earlier volumes of this series, I repeat here a brief summary of the principles which have governed my choice of stories. I have set myself the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called criticism of life. I am not at all interested in formulae, and organized criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dogmatic interpretation of life is always dead. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current which flows through the best British and Irish work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which writers have conferred upon it.

No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating. Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past, and bids fair to remain so, unless we exercise much greater artistic discrimination than we display at present.

The present record covers the period from June, 1926, to May, 1927, inclusive. During this period I have sought to select from the stories published in British and American periodicals those stories by British and Irish authors which have rendered life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact, or a group of facts, in a story only attains substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms it into a living truth. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis is the measure of how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. This test may be conveniently called the test of substance.

But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form, by skillful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization.

I have recorded here the names of a group of stories which possess, I believe, the distinction of uniting genuine substance and artistic form in a closely woven pattern with such sincerity that they are worthy of being reprinted. If all these stories were republished, they would not occupy more space than a dozen novels of average length. My selection of them does not imply that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one. It is simply to be taken as meaning that I have found the equivalent of a dozen volumes worthy of republication among all the stories published during the period under considera-

tion. In compiling this book I have permitted no personal preference or prejudice consciously to influence my judgment.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

London
June 1, 1927.

CONTENTS [1]

PAGE

INTRODUCTION ix

THE IDEALIST. By Mary Arden 3
(From *The Adelphi*)

THE SPOIL-SPORT. By Stacy Aumonier 14
(From *Pearson's Magazine* and *The Forum*)

HATE. By H. H. Bashford 31
(From *The Grand Magazine*)

FEAR. By H. E. Bates 44
(From *The Nation and Athenaeum*)

THE INDOMITABLE MRS. GARTHORNE. By J. D. Beresford 49
(From *Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine*)

"JUST IMAGINE. . . ." By Elizabeth Bowen . . . 72
(From *Eve*)

THE THREE SCHOLARS. By Osbert Burdett . . . 85
(From *The New Criterion*)

PURL AND PLAIN. By David Garnett 104
(From *Vogue*, London)

THE 'CELLO. By T. G. G.-A. 111
(From *The Adelphi*)

THE MOST MISERABLE OF MEN. By Desmond MacCarthy 116
(From *The Empire Review*)

FUNERAL MARCH OF A MARIONETTE. By John Metcalfe 127
(From *The Independent*)

LOST PROPERTY. By R. H. Mottram 136
(From *The English Review*)

[1] The order in which the stories are published is alphabetical by authors, and is not to be regarded as an indication of relative merit.

PAGE

A Tale That Was Told. By L. A. Pavey 148
(From *The Manchester Guardian*)

Tragedy in a Greek Theatre. By V. S. Pritchett . 153
(From *Cornhill Magazine*)

A Kind of Freedom. By Anthony Richardson . . 169
(From *The Royal Magazine* and *The Pictorial Review*)

The Lock. By Edward Sackville West 184
(From *The Forum*)

The Sheep. By Mary Somerville 210
(From *The Century Magazine*)

The Emptied Sack. By Daniel Corkery 228
(From *The Dial*)

The Informer. By Shaw Desmond 241
(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

Getting Even. By Thomas Kelly 255
(From *The Manchester Guardian*)

The Bomb-Shop. By Seán O Faoláin 258
(From *The Dial*)

Rebels They Were Called. By K. F. Purdon . . 273
(From *Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine*)

The Quest. By Lennox Robinson 296
(From *The Dial*)

The Yearbook of the British and Irish Short Story 315

The Best British and Irish Short Stories: An Index . 317

Articles on the Short Story 328

Volumes of Short Stories Published in Great Britain and Ireland 379

Biographical Notices 383

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1927

THE IDEALIST [1]

By MARY ARDEN

From *The Adelphi*

On those fine, soft, delicious summer evenings they would sit out after supper on the little veranda that over-looked the street, and while Sylvia did some sort of sewing for the child at school, Harold lay back luxuriously in his deck chair—not smoking; he didn't like smoking—and thought how frightfully unsatisfactory life with Sylvia was. Simply you were an accessory; that was all.

He looked at the little hard line from her nose to her upper lip and wondered how on earth he had managed to be so foolish. But then he was such a hopelessly impetuous sort of fellow. But was he? Was that quite it? No, he defied anyone not to have fallen to the lift of that same little upper lip as it *used* to lift in the old days, when she turned her head slowly and spoke to him: "Harold?" with faint questioning. And always underneath the real words she had seemed to him to be asking: "Won't you give me a kiss?" Yes, yes, of course he would, and he would stroke her arm—even if he'd wanted to do that now she'd have had an objection. Only the other evening in the Stockwells' garden he had had, well—quite a special feeling about her again, and in the half-darkness and the fragrance that there was under the magnolia tree he had tried to draw her close to him.

"This is quite like old days, isn't it, old girl?"

"What? Oh, quite." She laughed awkwardly and moved a little away from him on the seat. And then, for some

[1] Copyright, 1927, by Mary Arden. From "Luck, and Other Stories," by permission of Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd.

reason, he felt like a little boy who *had* tried hard to be good, and this was what he got.

§

This was what he got. Oh, well, he would go down and stay the week-end with the Macfarlanes. It was wonderful how warmed, how comforted, how *at home* he felt with Edith. Of course what one wants more than anything else in this world is to be understood, and when one finds that at last after years and years. . . . Well, then one is justified in going almost any lengths, isn't one? And all the old fogies who raise their eyebrows aren't worth a snap of the fingers and simply they are jealous. Jealous.

"What do you think?" He took Bessie—not Edith—out on to the cliffs and they sat down on the short grass. "Have I a chance? Would it be the slightest good, do you think, for me to ask her to—to come with me? I've told her about Sylvia and all that, and she was so sympathetic, and so—so—" he waved his shaking agitated hand, "wonderful, you know, that I have a feeling she might not mind. Do you think I could try, Bessie? I'll go by you."

"Oh, *no*." Bessie bit hard on a little piece of dry grass. "I shouldn't dream of going by me. I'm so young, and I've had no experience. Really none—none at all."

"And besides everything else she's so frightfully pretty. You know I'm extraordinarily bowled over by beauty—exceptionally so, I daresay."

"Oh," said Bessie, "what do you do when you're bowled over?"

"Do?" he glanced at her a little suspiciously, "I—well, I—" He paused, thinking, staring ahead.

"Ah!" His eyes opened wide with astonishment at the recollection. "When I suddenly came out from that gap in the hills by the Hog's Back and saw—everything, you know—stretched out before me, I *fell over*."

"Fell over?" said Bessie, very concerned. "But didn't you hurt yourself?"

"No, no, no, I didn't hurt myself. I didn't hurt myself." Suddenly he was quite abstracted. He looked away to where, balancing half-way up the cliff, there was a wooden shanty with a corrugated iron roof, and a painted notice across one wall:—

LOBSTER AND PRAWN TEAS. LUNCHEONS

A yellow path with an insufficient-looking wooden railing led down to this abode. Everything seemed deserted. There wasn't a soul on the smooth velvety grass by the gorse bushes, or in the little bay far below. Only where sea and sky joined together in a greyish-blue, half sunny mist, there was a faint something that might be a sail.

"I shouldn't be surprised," remarked Bessie, "if you fell over *now*." But Harold said with animation:

"Lobster teas! I say! Let's go round there, shall we, and see what they can do?" And over the thick white cups, yellow cake, watercress—no lobster or prawns, of course—he looked at Bessie passionately but abstractedly.

"If only I'd met Edith years ago," he said, "years ago, you've no idea what misery might have been saved—no idea. My dear child," he went on in the voice of a father, "you're so young, you know. You simply can't realize things like that—simply can't, whereas *I* . . ."

§

Ah, what hopes! How could poor Harold tell that once he'd set up house with Edith who was so wonderfully soft and fair and fresh as a flower, and so—so sweet to him, she'd begin, so to speak, to rub all the little hairs on his body up the wrong way? Ah, how could he?

At first he pretended that it was his imagination and that everything was all right really.

"You're a fool, my dear chap," he told himself, "to expect the girl to er—to be perfect, and anyhow, what *is* wrong, if you're being so particular?" But, ah, only too well he knew.

He knew, for instance, that he couldn't stand that little

lace cap she wore at breakfast with blue ribbon rabbits' ears. (Altogether she *liked* that sort of thing too much. His own dressing-room was like a blessed boudoir—all soft and pink and cossetty.) And he knew he couldn't stand those awful little jokes she made over and over again and always in the same voice, a trifle arch, a trifle innocent.

"Let me see—do you take sugar, darling?"

"No, no, dear, thank you—never——"

"Oh, dear, how silly of me! Of course. You're *far* too sweet as it is."

Good Lord! But worse than anything, he felt, was the fuss she made over his clothes. That he could *not* stand. He would come home a rag from the office, absolutely a rag, you know, and when at last he had got through the sit-up dinner and established himself in his comfortable chair by the drawing-room fire, she would say:

"Harold, I really *do* think you might wear your patent leathers in the evening instead of those perfectly desperate old slippers."

"Oh, you think so?" said Harold mournfully, and, lifting one foot a little from the fender, he turned it this way and that. Of course, it was not beautiful, clad like that in a beloved brown and fawn check slipper, wide as a foot muff—Sylvia had at one time called those slippers the "Three Bear slippers"—but, hang it all, when a chap came back from the office more dead than alive—an—an absolute walking ghost. . . .

"You know, Edith, old girl," he said, as if taking her into his confidence, "I think you make a grea' deal too much fuss about dress."

"Oh, do I?" She drained her coffee cup and her beautifully manicured fingers gleamed. "Do I? But I fancy you'd rather look like a gentleman than a—a——"

"Gentleman!" he cried, suddenly very vehemently. "Gentleman!" His eyes stared at her quite terrifyingly. "Don't you know that a gentleman can wear anything, *anything,* and it doesn't matter? Good God, my dear girl, if

he likes he can be like Lord Patterson and *never* wear anything but sand shoes and a tie right round by his ear!"

What effect? He waited anxiously. Bad, if any, for his remark had fallen on to a dead, rather ominous silence. His excitement cooled. He went over to Edith, and passed his hand very gently over her neck and cheek.

"Sorry, Edie, sorry, old girl!" She blinked, and her hand on the chair arm quivered a little. "I'm a rum chap, I know, but I don't mean it, really, really not. Won't you play to me a little? I'm tired, and I do so adore your playing."

"All right," she said, "if—if you really want me to, I will. All right."

Well, there was one thing very nice; decidedly Edith *could* play. And here Harold prepared to enjoy himself by undoing the three bottom buttons of his waist-coat, undoing the top button of his trousers, kicking off his slippers, and closing his eyes.

But ah, that Beethoven thing she played was so desperately, so terribly tragic that wretched Harold began to feel it was the wailing of his own tormented soul. Or, no, not only his own perhaps, but the wailings of all poor wretched men who thought they had found the ideal woman and instead were disappointed, miserable, lonely.

Good God! Intolerable. Simply he couldn't stand it, so before she'd even finished he got up, muttered "Goodnight," and retired to his boudoir-like dressing-room.

Very carefully he wound up his watch and put it on the chest of drawers; he slowly undid two brace buttons, he took his big coloured silk handkerchief out of his pocket, stared at it pensively a moment or two, and then, behold! it was needed to wipe away two enormous tears, for, as it happened, Harold was not one of those people who *cannot weep*. On the contrary.

Now he covered his face entirely with the handkerchief. He rocked to and fro, he said into it:

"Lonely to my grave, I suppose . . . lonely to my grave."

§

Oh, well, it was really pretty obvious, wasn't it, that this very awful state of affairs could *not* go on?

"Simply cannot," Harold would say, blinking and running his fingers through his hair.

And then suddenly one day it dawned on him that there remained one way of treating life he hadn't yet tried. He couldn't say it appealed to him exactly, not at first sight, anyhow, but still, there was nothing like having a try. He'd got into it with practice, and it was very . . . noble.

It was the heroic way.

Most likely it would just mean taking hold of an attitude firmly and then all would be plain sailing. He'd have to sink himself in his profession, become a slave to it—a slave working for the good of humanity. He'd have to put all thought of women *as* women out of his head. To Edith he'd be tolerant, kind, protective; he might even manage to get quite fond of her again in a detached sort of way. Oh, yes, this was what he must do.

So when he was at the office he began to look about him with alert eyes, very wide open, to fuss about single words being altered in the reports, to talk to the girl typists in a loud, businesslike voice.

"Now then, Miss Pinkerton, haven't you finished that letter yet? I've been waiting for it at least a quarter of an hour." No answer. "At least a quarter of an hour."

She lifted her head as if it were heavy and looked at him. There was a very faint twitch at the corner of her mouth.

"I'm sorry," she said.

Was she laughing at him? He couldn't be sure. Anyhow, her eyes were quite serious. Dark, soft, full of the most extraordinary thing ou could only call expression, though you hunted frenzied'y about in your mind for another word.

Temperament, he had decided by lunch time, but when he had climbed u to the top of the 'bus in the evening and was going—well going back—he thought that that was altogether t ague, and wouldn't do at all. . . . He thought

again. . . . A soft wind blew, and there was a spring sky the colour of primroses. He saw himself talking to Miss Pinkerton and asking her:

"Do you know what it is to be misunderstood?"

She looked up quickly. "Oh, yes."

"Well, so do I, you know. . . . Shall we be friends?"

She looked down again, put her head a little on one side, played with the keys of the typewriter, her mouth twitched. "All right. Yes. If you like."

Ah, and why not? Fortune behaves like that sometimes. When you have almost played away your last halfpenny, then at last the luck turns. At last!

He saw himself standing with her in meadows impossibly full of flowers, picnicking under the delicious shade of trees, paddling with her in brooks, drying—yes, drying her feet himself with the towel. Asking her if she wouldn't, just to please him, let down her lovely hair.

But as it happened he took her not out into the country but to the theatre. You would think she had never been to the theatre before—the way she enjoyed it.

At that moment which Harold always had thought thrilling, when the orchestra was playing and all the lights had gone out except the green and blue footlights, she communicated such extraordinary excitement to him, he didn't know what to do. And when they were eating neapolitan ices together in the interval, he said, "Jolly good, aren't they?" and licked his spoon, feeling a schoolboy, and she said "Rather!" and laughed suddenly with flushed cheeks. (Of course she was wonderfully young—only a child.) And when the poor misunderstood hero of the play realized, standing at twilight in his magnificent park-like garden, that there was "no hope . . . no hope . . ." Harold very nearly put a trembling hand on to Miss Pinkerton's. But no, he was not going to do anything so rash. With the *real thing* so nearly within your grasp you did well to be careful, to wait—quite a long time if need be.

So impressed was he with the need for waiting and for

doing everything properly and in order, that he decided to take his cousin Sophie, whom he had always thought an extraordinarily intelligent woman, into his confidence.

He rang the bell of Sophie's little flat just at tea time and she opened the door to him herself.

She wore a black silk dress, tight in the bodice and full in the skirt. Her fair hair was drawn back from the ears and piled high up onto her head. She raised her very exquisitely fine eyebrows.

"Why, it's ages since you've been to see me, Harold! Tea's just ready and I was going to have sultana cake."

He thought she seemed pleased.

"Want to consult you, Sophie," he said.

"Oh, by all means, only come in and have tea first."

He left his coat and hat in the passage and went into her cosy little sitting-room, but as for getting through tea first—! He was just lifting up his first slice of thin bread and butter when words came rushing out of him like water from a burst dam.

". . . and you see what I mean, Sophie? You see—it'd be like getting a little bit of youth back again. Marvellous. Oh, I can't describe to you what it would mean, and yet I felt I *must* consult you about it first; must have your opinion first. You—you can see that, can't you?"

"Yes, I see."

"You *do* see?"

"Yes . . . but Harold, my dear," Sophie's voice was cool, quiet, calm, "you haven't *thought* about it much, have you?"

"Thought about it!" cried Harold. "Thought about it! Why, I've done nothing else day or night, day or night——"

"No, no, I don't mean in that way. What I mean is you haven't thought much about her point of view. Why, she's only a child, and if she's as lovely as you say she is, there must be ever so many people in love with her who are—well, more suitable—more her own age and not married in the first place. You know, Harold, my dear, you'd be going

the best way to ruin her life—ruin it. Think of that. Of course if she were older and so on, but as it is . . ."

The waters closed over Harold's head.

"Well," he said, with awful dejection, "I suppose you're right. I can't do it. I can't ruin her life."

A strained pause.

"I'll go lonely to my grave, I suppose—lonely to my grave."

Sophie was a little astonished at his having arrived so quickly at this decision. She felt almost guilty. She said:

"But Harold, dear, I feel sure you'd have come to that decision without me sooner or later, you know."

"Should I, do you think? Should I?" he said, brightening a little.

"Oh, I'm sure."

"Ah," he said, laughing a little with haggard eyes, "there's simply no accounting for me. I'm a rum chap—a rum chap. Why," he added, "to think of it! Only next Saturday I'd planned to take her out into the country in my little car, and God knows what a marvellous time we might have had. . . . Ah, well, I mustn't think any more about the country now. I must stick to London, stick to my job."

"But," said Sophie, after a pause, "I shouldn't have thought you need give up the idea of the country altogether. Why, it's such lovely weather, too."

"My dear girl—country's no place all by oneself."

"No, no, no, of course."

Another pause. Then she said boldly, though her voice was the least little bit breathless, the least little bit strained:

"But Harold, dear, if you think you could put up with me, I—I'd love to come with you sometime; to—to be a sister to you. After all," she added, apologetically, "we've known each other such a long while."

"Well," he said, "that's very good of you, Spohie," and he was quite touched.

§

So they went. Several times he took her out into the country in his little car, and she wore funny becoming little hats with a bunch of cherries or flowers dropping down over one ear, and as soon as it was warm enough, print dresses that made her look such a girl, and Harold put on a favourite, desperately old tweed coat of his that was actually beginning to fray right out at one elbow.

"*You* don't mind my wearing my old things," do you?" he said, and laughed.

"No, no, of course I don't mind . . . only I do feel I'd rather like to *mend* them for you, you know."

And they had tea together at little rustic tea places, when, more often than not, the conversation became intellectual, which is to say, Harold poured his views on all his favourite subjects into her wonderfully sympathetic ears.

"Well, Sophie," he would say to her on the way home, "what a treat it is to talk to a really clever woman. It is indeed. . . ." And it seemed to him that he was always discovering more and more wonderful things about Sophie, that he'd never before realized were there. He began to feel that with her, more than with anyone else, he was talking to an equal, sympathized with, and, by God! . . . Yes, by God, understood! Really and truly understood. The word was a revelation in itself. Understood. Light dawned, so dazzlingly bright, in fact, that he could hardly see the report he was working on at the moment. All his life he'd been a fool—blind, idiotic, childish. God, what a fool!

He took out his watch with a trembling hand.

A quarter to one.

Damn it! He'd promised to have lunch with that chap Goodwin. Must go.

Still—very fortunate—he was a nice fellow, and when they'd got as far as the veal cutlets Harold stopped answering his flow of talk with "Yes! no! Yes! no!" and unburdened himself.

"Of course, you know, I feel it's the thing I've waited for all my life," he said.

"I expect you do," said Goodwin gruffly. He was a little man with a red, round face.

"And now that it's come, I feel I'd be nothing but a fool if I—if I let it slip. Goodwin, my dear man, for heaven's sake tell me what you think! I'll go by you."

"Go by me?" said Goodwin incredulously.

"Yes, yes, yes, I'll go by you."

"Then," cried Goodwin with immense energy, and he banged the table so hard that everything rattled—but not impatiently, no, not impatiently; he was such a nice fellow, "my dear man, for God's sake take the risk, and—and I hope you'll be happy."

Harold grasped Goodwin's plump fist across the table.

"'Ternally grateful to you," he said in a shaking voice, "'Ternally grateful. I'll go right off now."

He jumped into a taxi and shouted through the window: "Drive as fast as you possibly can!" And feeling as if something were going to burst inside him arrived at Sophie's flat.

For one awful moment the idea possessed him: supposing she's not in! He felt that positively he would die there and then if she were not in, but she came to the door quite quickly, and he thought she looked as if she'd been expecting him—that was to say, almost as if she had.

Ten minutes later they were sitting on her blue and orange sofa, and he was stroking her arm up and down.

"Oh, my darling," he said, looking first at her face and then at the arm he was stroking. His voice shook, "If only I'd realized years ago—if only I'd not been such a crass, God-forsaken idiot, then all my life would have been different, wonderful. All that awful past need never have happened at all!"

"Well, Harold, dear," said Sophie, "you'll have to forget all about the past now, won't you?" And considering—well, considering everything, you know—her voice was wonderfully cool.

THE SPOIL-SPORT [1]

By STACY AUMONIER

From *Pearson's Magazine* and *The Forum*

I can't remember how we got on to the question of "spoil-sports," but I know that the Colonel suddenly became very indignant about them. He, Jimmy Tamaren, and I were seated in a large, flat-bottomed punt, tied up to stakes, in the middle of a backwater on the grounds of old Sir John Gostard, whose guests we were. We were lolling there, smoking and talking, and waiting for the sun to get lower in the heavens, at which time we proposed to do a little of what is known as rough fishing.

I think the subject of spoil-sports must have arisen from the obvious beauty and attractiveness of our setting; a perfect place and time of day for lovers. It seemed absurd, somehow, that three men should monopolise it all. And there was something pleasantly ironical in the situation that the eldest of us, to whom erotic experience could have been little more than a fragrant memory, should be the one to wax indignant about this tampering with the prerogatives of lovers.

"These blackmailers that you hear of in the parks and on heaths," he said. "I'd like to wring their necks." He wasted three matches getting a light for his pipe, and then continued in a more subdued tone:

"I often think how hard it is on the lower middle classes, the artisan, and working classes generally, in the big cities. A fellow meets a girl and gets keen on her, and he never gets a chance to get her all alone to himself. Where can

[1] *Copyright, 1926, by Stacy Aumonier.*

they go? Probably both his people and her people are living in more or less congested conditions. If he calls on her, or she calls on him, they never get a room to themselves.

"There's nothing to do but to walk about the streets, or sit on a seat in the park. They are being watched all the time. How can you make love to a girl when you know that if you give her more than a brotherly peck on the cheek when you meet and when you part, you will be accused of some sort of criminal intentions?"

"They can always go to the pictures," suggested Jimmy.

The Colonel's eyes and moustache twitched in unison.

"That's a nice, stuffy, dirty solution," he spluttered. "The very worst atmosphere for young lovers. There's nothing to do there but grasp at each other in the dark. How can they talk, and say all the things that lovers want to say with a noisy band playing nigger ragtime, and the people round them demanding silence? How can you make love to a woman if you can't look into her eyes? How can you concentrate when you are being constantly distracted by close-ups of murders?"

"I leave it to you, partner," said Jimmy nonchalantly.

A motor-boat went "touf-toufing" down the main stream, and our punt rocked pleasantly under the effect of its backwash.

The Colonel for the moment seemed to have spent his indignation, and Jimmy took up the thread:

"I'm not sure it's not a salutary restriction for this particular class. You see, I'm frankly a snob. When I was very young I used to be a red-hot Socialist like the Colonel."

"A Socialist!" barked that gentleman, from his layer of cushions. "What the devil——"

"Some genius once said that if a man is not a Socialist up to the age of twenty-five, it shows he has no heart. If he is a Socialist after twenty-five, it shows he has no brains. This fits in with my own case precisely. The Colonel's age I wouldn't like to guess at."

"Who said anything about being a Socialist?"

"The word was not used, but you implied that the lower classes, in this respect, were being abused at the expense of the upper classes. I'm rather inclined to think it's the other way about. The passing of the chaperon has been a serious disaster to what is known as the upper classes. I'm not a prig—at least, I hope not—but I believe all our young people are being spoilt by too much freedom. It is not so much that they go morally wrong as that they go romantically wrong. Or rather, that they lose romance altogether.

"What happens to that exquisite thrill you get in touching a girl's hand in a crowded room, the mysterious and entrancing propinquity of her, when you know quite well you have only got to ask her to come up the river with you, and she will turn up, with her bobbed hair, her cigarettes, and her bare legs, and be quite content to spend the afternoon with you in an obscure backwater—and talk unblushingly about—well, the awful and intimate things that girls do talk about these days? In my opinion it would be to everyone's advantage, instead of agitating for more freedom, to agitate for more chaperons, spoil-sports and Nosey Parkers."

"There is an element of bitterness in your comments, Jimmy," I remarked.

Swallows were flying low, apparently supping on the swarms of midges, upon whom unfortunately they seemed to make no impression. An orange-coloured dragon-fly darted hither and thither among the reeds. The Colonel was heard banging out his pipe.

"I met a spoil-sport once," said Jimmy, reminiscently.

"It sounds like the beginning of a story," I said. "'Once upon a time there was a spoil-sport——'"

"It does almost make a story," he replied.

"Well, I hope you threw him into the river," suddenly bawled the Colonel. "If you didn't throw him into the river I shall go to sleep."

"It happened in a country singularly free from rivers, although there were many dried-up river courses. It was indeed in Northern Africa, quite near the desert."

"Nothing will be rising for half an hour, Jimmy, so let's have the yarn," I said.

Jimmy relighted his pipe with slow deliberation.

"It happened a good twenty years ago," he began. "I was in the very early twenties, a profound Socialist, with a heart three sizes too large for me. I felt things intensely, and because I couldn't argue about them very logically, was rather apt to lose my temper. But this does not particularly concern what I want to tell you. Although my heart was expansive towards the big principles of social life, it was explosive when it came to individual cases. Although I was prepared to share out all the material things, I was avid to have and to hold one thing that should be essentially my own. In other words, I was an ardent calf lover.

"I remember there had been a little dust-up at the time because I wanted to marry a girl whom some people averred to be the first woman chemist. In any case, she used to make up prescriptions for her father, who had a chemist's shop at Staines, where we were then living. I have had reason to believe since that the action was entirely illegal, but that's of no consequence either. I have entirely forgotten the girl's face, although I believe she was dark, and used to wear bangles.

"I know that the upshot was that my father very generously sent me abroad for three months by myself to study and reflect. He was a great believer in travel and had already taken me with him to Holland once, and to France twice. But this was to be an entirely novel experience. I was, as it were, thrown into the deep end. I knew a fair amount of French, and a tiny smattering of Italian, and that was all.

"I want to begin appropriately enough at Charing Cross Station. Since those days I have been on the Continent

some fifteen or twenty times, and one thing always impresses me. You see the French satirical journals with caricatures of English tourists, and you are apt to say, 'Absurd!' but go to Charing Cross or Victoria Station and see the Continental Express go off and, lo and behold! there they all are.

"Where do they come from, these people? You never see them in England, except at these stations. And then an hour before the train starts they come pouring in—elderly, ugly women, with macintoshes and protruding teeth; fat, red-faced men, with walrus moustaches, wearing cloth caps and plus fours. They swarm all over the train, and they swarm all over the Continent. Wherever they go they clamour for eggs and bacon, and marmalade, and whisky, and steak, and Bass, and the *Daily Mail,* and cold baths at inconvenient moments.

"On the morning I left England there was this usual galaxy. My father, who came to see me off, had booked me a corner seat, which was fortunate, as the train was very full. When I took my seat, I was relieved to find that the rest of the party in my carriage were not all of the 'Englishman abroad' type. There was an elderly gentleman with his wife, obviously cultured people, and their two good-looking daughters who were probably college girls. In spite of my political creed the snob in me warmed to these pleasant people, and I felt correspondingly shy in their presence. The journey promised to be entertaining.

"About a quarter of an hour before the train started, however, there was a certain amount of commotion in the corridor, and in bundled one of my pet aversions—a living model of a French caricature. He was wearing loud tweeds and knickerbockers—we didn't call them plus fours in those days—and he was thick-set, red-cheeked and he had a fair drooping moustache. He had a seat right opposite me.

"I had, of course, no tangible reason to be aggrieved with this individual, except that he made himself immediately so very much at home, and in certain readjustments

of the luggage rack he called me 'ma lad,' which made me feel young and ridiculous in the presence of those other people; and when my father made some suggestion about one of my bags, he said, 'That's all right, pa. I'll manage it.' Which made my father seem old and somehow absurd. I went hot and cold with the thought that these other highly respectable people might think he was a friend or connection of mine. Such is extreme youth!

"When the train started he immediately began talking to me in a broad Lancashire accent. He said he came from Blundellsands and was in the jute trade. I did not object to this so much; what exasperated me was the fact that he began to pump me in a loud voice about who I was, what I was doing, and what my business was. I simply detested the man, and quite deliberately snubbed him by muttering monosyllables over the top of a magazine cover. I had no chance of conversation with the charming family.

"On the boat I lost them, and never saw them again. That is one of the curses of travel; one is always meeting people whom you feel might be your bosom friends for life, and then Nemesis in the form of a guard or a ticket collector comes along and snatches them away from you.

"Of course I saw plenty of the man from Blundellsands. He was promenading the deck, smoking a bulldog pipe, and talking in a loud voice to all and sundry. Once or twice he came up and spoke to me—he seemed to have quite overlooked my attempts at snubbing—and he apparently regarded me as a small boy. He repeated:

" 'Well, lad, are ye all reet?' (I can't imitate the Lancashire accent, so don't ask me!) On the Paris train, to my delight, I quite lost track of him, I hoped for ever.

"My plans were rather indefinite. I intended in any case to visit Northern Italy, and possibly afterwards go south to Sicily. But I had booked nothing beyond Paris. I may say that I had not been many days in that intriguing city before my passion for the girl who made up prescrip-

tions began to wane. Paris smelt good. There was that curious peaty, coffeeish smell about it that seemed to betoken adventure. I felt like a young snake changing its skin. My adventures in Paris, however, were of quite a prosaic nature. I had a friend who represented an English publishing house over in Mt. Parnasse, and he took me round and we did the usual sights. I stayed there a week, and then I booked a ticket through to Milan.

"The night before I left my friend was unable to come with me. I wandered around alone, and late in the evening strolled into the Olympia. The entertainment was singularly boring, consisting mostly of freak dancing or equilibrists. After a time I went to the long bar at the back, and had a demibock. I had only been sitting there five minutes when a hand slapped me on the back and a voice said:

" 'Hallo, ma lad, how art thee gettin' on?'

"I felt a curious sinking feeling at the pit of my stomach. What a nuisance the man was! A moment's reflection told me that of course that was just the kind of place I should meet him. It was my own fault. I was as polite as I could be. He said:

" 'Ay, lad, when thou'rt in a foreign coontry it's soomtimes nice to meet one of th' own people.'

"One of my own people! In this cosmopolitan place, chiefly patronised by English and Americans, it seemed rather an extravagant form of solicitude. There being no one else to talk to, however, and the evening being young for Paris, I stayed with him, and afterwards we took a taxi out to Mt. Parnasse, and my youthful vanity was a little flattered by being able to show off my inner knowledge of night life to this ponderous Lancastrian, who must have been a good twenty years my senior.

"We parted in a friendly enough spirit, and he wanted to make an appointment for the morrow, but I gave some evasive answer. I felt I had done my duty by 'one of my own people.'

"I left the next day for Milan, and forgot all about him, which was not surprising, for it was there that I met Desirée Freyre. I ran plump into her in the lounge of the Hotel Bristol, after dinner. I will not bore you with a description of her. It is sufficient to say that within five minutes of our meeting, the girl who made up prescriptions, and indeed all the other girls who had made my youthful heart to flutter, became back numbers.

"I don't even remember how I got into conversation with her. She was travelling with a companion, a very plain, genial soul much older than herself. Desirée was of the limpid, helpless sort, with large appealing eyes, a manner that suggested hidden fires beneath an easy-going, companionable exterior. She was the kind of woman who called you 'my dear' on first acquaintanceship, and persuaded you that your troubles were her troubles. One found oneself telling her things which afterwards made one positively ashamed for the abuse of her sympathy.

"She was French, at least her mother was French, while her father, who had apparently died many years ago, was an Englishman. She spoke English fluently, with very little accent.

"We spent the next two days doing the sights of Milan together, though what they were I couldn't tell you, for my eyes were entirely occupied with my companion.

"I found that she and her friend had just done Northern Italy and were on their way to Genoa, and then by easy stages along the Côte d'Azur to Marseilles, where they had booked berths to Algiers. They proposed spending three months in Algeria.

"I had taken a ticket through to Florence, but when I suggested cancelling it, and accompanying these two ladies to Algeria, I found that the suggestion was accepted with encouraging readiness. I wrote rather a light-headed letter to my father, telling him of my change of plan, but of course not giving the reason.

"We left a few days later. I cannot describe that journey

to Marseilles. We stayed days and nights at Genoa, Bordigheria, Mentone, Monaco and Nice. As my father wanted to eradicate the memory of the chemist's assistant, I'm sure he could not have chosen a more effective way himself, though I am a little dubious whether he would have chosen precisely these means. I was madly in love, and this love had for its setting, instead of the familiar by-ways of Staines, a novel and romantic atmosphere of tamarisks, deep blue sea, orange groves, picturesque people, and the eternal accompaniment of bands of nomad musicians. I believe we were a fortnight getting to Marseilles, but it went like a flash.

"The idea of marrying Desirée was always uppermost in my mind. At the same time, there always seemed something quite remote and detached about the resolution. I felt sometimes as though I were reading about myself in a book, or regarding the actions of a romantic stranger. I made love to her violently and, in exchange, she flirted with me deliciously. I suppose she was some seven or eight years older than I, and she would not take me seriously. There were times when she maddened me beyond endurance. I threatened to leave her and go off on my own, and she just laughed, knowing quite well that within an hour or two I should crawl back to her on my hands and knees.

"I saw little of her on the crossing to Algiers, as it was very rough, and she and her companion kept to their cabin. But when we arrived there we all drove out to the same hotel in Mustapha Superieur. It was a gorgeous hotel with rows of terraces overlooking the bay. (Incidentally, it was far more expensive than I was justified in indulging in!)

"We spent the first few days lazing in the sun, inhaling the perfume of early summer flowers, playing with the tame monkeys that used to come down and gambol in the wood beyond the garden, and occasionally going for a short drive in the vicinity. I got more intimate with Desirée here than I had done before. There were times when she

became serious, and told me about her mother, who had been an opera singer, and her father, who had been an engineer, and had invented some contraption for making thin steel plates, and had made a lot of money and lost it, and made it again, and lost it again. Both her parents were now dead.

"And one night, under a clump of pistoia trees, with the moon making patterns on the ground at our feet, and on the white shawl of my companion, she told me something which aroused my interest even more, about her—husband, a major in the artillery, who had been killed in the war. And when she told me, I could not see her face, for it was pressed against my own, but I could feel her warm tears on my own cheek. She had a way, when I think she felt she was becoming too intimate, of giving me almost a savage pat on the cheek and saying: 'Oh, you boy, you!' She did so on this occasion, and I felt my love for her ennobled by a great wave of compassion.

"This woman was alone in the world, and it was my destiny to love and protect her. On the top of these intimate confessions I felt it would be too abrupt to make my proposal, and I decided to await the time, the place, etc. Where and when would there be more likely opportunities than during the ensuing weeks?

"I must confess that there were moments, when I was free from the embraces of my beloved, that I had twinges of apprehension. She was so entirely alien to the world I came from. I could not conceive her as fitting into the social environment of Staines! My father, for instance—I dare not imagine a meeting between him and Desirée.

"In the first place, my father, although a generous man, was not particularly well off. I had accomplished nothing and had no particular prospects. Desirée was a woman obviously accustomed to moving in opulent circles. On the material side the matter presented great difficulties. On the spiritual side I would not allow myself to dwell. I was so infatuated that I persuaded myself that every obstacle

could be overridden. If need be, I could give up my home life—even my father's society—and follow the kind of life Desirée wished to live. How it was to be accomplished, I did not trouble about. One does not under the sun of Northern Africa.

"In the hotels were many interesting people. There was a party of scientists about to set out to study the flora and conchology of the Sahara. (You may not know that snails live in the desert, but they do.) There was a vital party of young American students—men and women—on an educational holiday. There was a penniless Russian princess, who incidentally wore most beautiful pearls both during the day and during the evening. There was a retired French ex-Prime Minister, and many other French society people, as well as English, Italian and Czech.

"To put it crudely, moving amongst these people, and talking to them, I began to consider myself one of them. I was not unmindful—and indeed a little proud of—the glances of envy that followed me about when I strolled on the terrace or into the dining-room, accompanied by the beautiful Desirée Freyre. Of course, the eyes were focussed on her, but I knew that they also looked at me to see who the lucky fellow was who had captured so dazzling a prize.

"On only one occasion was I made to feel a little disconcerted. One evening I was talking to the companion in the lounge, waiting for Desirée. She had some little business to discuss with the hall-porter, and was talking to him at the door. A party of French people—newcomers—came down the stairs. There was an elderly man with a black moustache. He glanced in the direction of Desirée, and then turned, and I heard him say to an old lady in French:

" 'Gracious, mamma! Do you see who's here?'

"The old lady looked in the same direction, and another woman came up. I could not hear what was said, but there was a good deal of whispering and laughing, and shrugging of shoulders.

"The table of these people was within sight of ours, and I saw Desirée glance once in their direction. I thought I observed a little frown pucker her brow as she turned away. She did not look at them again.

"The next day she was anxious to put into effect a project we had been discussing for some time. That was a visit to Constantine, a wonderful old town, built on a limestone plateau.

"It was nearly two hundred miles from Algiers, but we could take a train to El-Guerrah, and from there it was just a comfortable five hours' ride in a diligence. I was hoping that I might have Desirée's company alone on this trip—or in any case with only the companion—but as she could not resist discussing it rather animatedly with the other hotel *habitués*, several of them expressed a desire to accompany us, and it would have been churlish to refuse.

"In the end we were a party of nine that arrived one night at a rather rough little hotel at El-Guerrah. And since we had to have more than one there was a certain satisfaction in having plenty, and when I looked round the dining-table that night I could not help but feel a little thrill of satisfaction at the distinction of our company. The French ex-Prime Minister was one of our party, as well as the Russian princess, an Italian count with a pale, distinguished-looking son, an American professor of physiology, and an Hungarian officer. It was a gay and animated party, of which I was the only Englishman.

"It was not till late in the evening that I managed to get Desirée to myself, and then we escaped to a small summer-house in the grounds. That was an eventful night for me, for she promised to marry me. The culmination of my erotic pursuit did not have quite the satisfaction I had envisaged. Desirée was in one of her, what I called, 'tempestuous' moods. She was inclined to weep and cling. She told me more about her husband, who she said had been faithless to her, faithless and cruel. Holding my face tight between her long white hands, she said:

"'Oh, you boy, you! Promise me, whatever happens, you will be faithful to me! You will never desert me, never, never, never!'

"The night air was intoxicating with its rich aroma of flowers and unfamiliar herbs. Needless to say I promised. I don't know what I didn't promise that night! I did not sleep at all. My mind was in a whirl of ecstasy and anticipation.

"I little suspected the unpleasant little shock being prepared for me in the morning. Our diligence was to leave at eleven o'clock, and we were to have lunch at a caravanserai on the way.

"The diligence turned up rather before its time, and our party began to assemble. I was talking to the Russian princess, and feeling very much one of the great world, when a thick-set figure in tweeds came out of the hotel with the Commissionaire and made straight for the diligence. I felt a wave of positive horror. It was the man from Blundellsands!

"He did not see me for a moment. He was busy giving instructions about luggage. Indeed, the whole party had collected, and was ready to get aboard when he saw me. His face lighted up.

"'Ay, laddie!' he exclaimed. 'Fancy seeing thee! Well, now, that's fine. Art going to Constantine by cooch?'

"I felt myself going hot and cold all over. I could tell by the faces of the others that they were thinking: Who on earth is this awful bourgeois person?'

"But what could I do? There was no escaping from him. And he was quite as justified in taking the trip as I was. The worst of it was he insisted on sitting next to me, and bawling out about the places he had been to, and asking me questions. And of course he reiterated: 'Ay, when thee gets right away in a foreign coontry, lad, it's fine to meet a fellow-coontryman!'

"Fellow-countryman! He was the one member of the party I felt least in sympathy with. I didn't want to talk

to him, or have anything to do with him. I wished he'd die. I wanted to talk to the French ex-Prime Minister, or the Russian princess, or more than all—to Desirée. I felt, moreover, that he had turned up as a kind of fate, an unpremeditated spoil-sport between myself and Desirée.

"We stopped at several Arab villages on the way and probed about in the markets, which struck us as being curiously deserted. Desirée was angry with me.

" 'Can't you get rid of this awful person?' she whispered.

"I could only shrug my shoulders and feel helpless. He was wearing in his button-hole a ridiculously large bunch of purple heather. Seeing me look at it, he said:

" 'Lad, see yon heather? Cooms all tha way from Bloondellsands. Ma sister sent it wrapped oop in ma socks.'

" 'Rather like coals to Newcastle,' I tried to sneer.

" 'Ay,' he answered. 'But when it cooms from th' own people. There's a bit of common just ootside oor toon——'

"I managed to get to the other end of the diligence on the way to the caravanserai. There we partook of a strange and wonderful lunch, in which stewed bustard was a feature, I remember.

"Now in the strange occurrence that happened to me that day I was convinced that the stewed bustard played the leading rôle. I was to learn a long while later that it had nothing to do with it. But at the time I was dominated by this illusion. Hanging up in the caravanserai had been a stuffed bustard. I had never seen one before.

"In the middle of the afternoon, as we drove over the sandy waste thickly studded with scrub and halfa grass, the bustard I had eaten and the bustard that was hanging up became one and the same bird. It seemed to flutter against the roof of the diligence and make it darker and darker. I had the greatest difficulty in seeing, hearing, or breathing. I remember at one time a crowd of faces staring at me, and I was not certain who they were, and not particularly interested. I knew I was ill and that all my powers of re-

sistance were vanishing. My head seemed to be in iron clamps, and my body was throbbing as though stirred by a hundred fevers. I had no sense of time, only a sense of impenetrable darkness, that increased, that increased——"

Jimmy shook himself and gave a little shiver. The Colonel was silent and invisible behind my back. The sun had already tipped the horizon. There was no need for me to interrupt the flow of his story and he continued:

"I don't know whether you have ever been unconscious for a long time under the pressure of raging fever. It is horrible. Apart from racking pains one is desperately unhappy in an inexplicable way. The fever seems to get right through to one's soul. I had glimpses of semi-consciousness, in which all the people I had ever known became inconsequentially involved. After some interminable passage of time I had a glimpse of reality. I awakened in some dim light, and was aware of a woman in white gliding about the room.

"'I have been very ill,' was the first intelligible thought I had had for a long time, and then a name came involuntarily to my lips—'Desirée!' I remembered vaguely the ride in the diligence. I was ill somewhere, and Desirée was nursing me. I fell into a more peaceful slumber.

"I know not how long passed between this brief return to consciousness and another more placid one. It was a twilight hour, and I felt cool, and master of myself. I waited patiently, and the woman in white came back. It was not Desirée. A wave of disappointment flooded me, and I tried to speak, to protest against this outrage. The nurse spoke in English:

"'There, there! That's better! Don't talk. I will give you something.' She poured a white liquid between my lips. I gradually felt stronger, but she would not talk or answer my questions. A French doctor came and examined me. He came every day. At the end of nearly a week the nurse talked a little. She told me I was in a ward of the Isolation Hospital of the White Sisters at Algiers.

"'But what has been the matter with me? I feel as though I had had something awful—like typhoid.'

"'You have had something worse than that,' she said.

"'What was it?' I asked.

"'Typhus,' she said quietly.

"'Typhus!'

"'It is one of the most catching diseases there is. There was a little epidemic of it in some of the villages along the coast, brought they say by a coaster from the Levant. We don't know how you got it.'

"'But you are English,' I said, fencing for time, my mind occupied with other aspects of the case.

"'I am an Irish nun,' she answered. 'They put me to nurse you because I speak English.'

"I waited, not quite knowing how to frame the questions I was burning to ask. At last I said:

"I was with a party, going to Constantine. Tell me, what happened to them?'

"'When they heard what was the matter with you they fled. They hired a car and drove to El-Guerrah, and took the next train back to Algiers.'

"'All of them?' I faltered.

"'No, one remained behind and nursed you, and somehow got you back here.'

"'I sighed contentedly. My spirits rose. I knew that *she* in any case would not have deserted me in those conditions. After a pause I whispered hoarsely:

"'Where is she now?'

"'It was a he,' said the nurse in a low voice. 'An Englishman. He said he came from Lancashire. Had it not been for him you would have died.'

"I turned my face away, for I did not want the Irish nurse to see it. I tried to speak as casually as I could.

"'Oh,' I said, 'what was his name? Did he leave his address?'

"'No,' she answered, 'he went away quietly one morning. He left neither name nor address. But look! He left this

bunch of heather. He said it was for luck—"look," he called it. He waited till you were out of danger. On the morning he left he came and saw you and said:

"'"Poor laddie! I had a boy like yon." He told me his boy was killed in the South African War. And then, as though to apologise for his emotions, he said something about "must do what one can for a fellow-coontryman."'

"'And then he went away?'

"'Yes, we none of us knew his name. He was very generous. By the way,' she added, 'your father is here in Algiers. We telegraphed to him. As soon as you are free from contagion we shall send you to him.'"

"You never saw the man from Blundellsands again?" I ventured. "And what about the—your fiancée?"

"You must remember," said Jimmy, "all this happened about twenty years ago. Honestly, I have no clearer recollection of her face than I have of the girl who made up prescriptions. No, I never saw—any of the party again. But from what I since heard, one other man came out of the affair with credit.

"Who was that?"

"The Frenchman who laughed in that hotel at Mustapha. Come, let's get busy. The fish are rising."

"And the Colonel has gone to sleep," I answered. "That's because you didn't throw your spoil-sport into the river!"

"Poor old chap! Don't let's wake him up," said Jimmy.

"I'm afraid we shall have to," I said. "He's gone to sleep on the gentles."

HATE [1]

By H. H. BASHFORD

From *The Grand Magazine*

I

God, how he hated them! And he had been given to understand that they were nearly ruined. That was why their house had come into the market and he himself had been able to buy it—he, Mark Jobbins, son of Jobbins the sweep, not one of *us,* you know; a low fellow——

God, how he hated them, straddling, as they had always done, a perpetual sneer over his entire existence. Indeed, they hadn't troubled to sneer. Jobbins wouldn't have been worth it. They had merely looked through him if they had looked at all. And there they were now, sauntering towards him as if they hadn't a care in the world.

Sitting on the esplanade between the white-baked hotels and the indigo-blue of the Mediterranean, Jobbins devoured them, the pair of them, with an all-embracing and baleful eye. To anybody else, of course, it might have seemed an odd coincidence that Lorimer and his wife should be here at all, since the last time they had met (and Lorimer had glanced at his right ear) had been midway between their respective homes—Sturt House, the Lorimers' mansion on the quiet summit of Highgate Hill, and number one, Elmer's Row, scarcely twenty yards away. That was the cottage, one of a row of three, inherited by Jobbins from the sweep, his father, and in which he had spent, save for an occasional week or two, the whole of his fifty-nine years. But he had known—his agent had discovered—that the Lorimers were abroad. And it had seemed only natural

[1] Copyright, 1927, by H. H. Bashford.

that they should be here at Mentone on his own first venture out of England.

But his agent had also told him, having learned it from the Lorimers' agent, that the latter were down, as he put it, on their uppers. Lorimer having been as frank, apparently, about his poverty as Jobbins had been the reverse concerning his wealth. Yet there they were, Bay Lorimer in his usual just-not-shabby Conduit Street clothes, as lean and sunburnt, with his leisurely blue eyes and high-bridged hawk-like nose, as when he had captained his county and batted for England and taken his centuries off the Australians. There was the same ready smile, too—not for Jobbins, of course—with which he had always captured the hearts of the crowd, and even now, as he and his wife paused for a moment, the same good-tempered drawling voice casually greeting a couple of men in flannels whom he doubtless considered the right people.

But Jobbins wasn't a right person. He was an outsider. That was why the Lorimers never noticed him—had never noticed him since March 16th, 1877. For Mrs. Lorimer, who had been Kitty Dallas, had been present on that grim afternoon when Bay, aged thirteen, had deliberately pushed him off the pavement. So had Diana, Lorimer's twin sister—long since the widow of a distinguished naval officer—but then the moon (Jobbins being himself eleven) of his secret and self-pitying delight.

For he had had no illusions. No moon of Araby could have been more inaccessible than Diana. For not only had she been hedged about by the appurtenance of Sturt House, with its mellow-bricked garden walls, but he himself, as far as she was concerned, had been equally imprisoned by the environment of Elmer's Row. For though his father was respectful in the presence of his customers—and the old admiral wasn't one of them—there could have been few bitterer exponents of the class war than Mr. Jobbins under his own roof. Jobbins could see him now, with his pale, prominent eyes and his turned-up nose and bristling mous-

tache, scalding the air with his denunciations of his wealthier neighbours on Highgate Hill.

"Jest look at 'em," he would say "I ask you—General Dallas, of The Lawns, or Rear-Admiral Sir Blasted Lorimer, K.C.B., C.M.G."

So the delight had had to be a secret one—a wooing in his imagination of the dark-eyed Diana—and the reality no more than a furtive glance whenever it could be managed with discretion.

But on March 16th, 1877, at five minutes to four by the neighbouring church clock, Diana's dog, trailing its lead, had suddenly escaped from her care. It had bolted across the road, narrowly escaping death from an old-fashioned high-seated butcher's cart, and Mark Jobbins had been adroit enough to capture and return it. And then she had smiled and it had suddenly swept over him that perhaps after all she had understood; that behind those dark aristocratic eyes her arms had been ready, as it were, to receive him. And he had kissed her. He had pulled off his cap and kissed her just as her brother and Kitty Dallas came out of the gate. For a moment she had gasped. He had gasped himself, in fact. And then Bay had leapt forward.

"You young cad!" he had said, slapping his face and jerking him heavily off the pavement. And Kitty had laughed. He could hear her still. And since he had been too small and timid to fight, he had merely coloured to the roots of his hair and shuffled off without a word.

But that had been the moment, burnt into his very being, from which the whole of his real life dated. That had been the mainspring, fed by a thousand tributaries, of all his subsequent actions. For though he hadn't seen any of them for the next six months—they had all three gone to boarding-schools after the Easter holidays—they had henceforward simply and of one accord treated him as literally beneath contempt. For all that they had betrayed, whenever he met them, Diana until she had married, and Kitty and Bay for the subsequent forty-eight years of their residence in

Highgate, they might have been glancing at nothing at all, or at best but a wayside mongrel. And he hated them—God, how he hated them!—more than ever now that he was drawing even with them. For as they turned away, sauntering towards Cap Martin, this at least, he reflected, they wouldn't be able to ignore—that he, Mark Jobbins, was the present owner and future occupier of their family home.

II

He rose from his seat, breathing the soft air of this unfamiliar November day, and following in their wake, settled down again into the mental groove that they had dug for him. Upon his right, wrinkled and benign, rose the summits of the Riviera Alps. Upon his left, basking in the sun, lay the world's oldest and loveliest sea. But to tell the truth he didn't particularly like them. He had merely come here because the doctor advised it, and because it had pleased him, when the doctor had hesitated, to be able to say that he could afford it. That had evidently surprised the doctor, since he was still living in the little old cottage that had been his father's, alone and merely attended upon by an elderly woman who came to the house every day. But that had been the price, or a part of it, that he had willingly paid for the odd chance of eventually being able to exact from the Lorimers a full tribute for all he had suffered.

To that, indeed, he had dedicated himself, as a priest to his calling, and in spite of discovering, as he soon did, that he had no particular native talents sufficient to raise him out of the ordinary rut. But he could at least save. By the time he was twenty-one, and a lower division clerk at Somerset House, he had managed to gather together a capital of a hundred and ten pounds. Lorimer was then at Cambridge and already a county cricketer, and when at home, lounging about Highgate, even more offensively oblivious of Jobbins than he had been in his public school days.

Equally intolerable were Diana and Kitty, the former of whom had married a year later, the latter becoming Mrs. Lorimer a couple of years afterwards when young Lorimer was twenty-six.

That was six months before the death of the sweep, an event that had enriched Jobbins to the extent of £400, so that by the time he was thirty, by careful investment, his wealth had increased to a thousand pounds. Thanks to confining his holidays to Hampstead Heath and keeping his other expenses at a minimum, he had succeeded, at forty-three, in multiplying this by four, and by the end of the first rubber boom was worth twelve thousand pounds. Meanwhile Bay Lorimer, with a boy at Cambridge, another at Winchester, and a daughter at school, was already making inroads, though Jobbins didn't know it, upon the sum he had inherited from his father. For Lorimer had continued to play cricket, to take touring elevens abroad, and to do his children, as he put it, as proud as possible, adopting no profession and confining his energies to the furtherance of his favourite game. He was then forty-six, a national idol, and a cheerful and characteristic social figure, with hosts of friends and probably more acquaintances than any other man in England.

Jobbins, too, as a minor Civil Servant, had been the recipient of social advances from an occasional colleague who wouldn't have suspected that his father had been a sweep. But he had declined these on the ground of expense and because he had no intention, in the future, of exposing himself to the kind of rebuff that he still sustained in the attitude of the Lorimers. For this never changed save that, with the passing years, it had become more Olympian in its insolence and sent him home after each encounter a little more white-lipped than before. But at the beginning of the war in 1914 his fortune had mounted to £18,000, and he had emerged, at the end of it, thanks to his interests in oil, worth at least forty thousand.

As for Lorimer, who had served in the army, though he

hadn't succeeded in getting abroad, he had become so insufferable that once, in a tube railway carriage, Jobbins had nearly hit him with his umbrella. For there he had sat, the whole six foot three of him, and blandly stared over his head all the way from Goodge Street to Camden Town. But the war had ended, Lorimer had been obliged to doff his khaki, and Jobbins was beginning to glean from the local tradesmen tidings of acute and recurring crises behind the wrought-iron gates of Sturt House. Finally these had ended, after the eldest boy had been successfully steered into Lloyds, the second established on a South African fruit farm, and the girl married to a cricketing stockbroker, with the rumoured reduction of the Lorimers to penury and the undoubted sale of their home and effects.

And Jobbins had been ready for it. It had taken him fifty-nine years, or, to be accurate, forty-eight of them. But he had been ready for it, and his health, on the whole, had stood the strain pretty well. It was true that he suffered at times from rheumatism, had become very short-sighted and lost most of his teeth, and was temporarily a little pulled down by a rather severe attack of influenza. But his moment had come—the moment of his life—the moment upon the chance of which he had banked his all. He began to tremble a little. He wasn't very strong yet. He had better sit down perhaps. Fifty-nine years.

III

Bay Lorimer yawned and stretched himself and smiled at his wife. The understanding between them was complete.

"Well, that's a bit of a relief," he said. "Six thousand for the place; and I suppose there's about another three thousand besides."

"And my fifteen hundred," said Kitty. "Don't forget that."

He frowned for a moment, doing a sum in his head. Mathematics were not his strong point.

"Think we shall be able to stagger along," he said, "on five hundred a year?"

"Two old people like us?" said Kitty. "I should hope so."

He gave her a cigarette, and sprawling upon the rocks they gazed contentedly out to sea.

"Well, we ought to be thankful," said Lorimer, "that the family's doing pretty well. And, anyway, we've had a devil of a good time."

"The best ever," said Kitty.

"Still, I shall be sorry to leave Highgate. I liked the old pitch on the top of the hill. But I don't think we could live there in any other house, even if we could find one that we could afford."

Kitty was silent. The hill was unchanged. That was one of the reasons why they loved it. But it was also the reason for the prohibitive price demanded for the least of its ancient houses. Knowing her husband, however, she didn't worry. The moment in hand had usually been quite enough for him. And almost before he had finished he was pointing at the mountains beyond Garavan.

"We mustn't forget," he said, "we've got to do that walk from Mortola to Castellar and home through Gorbio."

"No, I know," said Kitty. "But I thought we'd wait for Di. She's sure to be back either to-day or to-morrow."

"I suppose if we liked," said Lorimer—they had been lunching in Mentone but were staying with Diana in her villa at Roquebrune—"we could settle down here and make a home with her and batten on the exchange."

"I suppose we could," smiled Kitty, "if it weren't for Lord's and Twickenham."

Lorimer rolled over, conscious of being stared at.

"Who's the pop-eyed little bloke with the glasses?"

"I don't know," said Kitty. "I saw him on the front just now. I had a sort of idea that we ought to know him."

"Well, he doesn't seem to love us," said Bay. "Do you suppose we're trespassing—damaging the rocks of his private *plage?*"

He came towards them, stumbling from the road, where he had evidently just alighted from a hired landau—a little, rather pot-bellied, purple-cheeked man, with round, thick glasses and a bristling white moustache. And for the first time since he was eleven years old Mark Jobbins made them look at him.

For, as they had begun to disappear, strolling westward, various things had suddenly occurred to him—that they might not come back; that they might be staying somewhere else; that they might never return to England. Also his heart was feeling a little queer, probably because he was run down, or on account of the French food, but with a rather horrible and unexpected reminder of something that he had steadily refused to consider. And he hadn't let them know. Perhaps there wouldn't be another chance. Damn their souls—perhaps they would *never* know. Almost in a panic, he had summoned a passing driver and told him to follow them at his topmost speed. And there they were, cool and disdainful, and *smiling;* but, God, he would stop that. Yes, by God, he would, even if it killed him! Panting and perspiring he stood in front of them.

"Yes" he repeated, "I've had about enough of it—of your damned insolent cursed snobbishness. About enough of it"—they were staring at him blankly—"after forty-eight solid years of it."

Lorimer spoke to him, for the second time in his life.

"Forty-eight years?" he said. "That seems a longish time."

He had meant to be kind, the fellow being obviously a lunatic, but had apparently managed to say the wrong thing. Jobbins would have given all he had to be able to strike them blind—those imperturbable, ruling-class eyes.

"But, by God," he said, "if you think I've cared—well, I haven't, not a damn. No, not a damn, either for you or your wife with her superior airs and graces."

Lorimer's eyes altered.

"Hi, steady on," he said.

Kitty laid a hand on his right shoulder.

Jobbins noticed it.

"And if you go for me," he said, "I shall have you up for assault."

"Heavens!" murmured Lorimer, and felt Kitty squeeze his shoulder.

"But I haven't forgotten," said Jobbins, "and you needn't think it. They've all been entered up from the time you shoved me off the pavement, just because you happened to be stronger and your father a tin-pot admiral."

His voice rose a little.

"Four hundred and fifteen times—that's what it amounts to up-to-date—four hundred and fifteen times, between the three of you, you've deliberately looked at me as if I was so much dirt. And I tell you I've had enough of it—you and your infernal conceit, just because you could hit a cricket ball and get into the papers; just because you could play to the gallery and get clapped and married the daughter of a tin-pot general."

"Tin-pot number two," said Lorimer.

Kitty breathed in his ear.

"Bay, *don't.*"

"And I'll tell you something else. Perhaps you'll be interested to hear it. I'm the owner of Sturt House."

Bay opened his eyes.

"Sturt House?"

"Yes, me, Jobbins—son of the sweep. Not one of *us,* don't you know—a low fellow. Doesn't move in our circles."

He suddenly swayed and sat down.

"I—I—I'm not very well."

Kitty leaned forward.

"No, don't touch me!" he cried. "I'd rather be dead than let you touch me!"

IV

It was Di who remembered, suddenly after dinner, as they sat in the moon-light sipping their coffee.

"Why, of course," she said. "But I never knew he was a Jobbins. And I don't remember seeing him again. But you did shove a boy off the pavement"—Bay had strenuously denied this—"and you slapped his face into the bargain, just for giving me a kiss."

With her handsome dark eyes and head of grey hair she turned and looked at her brother.

"And that would be, as he said, forty-eight years ago. It was the first time that anybody had kissed me."

From her chair in the shadow, near the corner of the verandah, Kitty rose and sat on the railing. Far below her, lost in the night, the sea lay ghost-like under the moon.

"That little cove," said Bay, "the first boy who kissed you?"

"I think he must have been," said Di. "I'm afraid so."

Lorimer lit a cigar.

"Well, I suppose you're right. But I'm dashed if I can remember it!"

When she leaned out a little, touching the leaves of the orange tree, Kitty could just see the lights of Monaco—magic lights diamonding their dark rock. The scents of the garden gathered about her.

"Yes, she's right," she said. "I laughed."

Bay glanced at her quickly, witched by the moon.

"But, it was a bit of cheek, I suppose, wasn't it?"

Kitty was silent, thinking of little boys' hearts. Two of them had since beaten against her own.

"I expect we thought so," she said presently.

"Queer things, children," said Di.

"You mean we were a bit hard on him?"

"I shouldn't wonder. We were pretty average young snobs."

"Well, what's to be done about it?"—Lorimer was a little out of his depth—"Dig him up, do you think, and apologise? But what about all the subsequent four hundred and fifteen insults? Gad, the feller must have kept a notebook!"

"Yes, it's a bit awkward," said Di. "Better to let it go, perhaps."

"And, after all," said Lorimer, "he's got his own back."

From a garden below, the player unseen, the notes of a flute bubbled up to them.

Kitty turned sharply.

"Got his *own* back?"

"Well, he thinks so."

"And for forty-eight years——"

They sat there listening.

"Yes," said Di. "We've got to do *something*. But wouldn't it be the worst stab of all to tell him the whole thing had been a mistake?"

V

They found him at last in one of the cheaper hotels, whose proprietor welcomed them with open arms. The little man, it appeared, had had a stroke, and was suffering in other disquieting ways. Moreover, he had no friends, or none that they could trace, and there had been no reply to their telegrams. The presence of these three tall English people had evidently lifted a load from the proprietor's Belgian shoulders. The doctor was relieved, too. He had met Di on the tennis courts. It was a clear case of cerebral haemorrhage. But other organs were damaged. The prospects were pretty bad, although he might live for two or three months.

"Is he conscious?" said Di.

"I think he would recognise you."

"Not me," said Di, "but Mrs. Lorimer, perhaps."

She introduced her sister-in-law.

"Will *Madame* come upstairs?"

Diana and Lorimer waited in the hall. Presently Kitty came down.

"I don't think he understands," she said, "but Dr. Loucheur says it's safe to move him."

Di nodded. Their minds had worked together.

The proprietor and doctor looked at them, beaming.

"We are so busy," said the former, "and a death in the hotel"—he made no bones about it—"*Madame* will understand."

But there was no likelihood, said the doctor, of an immediate end, and indeed it was probable that there might be a period of respite. His mind should recover too. It was often so. He didn't think that the invalid would suffer. A nurse? Yes, it would be safer, perhaps. And he would call at Roquebrune to-morrow morning.

That had been a fortnight—no, three weeks ago. Jobbins lay on his bed under the open window. His right side was paralyzed, and he had occasional queer headaches, but on the whole he was pretty comfortable. For a day or two, it was true, he had been a trifle confused, and for twenty-four hours acutely angry—when he had first realized, with his memory restored, where he was and with whom he was staying. But he had stayed on. He didn't quite know why, though the doctor, of course, had strongly advised it, and the French nurse, who could fortunately speak English, appeared competent and he had become used to her. And he was comfortable. Kitty had just been reading to him. She always read to him after breakfast. But now she had left him, and he heard her in the garden talking to Lorimer and his sister.

Presently they too would come in and talk to him before they set out on their day's engagements, and one or other or them would probably have afternoon tea with him, and after dinner he would see all three of them. That was the day's routine—long, long days—they had all settled down to

it, and he was comfortable. At least, he would be in a minute or two. He began to fumble under his pillows. From where he lay, a little propped up, he could see the long line of the Mediterranean—empty and still in the brooding sunshine. It was a little awkward having only his left arm. He drew out an envelope and laboriously opened it, reading the half-sheet of paper that it contained. It had taken him an hour or two to write it. He rang the bell for the French nurse and told her to send for the maid. When she came in he asked them to witness his signature, and for a moment they hesitated with native caution. But he explained again and they agreed, writing in sprawling, schoolgirl hands. Marie Arcoutel, Claire Pitou—when the document was dry he returned it to the envelope. And he was comfortable. He—he had never known, indeed, that such comfort was possible.

He lay back with his eyes on the sea, its horizon touched by the garden tendrils. He was glad to be alone, and yet he would have liked to be talking to them—Bay, Kitty and Di. For they were decent people. It was pleasant to listen to them. And how well they were keeping it up—the pretence that all these years they had been deliberately slighting him, whereas it was so clear that they had utterly forgotten him. That was to let him down gently. What a fool he had been! And now, in a few weeks, his life would be over. That was why he had just left them Sturt House and all his accumulated savings. It seemed a bit odd, of course. But to whom could he leave them? Whom else had his life contained? And they were decent people. They called him by his Christian name. And he loved them—God, how he loved them!

FEAR [1]

By H. E. BATES

From *The Nation and Athenæum*

On the horizon three separate thunderstorms talked darkly to each other.

The hut where little Richard and his grandfather had taken shelter was already green with darkness, its air stifling and warm, and the trees that surrounded it purple and heavy with whispers. When the boy heard sounds coming from the wood he would turn upwards a pair of great eyes, faint-yellow with fear, and ask in an awed way:—

"What's the matter, grandfather? What makes it dark?"

Sometimes the man would scratch his beard and say nothing, at another grunt and say, "Don't you worry yourself," and at a third, "You ain't frightened, are you? You're too big a boy to be frightened. You sit still. You'll wear your breeches out."

But the child would never cease to cast his great swollen eyes about the hut, fidget on trembling haunches, and show that he was afraid of the silent darkness and the growls of thunder which dropped into it, reminding him of the voices of cows and dogs. Thus he saw nothing tiresome in repeating:——

"What's the matter, grandfather? What makes it dark?"

Each time he said this there seemed less to be seen in the hut, and not much outside either, where the three thunderstorms grew angrier and angrier with each other. In the wood the trees began to open their arms in readiness to catch the approaching rain. When this did not come the old man

[1] Copyright, 1927, by H. E. Bates.

whetted his soft lips, told the boy he would sing him something, and began a ballad.

Beyond the first note or two, however, the boy did not listen, and in a few moments the thin tune gave up its exploration of the stagnant air and the man said again:——

"You sit still. There's nothing to hurt."

"What's it dark for, then?" persisted the boy.

"It's going to rain," he was told.

He could not understand this.

"Yesterday it rained and the sun shone," he said. "Why doesn't the sun shine now?"

"The sun ain't here."

"Then where's it gone?" he naïvely asked.

"Don't you worry."

And again it thundered. Now the boy could scarcely see his grandfather. When all was silent again he went to the door and peeped out.

"What makes the sky green?" he asked.

"It ain't green!" his grandfather declared.

"It is," he persisted. "It's green like Nancy's hat. What makes it green?"

"It's going to rain," was the answer. "That's all. You be quiet."

He wept in reply. As he looked up through the film of his tears it seemed as if the black sky was pushing the trees down on the hut, and that before long they would crush it and bury him. "I want to go home," he whispered, but the man did not answer. For a long time there was a sultry silence. The boy felt himself sweating, and could not see his grandfather. Suddenly it began to rain, at first desultorily, then thickly and with a great hissing sound.

"Grandfather! Grandfather!" He wept and ran at last between the man's dark knees. "Grandfather!" he whimpered.

There were sleepy grunts in reply.

"Wake up!" the little one whispered. "It's raining. I want to go home. Wake up!"

When the old man aroused himself it was to hear immense shaking rolls of thunder, the boy's voice in tears, and the rain throwing itself against the window in a sort of grey passion.

"I want to go home!" the boy cried. "It's night. Mamma'll have gone to bed."

"You be quiet," comforted the man. "It ain't night."

"Then what time is it?"

Like a white eye a watch came out in the gloom. Then a bluish match-flame spurted over it, and for a minute the boy, gazing silently at the leaf-shaped light and its reflections on his grandfather's face and the roof of the hut, momentarily forgot the storm and his fear.

"It's only eight o'clock," his grandfather growled. "You sit quiet."

But at that moment the flame seemed to be swallowed by the darkness and as if by some malicious miracle next moment to appear again in a frenzied light that gave the sky a yellow wound which in turn spilt yellow blood on the wood and the dark floor of the hut. There came thunder, as if a great beast sat roaring on the roof. The hot peaceable air seemed to cry out like a sensitive child. The trees were distressed, the great confusion made the boy's head thick and hot with terror.

He buried his head in the friendly cavern between the man's thighs and there groaned and wept in darkness.

And as the thunder and lightning made their terrifying duet above his head, he tried to think of his home, his mother's cool face, and the windows where there were blinds and harmless moths. But he managed it all vaguely, and felt that what prevented him was the storm, which was something black and cunning and old, and from which he had not a chance of escape. Only if he remained half-eaten up by the shadows and were mistaken for a dog or sack might he perhaps escape. And so he crouched there, very still, trying not to listen, but hearing everything in a

greater tumult than ever, and knew that the storm went on without heeding his fear.

Nearly an hour passed: often the boy wanted to cry out, but felt as if choked by fear and darkness and kept silent. His knees grew cold, and one leg fell into a tingling sleep. Only his head was warm and throbbed madly like an old clock. . . . Once there was a smell of burning from the wood, but it passed, and the boy forgot it in wondering if animals were terrified as he was, and where all the birds had gone, and why they were silent. . . . Then by some lucky chance he caught the silvery ticks of his grandfather's watch and was comforted.

So it grew quiet and a clear darkness came. The boy got up and opened his eyes. The rain no longer growled, and soon the thunder passed off. Outside the cobwebs hung like ropes of leaden beads, and the ground was covered with great shadow-printed pools over which the man lifted the boy. From the edge of the wood were visible the blue storms, retreated far off in a mist, and a star or two in the course they had used.

"There's the cuckoo!" the man said.

It was true, and as the boy listened he forgot the last of his fear. When he tried to walk he discovered his legs were stiff, and that when he set it down one foot tingled as if a thousand pins had been pressed into it, and he laughed.

For diversion the man told old stories, which the child heard vaguely, and when that grew stale, held the boy's forefinger in his own rugged palm and counted the stars.

"Fifty-one . . . fifty-two."

And though once or twice lightning flashed afar off there was no thunder. As the stars increased it seemed to the boy that the storm had lost all terror for him, that perhaps he had been asleep when the most terrible flashes came, and that soon the village would come, and from then onwards no fear.

"I'm not frightened, grandfather," he said, a dozen times.

Then, as it struck nine o'clock, and the boy listened to

the notes roaming about the dark fields, he saw a star shoot.

"A star fell down! A star fell down!" he immediately cried. "Oh! golly!"

He was seized with joy, punched the man's legs, jumped into a pool, and cried again:——

"A star fell down!"

But his grandfather said nothing.

He did not thoroughly believe in the superstition that a falling star means death, but for some reason he could not help thinking of the connection between the two. As he went down the hill his mind became restive. Suddenly he thought of his wife, of her death, then of his own age, then of his stale limbs and the possibility of his dying before another day. Gradually it seemed he was doomed to die soon. He began to sweat, just as the boy had done, and was obsessed by the idea of something terrible and black waiting in readiness to crush the life from him, and against which there was no chance for body and soul. . . .

One or two birds began to chirp. The boy heard them, but like the man, thought only of the star. He remembered he must ask if animals were afraid, and where birds hid during the storm, but looking up into his grandfather's face saw it serious with shadows, and dared only say:——

"Did you see the star fall?"

There was no reply. As they walked down the hill the man became more and more stricken by the fear of death, and could not hold himself still. But the boy would only laugh, and, while watching for other stars to shoot, wonder with perplexity in his eyes why his grandfather looked stern and miserable, and, hurrying along as if it were going to rain again, never spoke to him.

THE INDOMITABLE MRS. GARTHORNE [1]

By J. D. BERESFORD

From *Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine*

It was one of those still bright days in early February, on which the warmth of the Southern sun charms one with the illusion that spring is already come hot-foot across the Spanish border; and I, who prefer illusion to fact, was watching the play of the swell that rolled in now and again from the Alantic, when I was so unexpectedly summoned to play my small part in a drama that was to affect four lives so profoundly, to say nothing of my own.

The introduction was commonplace enough. I had arrived in Biarritz the previous afternoon only; and although I knew, perhaps a score of the English and American visitors who were spending the season there, I was not aware that young Hugh Garthorne and his mother were among the number until he suddenly invaded my high retreat on the island-rock, near the complicated little harbour of the fishermen.

I heard the sound of someone mounting with an evident hesitation the twisting flight of steps that gives access to the little railed plateau on the summit of the rock, and turned my head to see Hugh slowly coming into view, rather as if (even then the metaphor occurred to me) he were rising to join me on the stage by means of a badly-worked "trap."

I can't pretend that I was glad to see him. Apart from the fact that I was in a mood to dream rather than to talk,

[1] Copyright, 1927, by J. D. Beresford.

I was not greatly drawn to young Garthorne. He was spoilt by his mother, who, though she certainly spoilt no one else, permitted, even encouraged, this only child of hers to lounge through life with no occupation save that afforded by playing games and dressing himself. Judging from his appearance, he must have spent a considerable time every day in dressing himself. A great pity, I thought, for he was a handsome, intelligent-looking youngster.

He gave no sign of surprise at seeing me alone there. "Hallo, Edwardes!" he said, casually. And "Hallo, Garthorne!" I replied, adding as he came and sat down beside me, the inevitable: "I didn't know that you were in Biarritz."

"Been here for five weeks," he said.

"Oh! Have you?" I returned, mentally cursing the necessity for politeness. Why should I sit here exchanging inanities with the spoilt child of a rich widow whom I disliked; when I might be indulging my fancy with enticing dreams? It was so good, so stimulating, to be back again by the open sea; to be able to watch on this day of calm sunshine, the occasional roller coming from across the world, heave magnificently against the rocks in front of us, split, break into foam, and then in sudden petulance dash at the base of the island, hissing and chattering.

"Do all the big things in life get broken up like that?" Hugh remarked unexpectedly, glancing at me with a faint blush.

I was startled. I had been anticipating some gossip of the last tennis tournament, or of where the best jazz-band was to be found for a *thé-dansant*; some fritter of that kind. But now that I looked at him more closely, I thought I could see signs of a new seriousness in his face.

"The wave at least dies in splendour," I said.

"There's that; of course," he replied, watching the sea and slightly shrugging his shoulders, before he continued after a moment's pause. "I saw you come up here. I followed you, on purpose. You see you're different from

the other people in our set . . . being a poet and so on . . . I got a feeling you might understand."

That speech warmed me towards him. I was flattered by his description of me; even with the doubtful qualification of his "and so on"—for, indeed, I am not known to the world at large as a poet.

"Understand what?" I asked gently.

I have said that the introduction to my drama was commonplace enough, and I saw no probability of its ever developing on other than purely conventional lines when with the freedom from self-consciousness that came in his case from being the petted and adored son of his rich mother, he confessed to having fallen in love with a young violinist who played at the Casino. The whole thing was, it seemed to me, so trite, so hackneyed, so precisely what one might have anticipated.

"What does your mother say?" I asked. "She has always given you everything you wanted; won't she give you this?"

"I haven't dared to say anything to her about it," he said.

I raised my eyebrows. "But I thought . . ." I began.

"She wants me to marry Lady Rose Whitley," he interrupted me. "Some people imagine that we're engaged, already. She'll be my partner in the Mixed Doubles next week. I like her too. Nice kid. But it isn't only that. You don't know my mother well, do you?"

I did not. I had never wished to. I had always heard her spoken of as a hard, self-seeking, intolerant woman; and that report of her had been confirmed by my own observations. She was, I believed, a woman with but one weakness; the boy to whom I was now speaking.

"No; I don't know her at all well," I admitted.

"Then the thing you don't know about her," he explained, "is that she's a bit crazy on this subject. I don't know why. She's sensible enough about everything else. But the only real row we've ever had was about something of this sort; when I was at Balliol. I was a young ass, of course; and

I saw afterwards that she'd been perfectly right on that occasion. But—well—she gave me a sort of scare. First time she'd ever gone on at *me* like that, you know,—told me then that if ever I married without her consent, she'd disown me, you understand." He paused and grinned at me cheerfully as he concluded: "And considering that I haven't got a bean of my own and no profession, that might be dashed awkward."

"It certainly might," I agreed. His frank confession, however trite, had warmed my heart towards him.

"You don't mind my telling you all this?" he half-apologised. "Fact is, I wondered if you'd feel like helping me."

"Helping you?" I temporised, my mind suddenly full of romantic, cinematographic pictures of waiting motor-cars, frenzied escapes, and sentimental reconciliations; with myself, modestly in the background, performing some unobtrusive miracle.

"I wondered if you'd talk to my mother about it?" he said.

But no; that was more than I felt prepared to do. Mrs. Garthorne was the kind of woman that I have always been afraid of; tall, handsome, commanding, with a kind of solidity both of the flesh and the mental outlook that greatly intimidates me. I would have been ready to commit some not too desperate offence against the law in order to help Hugh; but I could not face his mother on such an errand.

"My dear chap, what would be the use of that?" I said. "I shouldn't have the least influence with her."

"Tell you what," he replied; "come and see her this afternoon. She's playing at the Casino."

"Your mother's playing! . . ." I stammered.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated with another grin. "My hat; no. Come and see Her."

It was probably relief at the relative simplicity of this so suddenly substituted alternative, that made me agree to his proposal without demur. But even as I did so, I had an uneasy feeling that I was letting myself in for something that I should do much better to avoid. This new Hugh

Garthorne whom I saw for the first time on the little island rock at Biarritz, was, I felt, going to be uncommonly difficult to influence. He had the look of a man who has definitely made up his mind; he had something of his mother's air of resolution.

"Though I don't quite understand why you should imagine that *I* can help you?" I added feebly.

"Well, you know all about psychology and that sort of thing," was the only explanation I had from him.

When I saw the name of the girl on the programme, the feeling that this affair of Hugh's was, after all, essentially commonplace and uninteresting returned to me with new force. The name given was "Paula Gonzalez"; an obvious and clumsy pseudonym, I decided; and was instantly prepared for a figure to match it—a young woman with a striking profile, handsome, common and loud.

Hugh sitting beside me nudged my elbow. "That's her father," he whispered. "Just come into the orchestra. With the violin. The chap with white hair."

The man he indicated was still standing, with as it seemed to me an effect of hesitation. Despite the absolute whiteness of his thick hair, his eyebrows were dark and his moustache and neat pointed beard only slightly tinged with grey, I guessed him to be still on the sunny side of sixty. As I watched him, he shot one quick glance at Hugh, and then sat down, turning his back on us.

"He knows about you then?" I murmured to Hugh.

"He has probably guessed," he returned.

"Is he likely to be—difficult?" I asked.

"Can't say yet," was the answer. "You see, I've never spoken to either of 'em."

"But how could he guess in that case?" I protested.

"Spotted me, I expect," Hugh said. "I'm always here when she plays. Besides which I generally wait about to see them come out."

With that, although there may appear to have been little cause for my change of attitude, the sense of being drawn

into a hackneyed, common intrigue definitely left me. It may have been due to this evidence of restraint on Hugh's part, or it may have been the effect that that glimpse of the white-haired first-violin had had upon me. I could not understand that look he had thrown at Hugh. Reflecting on the man's hesitation, the way in which he had stood with a half-abstracted, half-attentive air before he had, as it were, dared that one brief glance, it came to me that the action had been timorously planned. I wondered if the man were one of those reserved self-conscious people who never outgrow a childish dread of appearing conspicuous.

I was certainly becoming intrigued by Hugh's love-affair even before I saw the object of his adoration. She was below the average height and looked smaller perched up alone there on the platform; a rather pathetic childish figure, with a child's mouth, set, at the moment, in a mould of intent determination that did not break into a smile when she bowed to her audience. She was undoubtedly pretty, but I hardly remarked that; being drawn from the first moment by her air of intelligence, combined with that effect of girlish seriousness; as if she would attack and conquer her world by sheer endeavour. She was dark enough to carry off her Spanish name, but she was not a Spanish type; she was altogether too reserved and too tender.

I admired her at once, and when she played I fell in love with her in my paternal, middle-aged way—deep enough to feel that the Hugh Garthorne I had known was not worthy of her. She looked so sweet and yet so vital as she played to us, so eager and so intent to give us her very best. But though her best was very good for a child of nineteen, full of fire and feeling, I knew that she would never make a first-class violinist. She had worked hard, I guessed; but she was not a born musician. Of course all her pieces were encored. There was not a man in the audience and only a few women, who would not have rewarded her so evident wish to please them.

As she came to the end of her last encore, I became

aware that Hugh was trembling as if he were shaking with cold, an impossible contingency in that overheated concert-room. I turned towards him, wondering if he had been deeply stirred by the music, and saw that his eyes were fixed upon that delightful child on the stage with a gaze that expressed at once anticipation and the keenest anxiety; the look of a man who expects some greatly longed-for sign, but is tremulously afraid that it may be denied him.

A little startled, I turned my attention back to Paula Gonzalez. She had finished playing and was bowing her acknowledgments of the enthusiastic applause, smiling gratefully as if she loved us all for our kindness to her. And then, just as the white-haired man in the orchestra had done, and with the same effect of nervous resolution, she gave one quick, but unmistakable glance at Hugh before she made her exit. She did not smile as she did it. It seemed rather as if she were conscious of taking a liberty.

"You were expecting her to look at you," I said to him as soon as we were outside.

"She did it yesterday," he admitted.

"But you've never attempted to speak to her or her father!" I commented.

"Look here, Edwardes!" he exclaimed taking me by the arm. "I've told you about this because you're the only chap I know who I thought might understand. Anyway, I don't know anyone else who'd be likely to. I couldn't say much to you this morning but now you've seen her it's different. Surely you understand now?"

I did, up to a point. I was beginning to understand, for instance, that the Hugh Garthorne I had known hitherto, was not the real man; and that I had a distinct feeling of liking for the new one who was now being revealed to me.

"I can quite understand your being in love with her," I said. "She's adorable."

He gave a little sigh, perhaps at the hopelessness of expressing her quality in mere language, before he replied. "Well, then, don't you see how impossible it would be to

try and scrape up an acquaintance in the usual way; the usual caddish way? I couldn't. She's—well, you've seen her now, so you ought to know. That's why I want you to come and talk to my mother. I want her to invite them to our house. It's the only way I've been able to think of—of getting to know them decently."

We had come down to the *Plage* and he was facing the wind that was coming up fitfully out of the great distances of the open Atlantic, and already tossing the crests of the increasing rollers into a spume of white spray. There was, I thought, something almost heroic in the calm certainty of his expression, just then.

"We're going to have a storm," I said.

"The sooner the better," he replied unexpectedly. "But, look here, will you try first if you can do anything with my mother?"

"I'll try," I said. I could not deny him that, though I knew it was hopeless. "And if I don't succeed?" I added.

"She'll have to disown me," he returned quietly. "I expect I'll be able to earn a living somehow. And, anyway, it would prove what I was willing to do for Her."

And that was how I came to have an interview with that terrible, intimidating woman, his mother.

I went the next afternoon while Hugh was at the Casino.

Mrs. Garthorne received me politely enough. There was no reason why she should not do so; she had nothing against me; but the consciousness of my mission made me feel more uncomfortable than usual in her presence. She was so essentially a woman *rangée*. She had long since finally made up her mind on every conceivable question of society, politics and religion. She would not have taken the advice of an Archbishop if it had not suited her own views; and what chance had I when I proposed to attack what I had gathered to be the most cherished of all her fixed opinions?

The apparent effect of my foolish embassy was not, however, quite what I had anticipated. I began, tactfully, by talking of Hugh, a subject to which she was always attentive,

and presently ventured the suggestion that his character had developed considerably since we had last met.

She was pouring out the tea and paused at that with the tea-pot still poised in her hand.

"You find him more serious?" she asked shrewdly.

"I do, yes; and more . . ." I twiddled my fingers, searching for a word; "more thoughtful," I concluded weakly.

She put down the tea-pot and passed me my cup, holding my gaze the while with a resolute stare that made me tremble. "You know that he's in love?" she asked.

I had forgotten about Rose Whitley; and thought that she had already got wind of the affair and that the game was up. The fact gave me courage. "Most beautifully, even heroically in love," I said. "It will be the making of him."

"Ah!" she commented quietly. I had never seen her look more solid.

"He's inspired," I continued; "and, I feel, worthily."

"You've seen her?" she put in.

"Yesterday afternoon; at the Casino de la Plage," I admitted.

"Ah!" she commented again with that effect of immense resolution. "And her name?"

I hesitated. I was ashamed of the poor little tinsel name, so suggestive of yellow skirts, black lace and castanets, that suited so ill that earnest child with the violin. "Paula Gonzalez," I said.

"I'm greatly obliged to you, Mr. Edwardes," she returned, and immediately began to talk—not about Hugh or his entanglement; but about Biarritz society and its doings; a steady stream of hard, fluent conversation that gave me no chance to do more than interpolate a brief monosyllable. She talked me out of my chair and out of the house. I do not believe that anything short of physical violence would have stopped her. And though she said nothing impolite, I received very clearly the impression that I need not call on her again.

I met Hugh by appointment at the Miramont. It was a

day of rain and blustering wind and the *Plage* was impossible.

"So you've done it?" he remarked as I sat down by him.

I explained that what I had done was to give him away and nothing more.

"Good," he replied; surprisingly, I thought.

"But, my dear chap," I began.

"That's all right," he interrupted me. "It's exactly what I wanted. Cursed odd, I admit, but you know I just hadn't got the courage to break *it* to her. That was where I stuck, somehow. I've given her a hint or two, but she pretended not to notice. Now she knows, I don't care a damn. No end obliged to you, old top."

"But what are you going to do?" I asked.

"Split," he said quietly. "Make a clean break away. What else could I do?"

I felt bound to remonstrate with him. "That's all very well, my dear old chap," I said; "but you owe a lot to your mother. She may be a bit queer on this subject of your marriage, but she's utterly devoted to you; given you everything you asked for, simply lived for you. Even if she were not your mother—common gratitude, I mean—what?"

He was more impressed by that than I had expected. "Yes, you're right," he admitted. "Besides . . ."

"How are you going to live?" I concluded for him.

"Oh! It isn't that," he replied contemptuously. "I'd make a living somehow. Scene-shifting or something. I've faced that idea. That's nothing. What I was going to say was that it was just funking to run away. Paula's so tremendously worth winning isn't she? Worth the very greatest thing I could possibly do."

"Which is?" I inquired, puzzled.

"Face it out," he said. "Make my mother give in. Go on living with her, and back my will against hers."

"By Heaven!" I exclaimed. "That would be magnificent."

"I'll do it," he announced; and for a moment he looked

capable of anything. Then he frowned, sighed and slightly pushed his chair away from the table. "Only," he said; "you must come back with me—just to start with. I know it looks like weakness; but, you see, I've got to snap the chain, if you know what I mean. My mother has dominated me all these years, and I've got the habit of giving in to her. But if I could once break that habit, I could go on. I'm perfectly certain I could go on. And if you're there, I should *have* to do it."

I felt at the moment, as if I would sooner parade Biarritz in pyjamas than face Mrs. Garthorne again so soon; but I understood exactly how he felt about the great preliminary effort needed to "snap the chain" of habit; and agreed to lend him my support; assuming, I hope, such an appearance of careless courage as would be most likely to stiffen his own.

"Very well. Come on," I said getting to my feet. "We'll go at once."

So far as I was concerned, that, I knew, was the only chance. I should never do it if I had time to think.

Mrs. Garthorne was in the same room and the same chair, in which I had left her barely an hour earlier. She turned her head when we came in, but gave us no other greeting. She was fully prepared for what we had to say and was perfectly confident of utterly routing us; but like the great general that she was, she took no risks; her first piece of strategy being to lay all the burden of the attack upon us. She intended to give no sign until we had revealed our tactics and discovered our artillery, such as it was.

I looked at Hugh and realised that it was for me to open the battle. He was gazing abstractedly out of the window, apparently lost in some mental calculation; but whether he was already funking the engagement or not, I couldn't guess. In any case, I had to offer myself up as a forlorn hope to tempt the enemy out of cover.

I did not, I confess, display either great courage or remarkable intelligence in my opening; but I have an incurable

habit of politeness. If Hugh's life instead of only his happiness had depended upon the issue, I do not think I could have been rude to Mrs. Garthorne, at that moment.

"I must apologise for returning so soon," I said. "But I met Hugh in the town, and realising what a very poor hand I had made of my ambassadorship earlier I felt that I must ask you to let me tell you, what I really had no opportunity of telling you this afternoon. . . ."

I could have gone on from that if she had permitted me; worked myself up, perhaps, into an appeal by the practice of my own eloquence, but she cut me short. The sound she made is usually written "Faugh!" but nothing can express the insolence and contempt she put into it. I was utterly rejected and dismissed. Never in my life have I felt so abominably insulted.

Nevertheless it seemed that I had served some purpose in thus drawing the enemy's guns, if the forlorn hope itself had been completely annihiliated by that single discharge. Hugh had had time to find his method, time enough to screw up his courage to the sticking-point. After all what he had chiefly required of me was my witness.

"I came to tell you that I'm going to marry Miss Paula Gonzalez, mother, if she'll have me," he said, still with his gaze on some ultra-terrestrial vision—possibly the imagined features of his ideal.

Mrs. Garthorne remained perfectly still, perfectly contemptuous. A faint snort was her only audible reply.

"And," Hugh continued with a faint smile—"and with your full consent."

That seemed to be a good shot.

He had, at least, succeeded in surprising her. She looked at him sharply as if it had crossed her mind that he might possibly have some card up his sleeve. Indeed, I thought I caught a hint of something in her expression that looked rather like alarm.

"Hugh!" she apostrophised him sharply. "Don't be absurd."

"I mean to get my own way this time, you see," he said.

Her fear, if I had been correct in my diagnosis, was evidently relieved by his answer. She got to her feet, looking bigger and more impressive than ever in her cold wrath.

"You'd better go to your room, Hugh," she pronounced majestically. "And never let me hear another word from you on this subject."

It was the method of the autocrat, of the governess with the small child, by which she had always ruled him. In reverting to it she played on his familiar re-actions; restimulated the sensations of the helpless boy who had always been dependent upon her.

And I knew that if Hugh submitted now he would be beaten. It was here that he had either to snap that chain of habit which had bound him for more than twenty years or submit for ever to his mother's imperious will. I looked at him expecting to see the signs of the coming defeat, a bent head, a nervous movement of the hands; but his head was raised, his hands were loosely clasped behind his back and he was smiling.

"In future you will hear from me on this subject, mother, whenever we meet," he said steadily. "I shall talk of nothing else."

She looked straight into his eyes and he returned her gaze with equal steadiness.

I left them there still locked in that grip. I had played my part. Hugh had taken his line—the only right line, I believed—and no one could help him now. But what the end of it would be I could not guess. Somehow I could not imagine Mrs. Garthorne giving in.

I did not see Hugh again for three days and then we met, by accident, on the *Plage* about four o'clock. He took me by the arm. "Good, I wanted to see you," he said. "There's something I want you to do for me."

I shuddered with a horrible premonition that I was to be called upon for yet another interview with his mother. A dozen excuses rose to my mind, but there was a new force

and resolution about Hugh's voice and manner that checked them from finding utterance.

"Oh! What's that?" I asked.

"I want you to make the acquaintance of Mr. Gonzalez and Paula," he said. "I can't yet. I've told her that I won't see them again until I've got her consent to bring them to the house. But I should like you to get in touch with them. You can't give 'em any messages from me of course, but you might sort of interest 'em in me, what?"

I agreed almost with enthusiasm, so relieved was I.

"And how goes the battle royal?" I asked.

"Pretty stiff," he said. "But I'm getting into training. I started with an infernal handicap, you know, but I'm picking up now. All this'll be splendid practice in keeping a stiff upper lip and that sort of thing if it comes to the scene-shifting after all."

Who would ever have thought that the boy had such fine stuff in him I reflected, as I waited by the artists' entrance to the Casino. I felt a sudden warm confidence in him: not in his chances of winning that fearful contest of wills with his mother—I believed her to be indomitable—but in the certainty that he would eventually make good. I could help him to a better start in life than a job as a scene-shifter would give him, and I was fully prepared to do it. Not alone for the sake of Hugh and that appealing little violinist, although they came first. No, let me be honest and admit that Mrs. Garthorne's contemptuous "Faugh!" still rankled in my mind. I could never forgive her for that.

I found no difficulty in making the acquaintance of Gonzalez and Paula; indeed they seemed to be expecting me. More than that, when they had accepted my invitation to tea and we had settled ourselves into a corner of the inner room at the Miramont they made it very easy for me to introduce the subject I had been charged to interest them in.

At the first casual mention of "a young friend of mine who had greatly admired Miss Gonzalez' playing," they exchanged a quick glance of understanding and then Gon-

zalez, with a very obvious embarrassment of manner said:

"Are you speaking of the young friend who was with you in the Casino three days ago? I—I noticed him."

"We have seen him there every day, almost," Paula put in; "until last Tuesday that is, when he was there with you. He hasn't been since."

"Yes, that is the one I mean," I said. "His name is Garthorne, Hugh Garthorne."

Gonzalez bent over his plate to hide his face; but the clear eyes of Paula were shining as she watched him; shining, I thought, a little triumphantly almost as if they were saying "I told you so."

I had but one explanation of their behaviour and it repelled me. I imagined that, as so often before I had been deceived in my judgment, they were in fact no more than just two poverty stricken musicians, eager to entrap the wealthy young man who had by his behaviour already proclaimed himself to be this outwardly charming young girl's admirer. Poor Hugh, I reflected, was it for such a tinsel prize as this that he had engaged in that tremendous conflict of wills with his indomitable mother? Yet it was not for me to oppose his desire. The one adversary he had would be quite sufficient. If she could not deter him, it was very certain that I could not.

"He would so much like to meet you," I continued; "a little later on. For the moment he is—er—very much occupied."

To my surprise Gonzalez shook his head. "Oh! no, no. That would never do," he said.

"I don't see, dear, really, why not?" Paula remonstrated. "Just once, you know."

Had they guessed my suspicion of them, I wondered, and were they now trying to disguise their trap by a piece of shoddy play-acting? It looked like that. And Gonzalez' next question confirmed my original inference.

"His mother, I suppose, is very rich?" he asked shyly.

"I presume so," I said.

"A widow?" he mumbled, still without raising his head.

"For more than twenty years," I told him. "Hugh was, I believe, a posthumous child."

Gonzalez raised his eyes then, not to look at me but to exchange another of those understanding glances with Paula, whose regard of him this time appeared to be no longer triumphant but tender, consolatory. Then as if to distract my attention from Gonzalez she turned to me with one of her pathetic appealing little smiles and said: "Me too, you see."

I did not understand, and in reply to my look of blank astonishment she explained:

"I'm an orphan really. My father died a few weeks before I was born and my mother a few weeks after. If daddy hadn't adopted me I should have died too, of course."

An obvious question suggested itself. "You are married?" I asked Gonzalez.

He hesitated a moment and then said, "Yes; but I have not seen my wife for more than twenty years."

"And where were you when you adopted Miss Paula?" I inquired.

"The Argentine," he replied, "Buenos Ayres. Paula's father was an English engineer. He died of yellow fever. . . ."

A pathetic little history of struggle and self-sacrifice it appeared to me, thinking it all over after I had left them and guessing at much that they had not told me. And reflecting upon it that evening I suffered another reaction; blamed myself for having attributed such grossly mercenary motives to them. Yet I was mightily puzzled to explain otherwise their obvious interest in Hugh; puzzled and presently so piqued that I determined to talk to Gonzalez again at the earliest opportunity.

It presented itself no later than the next morning when I found him, by chance, on that other island rock connected to the mainland by a bridge, known as the Rocher de la Vierge. He was at the furthest point where the nose of the

spit dips into deep water, but the tide was half out, the sea fairly calm, and there was little danger of being drenched by the spray of a sudden swell.

He greeted me with a shy eagerness; at once glad to see me, I thought, and a little afraid; as if he braced himself to some intimidating task.

"I—I would like to ask you rather a queer question, Mr. Edwardes," he began immediately, with a nervous rush that made me think of my own futile attack upon Mrs. Garthorne.

I tried to put him at his ease.

"By all means," I said smiling. "If I can help you in any way, I shall be delighted. I am, I assure you, greatly interested in your charming adopted daughter."

He leaned on the low stone parapet that guards the end of the rock, and stared out across the magnificent breadth of the great Atlantic that even in its sunniest hours hardly conceals the menace of its destructive strength.

"It's just this, sir," he murmured, "can I trust you with a secret? Trust you, that's to say, not to mention it to—to any of the people concerned?"

"You can," I returned quietly.

"It concerns your young friend, Mr. Hugh Garthorne," he continued with a little catch in his breath. "You see—you see—although he must never know it—I'm his father."

I may be forgiven for not believing him. His announcement seemed so utterly unlikely. I did not suspect him of any criminal tendency towards blackmail, I merely supposed that his mind was a trifle weak, and that he was probably subject to harmless illusions of this kind.

"Really! That's very interesting," I humoured him.

"And if I could just meet him once without his having any suspicion who I am," he continued, with a deep sigh, still staring out across the sea, "it would be something to remember. I would be very careful." He turned to me with a sudden appeal in his face: "Oh, I would not for anything interfere with his happiness."

If this were acting, it was of the very finest quality; nevertheless, it was not his expression and the tones of his voice that convinced me; but the likeness to Hugh I had unexpectedly seen when the little man had gazed out at some illusory vision across the world, just as his son had gazed from his mother's window four days earlier.

"Do you know," I said, "I think I can help you to more than that, but couldn't you tell me something of your story first?"

A sordid little story enough, it may appear, set out in dull words, but to me it was quick with the breath of life, inspired by my sight of this sensitive little artist and my realisation of what his sufferings must have been during the mercifully short year and a half of his married life. For to me there was something heroic in the fact that he had dared the law for the sake of the child that was coming; had committed a terrible indiscretion with the paper of the firm by which he had been employed and had suffered the full penalty of a term of imprisonment.

They had been poor in those days, the Garthornes, grindingly poor, but when he came out of prison, it was to find that his wife had become suddenly rich through some inheritance that might have given him, I thought, an excuse for leaving her; though it certainly gave her none for refusing to see him again. Truly she must have been an abominable woman; even when all allowance is made for my immense personal prejudice against her. It is true that she offered him money, but he refused to take it and went off to South America, taking little more than the violin, which, hitherto the solace of his worst hours, was now to become his source of livelihood.

How he lived in those years is of no importance; what is of far more interest is that the little visionary should have built up for himself an ideal of the son he had hardly seen. That had been his chief compensation, and one that Paula, as she grew up, had willingly shared. Between them, they had created the picture of the hero that should be

Hugh Garthorne; a picture that had grown so vivid and convincing with the years, that it had at last drawn them home by way of Spain, earning their living on the road. And at San Sebastian they had found to their infinite relief that the journey they were planning to England might not be necessary. He had seen an English paper published in Paris, giving the list of visitors at Biarritz and his belief that the Mrs. Garthorne there mentioned was his own wife had been confirmed three days after his arrival by a sight of her in the street. She had even glanced at him, but without the least recognition. The years had changed him more than her.

"So you'll understand," he concluded, "what it would mean to us just to speak to him. And you can trust us never to let him know. God forbid that I should do anything more to spoil his life.'

He seemed to have never a doubt that Hugh was in very truth the splendid hero of his father's dream. Hugh! The youngster whom I had known until less than a week ago, as nothing more than an idle, over-dressed, game-playing young waster!

"Listen," I said, "the best thing that ever happened to Hugh was when he fell in love with your adopted daughter."

He gasped as if I had thrown cold water over him. "With Paula!" he ejaculated. "But, then . . ."

I saw the threat of flight in his eyes, and knew that he would utterly sacrifice himself and Paula, too, rather than risk the shadow of harm to his ideal.

"No; but listen," I interrupted him, and gave him a succinct account of all that I had seen and hoped for in Hugh since our meeting on the rock four days earlier, together with a hint of what he had been before that time.

Even then, he was not to be convinced all at once. He had been so poor all his life, and the possession of money to him loomed so vastly important. Not until I insisted on the necessity of getting Hugh away from his mother, did the little man show signs of conviction. It was an

argument that seemed to weigh with him, and I left him wondering if it were possible that his wife had been privy to his fraud before he had committed it, and had turned against him afterwards. I believed her capable even of that infamy.

When I got in I sent a messenger from my hotel with a note to Hugh, saying no more than that I wished to see him; and he turned up after dinner, looking, I thought, a trifle weary.

"Well, how goes it?" I asked him.

"I'm sticking it," he said; "but it's going to be a long job. I wish I could see Paula again. Did you do what I asked you?"

"And more! Oh! Very much more," I said.

Watching him carefully as I told him Gonzalez' story—something too deliberately, perhaps, and withholding the essential statement until Hugh was on the verge of guessing it for himself—I could trace in him so clearly the two almost incompatible strains he had inherited. But while I admired the evidences of sympathy, understanding, idealism he had inherited from his father, I knew that they would constitute an almost insuperable handicap in the fight he had undertaken with his mother. *He* might be tempted to see her point of view. *She* would be absolute.

"But, good Lord, I say," he murmured when the truth was out. "What had I better do, now?"

It was the paternal strain that, at first, made him unwilling to take my advice.

Perhaps I was hardly justified in my proposition. That insulting dismissal of me as a person quite unworthy of the least consideration still rankled; and I may be accused of a paltry wish for revenge—more particularly as there seemed to be no real justification for my taking part in the interview I insisted upon between Mrs. Garthorne, her husband and Hugh. My excuse was that I went to support Gonzalez, as I may still call him, and he certainly needed a power of stiffening. But in the end both he and his

son consented to my plan chiefly for Paula's sake. She, dear child that she was, remained in ignorance still of the fact that Hugh had fallen in love with her; but she was all alight with eagerness not only herself to meet the ideal hero of their dreams, but also at the possibility that her foster father might be forgiven and allowed free communication with his son, a pardonable deception. I do not reproach myself for that.

We had to await Mrs. Garthorne in her drawing-room. Hugh had given her no warning that she was to meet the supposed father of the girl he was in love with, knowing that she would simply and blankly refuse to see him. But no doubt she suspected some ambush, for she kept us waiting long enough to aggravate almost unendurably our natural nervousness.

When she came at last, however, she made a mistake in her pretence of completely overlooking me. That put me on my nettle.

"Who is this, Hugh?" were her first words, indicating Gonzalez. She had closed the door behind her, but remained standing before it, dominating the room.

"This," I said, "is Mr. Gonzalez—it is not his real name—the adopted father of the charming young lady your son proposes to marry."

"And what have you to do with the affair, may I ask, Mr. Edwardes?" she inquired, fixing me with her bitter stare.

"That would take too long to explain," I said; "more particularly as there is a far more important explanation to be made. Is it really possible, Mrs. Garthorne, that you do not recognise—er—Mr. *Gonzalez?*" I underlined the name with a peculiar emphasis.

Her stare travelled almost indolently from me to her husband, and rested there with a calm scrutiny.

"You see, Helen," he began; and I fancy it was the phrase and the manner that enlightened her rather than her memory of his face.

Her self-possession was almost incredible. Her strength lay in the fact that she could be neither shocked nor wounded. She turned to her son, and said without a tremor: "You know that your father has served a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment for forgery?"

"But good God, mater; that was more than twenty years ago," Hugh returned indignantly. I was glad to note his warmth.

And then—just for a moment, I caught the least flicker of her eyes in the direction of her husband, a glance that held the hint of a question, a doubt. And although I have no other evidence, for Gonzalez has preserved his faithful silence, I would swear that she had been accessory to his fraud and was debating how far she could trust him to reserve that damning fact.

Apparently she was satisfied of his trustworthiness, for she continued with the same effect of inviolable calm: "And what do you hope to gain by this most unseemly revival of forgotten scandals, Hugh? Are you trying to blackmail me into consenting to your marriage with this trumpery little violinist, picked up Heaven knows where by an ex-convict? You have tried, quite unsuccessfully, to bully me for a week. Is it to be blackmail now? If so, I can assure you that you will find that method equally unavailing."

She had neither humour nor imagination. If she had combined intelligence with that colossal resolution of hers she might have been great. But she was essentially a stupid woman, or she would have known that her one chance with Hugh was to make an appeal to his sympathy, his gratitude. As it was, she stung him into open revolt.

"There's no question of blackmail," he said, and there was something very like hate in his eyes, as he spoke. "I have done my level best to persuade you, and I hoped this might help. Now, I tell you straight out, that I'm going to marry Paula, if she'll have me, with your consent or without it."

"And what do you propose to live upon?" she retorted. "Your wife's earnings?"

"Great Scott, no," Hugh said. "I'll make a living somehow. And, as Edwardes says, that'll be jolly well the best thing that could happen to me."

She was incapable of understanding that. She sneered. She believed that his education had been too carefully neglected to permit of his earning his own living. And it was on that she counted for her ultimate triumph. "I cannot prevent you," she said. "But look to me for no help, Hugh; until you come back—*alone*."

It was her last word. With that she turned and left us, to all appearances as unruffled as fate itself. No doubt she was supremely confident that time would win the battle for her; that after three—six—months, a year or two at most, Hugh would return, alone and defeated, to submit himself finally to her intolerable yoke. She could not believe that he would stand the test of poverty. Had she not suffered it herself?

And if I can judge by the sight I had of her a few days ago, she still awaits her son's return in perfect confidence. She was driving in the Park, massive and imperturbable as ever, not a thread of white in her hair nor an added line on her face.

And thinking at that moment of Hugh's joy in his wife and his little son, of the success he was already making for himself; and of how he had, almost miraculously, fulfilled the dreams of those two dear people who had come across the world merely for a sight of their fairy hero; thinking also, perhaps, that I had, after all, secretly accomplished my revenge and that she must know it, I lifted my hat and bowed to her.

Her glance travelled past me. She made no movement. But on her lips and in her attitude, I read again the signal of her insulting "Faugh!"

Terrible, indomitable woman!

"JUST IMAGINE . . ." [1]

By ELIZABETH BOWEN

From *Eve*

Noel and Nancy had a childhood in common, at Wimbledon, in the midst of the most frightful dangers and insecurity. Noel read too much and Nancy was too credulous; there came, successively, as their capacity for fear sophisticated, to be tigers under the back stairs, Indians down in the shrubbery that gathered together with tomahawks and crept out punctually at the approach of dusk, and, at last, a clammy-faced Thing on the top landing that reached out for them through the banisters as they went up. Imagination can build palaces too, and there were excursions into a high-pitched happiness, but these occurred less regularly and were less memorable. Nancy came from South America, where she had been born, Noel assured her, under some kind of a curse. "It mayn't get you here," he said comfortingly, "but if you ever go back . . ."

Nancy was a rather curd-faced child, with hair skinned back so tightly into a pig-tail that her eyes seemed stretched open wider than ever. She was prettily-mannered, slyish but deeply affectionate, and she loved Noel embarrassingly, with an attention to detail gratifying to his elderly parents. Her aunt and uncle had given Nancy a home; she had been asked over to be a companion to Noel and they played and did lessons together and later on were sent to a little day-school. Nancy was lazy and not clever at all; she cribbed whenever possible and kept what brains she had for the service of Noel. She was tactless yet deeply responsive; she interrupted Noel perpetually when he was reading and

[1] Copyright, 1927, by Elizabeth Bowen.

bored him so much by her tenderness and her habit of drinking him in that he could hardly be blamed for beginning to frighten her. Having begun he continued, and the more her terror reflected back on himself and was split into rays against the facets of his personality, the sharper his pleasure became. He was a fair, gentle, rather "unmanly" boy and was not ever tempted to twist her wrist round, kick her shins or tweak the heavy plait that walloped so teasingly between her shoulders. The absorbed companionship of Noel and Nancy, never romping together, never quarrelling, flitting round the garden and the comfortable sedate house, was a matter of self-congratulation and delight to the parents of Noel. When little Nancy cried at night, they would recount, as she sometimes did unreasonably and loudly, Noel would be the first to creep in to her and whisper into her ear something that made her curl up without a sound, draw up the sheets round her ears, and lie thus for the rest of the night, scarcely seeming to breathe she was so still.

When she was sixteen Nancy did go back to South America, but long before this she and Noel had lost sight of one another. Noel was sent to a preparatory and Nancy to a school abroad; she spent her holidays with other relations because Noel was growing into quite a man now and could not be expected to play with girls any longer. When they did meet their interests were apart and they had little to say to each other; Nancy had left Wimbledon behind for ever. Yet for years Noel did not feel comfortable about the top landing and would make a detour after dark to avoid the shrubbery; the fears sloughed by Nancy's freer spirit still lay in wait for him.

News came from time to time of Nancy in the Argentine. While Noel was at Oxford his father died; later his mother sold the London house and moved to Kent. Noel, who had made up his mind to be an architect and was already articled, beautifully decorated and furnished a small flat and established himself in Bloomsbury. About this time he

heard from his mother of Nancy's engagement. "An Englishman after all, I am relieved to hear, and so well off. It sounds ideal; dear little Nancy. Yet it seems like yesterday, doesn't it, one can hardly believe. . . . Do remember to write, Noel. And do try to think of some wedding present."

Noel put the letter down with a sense of distinct surprise that anybody should think of marrying his cousin Nancy. The child of nine had elongated in his imagination but not matured. He was in love himself in a pictorial, rather unprogressive way with a beautiful fair girl called Daphne. Noel had grown up into a whimsical vague young man, kindly disposed to the world in a general way but with a charming touch of the feline. He was noted for doing strange things by himself such as going alone to the Zoo; walking all night, or exploring the bus-routes of London. He was considered rare, and admired and loved as such by his friends in Bloomsbury. He was affectionate, naïve and a little lonely, and though most of the things he did were done for effect he often speculated as to the nature of true happiness. He did not think that he would ever be much of an architect.

A dutiful cousin, he spent some bewildered afternoons among prints and lacquer, and finally selected for Nancy the sort of present his Daphne would have appreciated and had it sent off. "Funny, skinny, little pop-eyed thing!" he said thoughtfully, sitting down to indite his congratulatory letter. He glanced towards Daphne's photograph for inspiration, bit his pen and had soon begun writing in his own inimitable way.

"Dear little Noel," wrote back Nancy—Really!—"Charming of you to write such a letter. Yes, isn't this absurd? I am quite *too* much in love with Ripon—whom you must certainly meet. I hope we shall be home for a bit in a year or two. Did you ever get a photograph I sent you two years ago? Perhaps you hated it, you passed it over in silence. I have improved since then; your Nancy is now rather beautiful. It would be absurd of me, wouldn't it, to contradict

Ripon, not to speak of various other authorities? I should love to know what you look like—as young as you sound? Twenty-three sounds an age, but as a matter of fact we are rather children, aren't we? I feel a babe beside Ripon and I glory in it. Ripon . . ." and so on for two or three pages more.

Noel destroyed the letter at once with a feeling of shame on Nancy's behalf and of outrage on his own. What had he done to incur it, this forced letter, impossible for the child he knew to have written? In revulsion he felt pity for Nancy; whatever she'd grown into, she couldn't have grown into *this*. "Confidences . . ." thought Noel, "they're not *decent*. And anyway, they're over-sophisticated." He had a good many girl friends and thus a fairish standard for judging women. "Perhaps she's unhappy," he thought, and it cheered him wonderfully. "After all, a rich middle-aged Argentine, probably fat . . . Poor *child!*" He softened and felt some emotion. For Nancy was part of his childhood, that was what made her letter a sacrilege; she was woven in preciously among the Wimbledon memories with nightly terrors (delightful in retrospect) nursery firelight, his father's leather armchair, the smell of toast from the kitchen. Noel had never ceased to feel homesick; the feeling was increased with the disappearance of home. He leant his head on his arms a minute or two over the scraps of Nancy's letter and felt wretched. He thought of the nursery fire forever put out, and of how one went on through the world growing colder and older.

For some time after he thought of Nancy now and again. She would reappear in his thoughts like a little ghost when he was melancholy; but when two years later he came home one night to find her telephone message, he had once more forgotten her. Affairs with Daphne had meanwhile come to a crisis; after an interval of distraction they had, he believed both unwillingly, become engaged. An uneasy, rather constrained feeling wore off or became familiar; he was in love with Daphne more than ever, quite intoxicated by being

so much in love. He lived intensely but fluidly, futurelessly, in a kind of dream. When he picked up Nancy's telephone message it was as though something snapped. Nancy and her husband were back in England; they had taken a flat in Knightsbridge. She asked him to come round and see her the next afternoon. Noel felt really angry at being thus interrupted; his instinct was to ring up, or better still write, and tell Nancy that this was impossible, would be impossible for weeks ahead. He wondered what she and Daphne would think of each other. Falling asleep, he became the prey of a dream that Daphne had married an Argentine and was keeping Nancy, a kind of unhappy monkey, shut up in a cage. He put a finger between the bars and Nancy bit him; this made him angry with Daphne who sat looking on ironically and coldly.

At half-past four Noel entered a lift, still doubtfully, was shot up a floor and shown through a chain of apartments into a drawing-room overhanging the Park. In an air blue and semi-opaque with cigarette smoke, and sharp with geranium scent, two clocks followed each other, a taffeta curtain rustled. A synthetic fire sent out a crimson pulse, beyond the window-draperies and clouded pane dusk crept like smoke from under the trees of the Park. A handsome Spanish woman, uncrossing her legs, sprang up with an exclamation; dark, poised, imperious, she looked at him piercingly.

"Noel!" cried Nancy.

"My dear Nancy!" said Noel in a tone of expostulation, taking the hands held out to him. He felt deceived and a little angry, and still half believed he had come to the wrong flat. A pair of barbaric earrings swung from his cousin's small ears; they fascinated him by their glitter. Her cropped hair rippled against her head with a familiar smoothness. Supple and dark, independent of lines he knew, her frock said Paris.

"Aren't you *too* picturesque?" said Nancy, holding him at arm's length. "Aren't you lovely?" She had a deep

voice and pronounced every syllable distinctly. Her dark, rather wild boy's eyes travelled over him. Noel glanced at himself in a mirror behind her shoulder to reassure himself that he *had* that indefinable something. Diffident, anxious to please, he sat down in a black velvet chair and stared at the fire. "Awfully cute, these electric fires . . ." said Noel.

Nancy, taking him in, said nothing. She seemed unaware of a tension. "Now begin and tell me everything," said she, with most fearful directness.

This was not Noel's way. He began to look round the room obliquely but deliberately; he always began with a room. Nancy, as he had expected, did not speak his language at all; on the other hand everything he had prepared to say to her had rather lost point. He was used to converse in allusions, to what the other person had read, or had once said, or must obviously feel; he lived in an intimate circle, a clique, and too seldom emerged. He longed to talk speculatively about South America (without reference to Nancy) or epigrammatically about London (without reference to himself) or best of all, about clothes. He felt nervous, as though he were shut in a room with a panther.

Nancy offered him a cigarette of a kind he did not care for, and lighting one of her own in a long holder, leant sideways among her cushions. "So I hear you are engaged," said she. "You are fearfully happy?"

Noel nodded whimsically.

"I do so hope," Nancy said, maternally, "she's a really nice girl."

"Ra-ather a dear."

"What an extraordinary way to describe her," said Nancy with some contempt, and Noel felt furious with himself for not having done Daphne justice.

"As a matter of fact, she's so lovely one hardly likes to mention it."

Nancy turned up a lamp at her elbow, a lamp in a painted shade that cast arabesques and eyes over the wall. Leaning back she watched her smoke drift up to the ceiling. "Mar-

riage," she said, "is wonderful." Her tone was Latin and sophisticated; very much a woman of the world's.

"My dear Nancy," Noel said, groaning, "Must we discuss marriage? It is so overdone."

"I'm a barbarian," smiled Nancy. "I don't know what's overdone; I'm afraid I discuss what interests me. Marriage does. When shall I meet Daphne?"

"Mm," said Noel, "Mm, mm-mm."

"I know," said Nancy, "everyone in London's so full up. Well—" her voice changed, "I rather wish you hadn't got a Daphne. I'm so lonely. I do want somebody to talk to."

"My dear Nancy?"

"I'm not a bit happy, Noel," Nancy said, looking at him seriously and simply. She blinked and touched the corner of one eye, quite naïvely with the tip of a long finger as though there was a tear there.

Noel felt outraged. He looked at her incredulously for a moment, then got up and looked out of the window. He could not bear that sort of thing, it made him feel sick; Nancy would have to control herself. He clasped his hands behind his back nervously and said, after a wounding pause, "I'm sorry to hear that," with cold formality.

Nancy, getting up also, came and stood behind him, a hand on his shoulder. It was hard to realise that this hand, smooth, pointed and adorned with square-cut jewels, had been used to clutch him feverishly when a little girl was afraid in the dark. He had never done much to comfort Nancy. . . . It was as though this reflection transmitted itself, for Nancy said, half laughing, "You don't care. You always were cold-blooded, Noel. How you used to torture me!"

"Torture you?" said Noel. "How?"

"Fear," said Nancy. "I didn't mind pain. '*Just imagine*' you used to say; you had froggy hands and queer pale eyes. You seemed to *see* the things; my flesh crept, it did really; I was in a perpetual state of shivers."

Noel wheeled round on her, interested. "Really, Nancy,

really?" he said eagerly. It made a great man of him all at once to have bullied this Nancy of the dark and brilliant smile. Nothing Daphne ever said had so moved him.

"Mmm," said Nancy; her eyes grew narrow with retrospect. "Weren't you a little devil?"

"Was I a devil?" mused Noel, hugging this.

"I can't think why I ever put up with it. I suppose I *had* to be fond of somebody even then. But I almost think I pity Daphne."

"But I don't ever—" he began and broke off, reminded too sharply that there had been lacking in his intercourse with Daphne just this subtle and secret pleasure.

Nancy's laughter was melancholy and indifferent. She threw herself down among her cushions again and brooded, the firelight crimson in her eyes. "You couldn't frighten me now," she said. "It's only myself I'm frightened of. I'm terribly passionate."

"Are you?" he said confusedly.

"You and your Daphne," said she with friendly contempt. "You're so smug, I expect it does you good to hold hands in the dark and tell each other ghost stories. . . . Wait till you've lived," she added, in a changed voice. "But you won't live—luckily for you."

"I bet," Noel said, stirred, angry and rather excited, "I could still frighten you."

She did not hear him. "You wait," she went on, "till you love someone—sickeningly. You won't till you don't trust them. You wait till you're hated and watched every hour of the day and hate and watch back again."

Noel thought they must all be very passionate out in the Argentine. He looked at Nancy with awe and a faint inferiority, and yet with tolerance, as though she belonged in the Zoo. "It's a good thing, at least," he said innocently, "that you feel all this about Ripon."

"But I don't," said Nancy, and turned on him her impatient dark eyes.

"O-oh," said Noel. "Didn't you once?"

"I wrote to you, didn't I?" Nancy said with a flicker of remembrance. "I suppose I didn't know then what I could feel. I suppose," she said to the fire, while her fingers unclenched themselves slowly along the arms of her chair, "one learns . . ."

They sat silently opposite one another in the smothered light. Her black figure melted into the black chair and Noel, straining his eyes to distinguish her, felt that she and she only mattered, and mattered to him burningly. He was in a tumult for a moment or two, then this ebbed and left him with a cold and frightful feeling of insecurity. Fear! He was so afraid that he wanted to brandish something at Nancy, to shake her, or violently to kiss the pale cheek leaning in an attitude of abandon against her gold, preposterous cushions. The tick of the two clocks, never quite synchronising, pattering after each other, maddened him. Since the night fears of his childhood he had never felt so menaced.

"You've no business to talk like that," he said, cold with anger. "If you'll forgive my saying so, it rather shocks me. After all, however much we played as children, I am to all intents and purposes a stranger now, and I don't want to hear about your husband—it makes me feel quite sick. I needn't say how sorry I am that you're . . . not happy, but after all that must be between you and him. At least, over here we think so. Perhaps things may be different in the Argentine."

Nancy, turning her head slowly, looked at him from a long way away. "What a boy you are . . ."

He was silent, stung intolerably, and made a movement to go. She stretched out her two friendly hands to him. "Oh, stay! You dear Noel, you comfort me just by sitting there. You're like something in an English book, an old lady, a kettle or a cat. You don't know what a life I've led—you're like an afternoon at Wimbledon. . . ."

"Ah," said Noel, and looked at his cousin Nancy with dangerous eyes. "Are you quite sure I couldn't make you afraid again?"

"I wish you could . . ." said Nancy wistfully. She stirred and laughed in her chair. "Oh, Noel, do try . . ." A remote, inaccessible Spanish lady, veiled in tragic experience, was laughing at the young man from Bloomsbury. He almost prayed to be made cruel enough. "Very well," said Noel. "Look out!"

He put a hand in front of his eyes and began to grope back, back. The paths he had trod were lonely as death, clammy, forgotten but now once more his familiar. He shut out the rich warm room, the stir and scent of Nancy, they fell away from him; Bloomsbury, life, hope, dreams, ambition and Daphne fell away from him too; he ran on alone to the edge of the Pit. Within him there was an absolute silence, a blank across which shadows doubtfully shivered and fled. Nancy laughed and turned out the lamp at her elbow, the room was dark except for the firelight and the lights coming up from the Park, silent except for the clocks and the rushing past of the cars. These sounds swelled up and filled the room, then died down, leaving it empty. From the forgotten source, deep in Noel, terror began to well up.

He knelt, half crouched, beside Nancy's chair, and, reaching out, caught her hand, smooth and firm, in his own, which was very cold. He felt her pulse jumping. Motionless as beneath some compulsion she waited, while his intense consciousness of her there beside him fought with his icy flood of overmastering fear. He had opened the floodgates for her, so he felt it right to press himself against the side of her chair and lean his head on her arm as they had done in childhood.

"Just imagine . . ." Noel whispered against her ear. Starting violently, he pointed into the dark. Her hand leapt in his, she laughed on an intake of breath as though she were stepping into cold water.

"We're not alone! Cover your face and don't look, my dear, for we're . . . we're Not Quite Alone . . . A-ah!—Oh, my God, IT'S *there* on the sofa . . . Don't be, don't be too much afraid; shall I tell you?—It's turning Its head

. . . But It can't, Nancy. It can't possibly turn Its head . . . Because It—hasn't—got—a neck. No, not a neck. Only a . . . strip of skin. And that's, that's, that's—ALL ROTTING AWAY."

Nancy, between a laugh and a shudder, as though cold water were rising round her, taunted "Go *on,* Noel . . ." She turned out the electric fire; they watched the red square fade and all that they could see of each other fade with it. Nancy made a movement, he clutched her in terror, afraid to be left. She got up, drew the heavy curtains across the window and turned out the light in the vestibule so that not so much as a crack came in from under the door. So soft were her movements, so quiet her step, that he only guessed at her whereabouts and shrieked when, groping back to her chair, she put a hand on his face.

"Noel!" cried she, appalled by his moments of silence.

"Hush—I am listening. Listen too; do you hear? Some blood's dripping—tip, tap, tip, tap. Don't *move!* It's all over the floor. A-ach, it's all over my hands. It's all sticky and cold. *Cold* blood, Nancy . . . where shall I wipe it off? But you mustn't stir. It will hear. You forget: WE ARE NOT ALONE."

At this moment the sofa creaked, a cushion slid off and fell to the floor.

Noel, pressing his cheek against Nancy's arm, felt the muscles contract. A crack by the door and the sound of a heavy stirring answered the creak of the sofa. There began, interrupted by silences, the sound of something slithering, dragging itself along the wall.

"Noel!"

A shudder beside her.

"Noel, stop it now. It's too real, I can't bear it. Stop . . . You've won! Oh, STOP it!"

"But, my God," whispered Noel. *"I don't know what it is . . ."*

"What have you done?" Nancy laughed with horror. "There *is* something in here?"

"Yes . . ."

Noel felt he must crouch till he died in the silent blackness, counting the thuds of his heart. This horror had taken life from himself, had been born of his mind and was creeping about the room. When a fumbling began not far away and a hand seemed to be feeling its way towards them over the furniture, he reached out an arm for Nancy and held her against him. The delusion of life showed its falseness, of action, security, manly and womanly freedom from fear; they were plumbing together once more as in childhood the terrible deep. They were very close.

"Oh, fool," shivered Nancy. "Oh, fool; oh, you fool!" Her breath ran through his hair. "Be quiet," he cried, putting up a hand and crushing her lips to silence. A yard away, a chair slid forward softly over the parquet.

"Find the light!"

"Oh, I can't, I daren't put my hand out. Oh, Noel . . ."

Kneeling up, scarcely breathing, an arm still round Nancy, Noel felt along the back of her chair for the lamp at her other elbow. He touched the base of the lamp, heard it rattle, and his fingers crept up to the switch. At this moment a cold hand, shaking a little, closed on his own. "Now," thought Noel, "I am finished." Holding Nancy against him, his cheek against hers, he waited while the grip on his fingers, compelling them, wrenched round the switch.

. . . . . .

The light sprang up.

Very tall, going on up indefinitely towards the ceiling and spangled over with arabesques from the shade, the grey figure of Ripon loomed over them. With the revelation of his material presence his identity flashed upon Noel. A shoe was tucked beneath either of Ripon's armpits: Noel looked at his silver-grey huge feet planted squarely apart on the parquet.

"I thought I heard you in here," said Ripon. "Am I in the way?"

Nancy, pale and insolent, stared up with dilated eyes.

"Is that the way one usually comes into one's drawing-room?" she asked in a voice over which she had not recovered control.

"Is this the way one usually entertains one's visitors?" asked Ripon, staring back.

Nancy shrugged, a gesture of disdain and helplessness. "A game," she said, "a favourite game of Noel's. This is Noel—Ripon. Ripon—Noel."

Ripon turned, half bowed, and for the first time bent his dark, intent and heavy gaze on Noel. Noel's eyes, running agitatedly over that immense and too well-tailored person, focussed themselves under the chin, upon a flashing tie-pin. "Bounder!" he thought—the word was balm to him—"Rotten cad!"

"I'm afraid," he said at last, uneasily, "you'll think me pretty mad. We were playing ghosts; I frightened Nancy. I didn't know we had an audience. An audience generally . . . declares itself."

He glanced down and dusted the knees of his trousers: a gesture purely, for Ripon's parquet had been immaculate.

Then he realised that the big man was looking no longer at himself but back again at Nancy. He had been brushed clear of Ripon's thoughts like a fly. Ripon's eyes beneath his beetle brows had an uneasy, tortured look, like some large dog's whose trust in life has been destroyed. He was looking towards Nancy dubiously, bitterly, imploringly, asking for his cue. Nancy sat indifferent, a smile for both of them, stroking back her smooth hair against her head. A glance, a word from her, directed by an intention, could have made Ripon either break the young cousin to pieces, or else shake his hand, apologise to both of them, or even (inconceivable as the thing seemed) cringe. Deep-set in the impressive face, the eyes of Ripon held a torturing uncertainty. And Nancy, non-committal, smiled on, made no sign.

Shame-faced, Noel quickly turned away, and, until that terrible look ceased, could look at Ripon no more. There was an abyss here he could not fathom.

THE THREE SCHOLARS[1]

By OSBERT BURDETT

From *The New Criterion*

I

The sick room was dark and hushed, but along the edges of the blind that made an opaque shadow of the tall Georgian window the afternoon sun slipped in. When an occasional breeze lifted the blind, the shadows of the clematis leaves outside rippled across the lace curtains, and seemed to bring with them the faint murmur of the traffic in Upper Baker Street. On the eastern side especially, in Regent's Park, the summer day was brilliant. The very dust sparkled in the dry, hot air. It was one of those summer afternoons in London on which a healthy person seeks the shade, but which gives to an invalid in bed the momentary illusion of convalescence. Even Mrs. Pemberthy, who had been bed-ridden for years, and had resigned such a hope long ago, felt the impulse; but for her it took the form of thinking that on just such an afternoon it would be good to die. When one had suffered so much and so long, the coming of the end on such a day would be a sort of recompense. It had been earned, she felt, if any invalid could earn it. She had forgotten no one and nothing: her letters and papers had been arranged or destroyed; her little personal belongings had been allotted to the people for whom each might have its associations. A blank cheque, to forestall any possible emergency, had been signed and handed to the nurse. These details, revolving in her mind, shaped themselves in-

[1] Copyright, 1927, by Osbert Burdett.

stinctively into a prayer. Surely God would indulge her in this! If He did not, another day would bring new demands upon her. She could not face, she was no longer equal to, an indefinite succession of such days. Her comparatively short life (she was not yet fifty) was over, her long stewardship fulfilled. The lips trembled as she prayed, and a tear moved slowly down her cheek.

Then she fell into a doze.

In a trance, between sleeping and waking, she saw herself lying dead, and the current of life in the quiet house, where it had flowed imperceptibly for so long, suddenly convulsed itself into an eddy about the sick room, before subsiding afresh into the new channels that her death would occasion. As she lay on the pillow, it seemed to Mrs. Pemberthy that she could foresee them all, but her otherwise perfect acquiescence was troubled because, while aware of everything, more aware than the living actors themselves, in her dream she could no longer counsel or control them. The thought that immortality might be granted at the price of keener perception, but enforced inaction, was cruel. The solicitude that she would still lavish on her husband downstairs must remain ineffective and still-born, and, without her own presence in the background, she perceived that Miss Langton might not be equal to her duty. Mrs. Pemberthy retraced the years backward, to the beginning of her engagement, and before her drowsy eyes the past unfolded like a slow film.

Ten years previously, and a few months before Mrs. Pemberthy finally fell ill, Miss Langton had been engaged as Mr. Pemberthy's amanuensis. She was a young woman, not very long down from Oxford, who had come on the recommendation of one of Mrs. Pemberthy's oldest friends. It was, indeed, Mrs. Pemberthy herself who had engaged her. She had felt from the first that, though she might live, she would never recover from this illness. In her anxiety that her husband's scholarly habits of life might not be interrupted, Mrs. Pemberthy was determined to provide him

with a useful and intelligent companion. Private means had enabled him to retire at an early age from the work in the South Kensington Museum to which he devoted his life, and soon afterward a contingent interest in a cousin's estate unexpectedly set him free to pursue his peculiar researches. These concerned the beginnings of Spanish literature, in which his earliest enthusiasm had been quickened by the honeymoon that he and Mrs. Pemberthy had spent in Granada. From that time onward he had nursed the hope of forming a library of early Spanish texts, and had started to prepare materials for his monumental work on the influence of the Moors in early Spanish literature. In this preparation Mrs. Pemberthy had aided him so long as her health permitted; but illness was to dash these dreams, and, even before she had been crippled by her operation, the strings were slipping from her hands. Determined that she should not become a drag upon her husband, and that he should not lose the stay of an assistant in his vocation, she had insisted upon the engagement of a secretary. Miss Langton's unexceptionable qualifications included an honours degree in Modern Languages with distinction in Spanish.

Thus Mrs. Pemberthy had resigned herself to a long illness, comforted that the plan so dear to herself and to her husband should not suffer. Her foresight and unselfishness had had their reward. Miss Langton had filled a delicate position with tact and skill. Though primarily engaged in the library, she found time also to slip upstairs, to attend to Mrs. Pemberthy's comforts, to make her feel that she was still the pivot of her household. A warm affection grew between the two women. It was enhanced when the prolongation of his wife's illness began to bring certain latent traits in Mr. Pemberthy's temperament to light. In her dream his wife now became, for the first time, detachedly aware of every step in the gradual transformation.

He was, it now seemed to her impersonal second sight, one of those married men who appear to have been born old bachelors, men who marry, if at all, because they mis-

take in their simplicity the real object of their affections. Always cautious and studious, with no pretence ever to have been a woman's man, he had never entertained the thought of matrimony. If he had not missed his Fellowship at his old college almost by an accident, he would have grown into an old-fashioned University don, a mellow bachelor, of kindly manner, and sound scholarship; an office-bearer punctilious in routine, hesitating outside it, and expanding only in the Long Vacation when he would have hunted afresh each year in the booksellers' shops of Seville, and in the libraries of the religious houses of the Nevada. It had been, then (how clearly Mrs. Pemberthy realised it now!), with an altogether disarming shock of pleasure that he had met his future wife one day at the South Kensington Museum, after one of his lectures. His subject that afternoon (she could recall every moment of it) happened to be, not literature, but the Peasant Arts of Spain, and he was delighted when she came up to him afterward to confirm one of his theories by a little incident from her own travels. When he found that she was a genuine student, who spoke Spanish better than himself and was familiar with several of his favourite villages, their friendship was inevitable. He was not fluent even in English, and was only really at home in things that could be written down in words.

She looked up to him as the depository of authority in his own department, and he began to lean on her in all matters where his studies touched practical life. Naturally, their unspoken thought came to be how delightful it would be if they could travel in Spain together! She was perfectly at home in the world of time-tables and hotels, while making these alarming mysteries subservient to pursuits proper to a scholar. He, on the other hand, could explain a thousand things that puzzled her unaided. He knew all the out-of-the-way buildings and libraries which even the scholarly traveller, who is not a specialist, never sees. He had the privilege of entry to every corner of his quiet world, and her humility was still exalted by the exclusive reputation of

her husband: of the scholar whose work and name are wholly unfamiliar even to educated people, but who is respected wherever scholars assemble, not less because he is completely, delightfully obscure in the world of newspapers and affairs. Unfortunately, as he had once gravely reminded her before they became engaged, she was a woman; travelling with her, he dimly supposed, would involve duennas, the hovering of unscholarly third parties, various intrusions from without. She needed no telling that the bare rumour of these filled Mr. Pemberthy with dread, with such dread that the prospect, so deliciously inviting, of his next holiday in Spain became merged and confused into a vague foreboding of nightmare. The perversity of life suddenly appalled the protected Mr. Pemberthy. They would both be in Granada, as they had often been before they had met; but, because it was now desirable that they should meet, it now seemed imperative that they must not do so. It would be impossible either to avoid meeting or to escape all the inconveniences that dodging each other would entail. There was only one solution to this absurd position, its reduction by a no less desperate resource. The sick woman, lying in an intellectual swoon, recalled the expression in his eyes when he first wondered if she would ever divine it. Needless to say, she had divined it long before.

She retraced the first two years, when the marriage had fulfilled its rich promise; and, after them, how the approach of her own illness had been so slow that her growing incapacity had passed almost unperceived by her husband. Mrs. Pemberthy was glad to have it so, and had smiled in secret over her devoted plan for substituting another helper in her place before her husband should perceive that her place was empty. In the twilight of her trance everything became unnaturally clear, as the fields, the trees, the very blades of grass grow separately distinct in the twilight that precedes sundown. Had he ever realised it all? The mother in her still hoped that he had not, but it was not first as a mother that she had loved him. Miss Langton

had succeeded well, perfectly, for both of them. Not only was she the loyal helper and friend of the husband. When he began to withdraw completely into his books, Miss Langton began unobtrusively to act a husband's part to the sick, unvisited wife also. What insight, what character she had, this Mary and this Martha in one!

So perfectly was his life arranged for him, that (his wife now perceived) her continued illness gradually became one of his blessings, the last luxury and protection of his fruitful, enclosed leisure. The help that she could no longer render, she had found for him, found and entrusted to even more capable hands. If he had ever compared the two women's services to his work, the sick woman had no doubt that, on the whole, he valued Miss Langton's more highly. That Miss Langton herself had not visited Spain was even a certain advantage, for his wife's experiences there before her marriage sometimes competed with his own. The very delicate balance of his own observation was easily liable to be confused, even while it was being helped, by the too near contribution of another observer. His wife's independent hints, as they were passed in conversation, were an exciting, and, at moments, a disturbing element. How often he had wished that she would write a monograph of her own! How often he had found discussion, when released from the distance and restraint of print, an agitation and perplexity. That which people called the charm of talk was its looseness, its lack of discretion. The established fact that love had often turned men into poets proved, to him, that books were the ultimate channel even of highly emotional states of mind. Mrs. Pemberthy knew also that he felt how much better Miss Langton could look after the invalid than he. Her hands were steady and gentle. Her step was quick and firm. She was a born nurse, an adept at relieving the invalid from the strain of little decisions. He was inclined to stumble in the shaded room, and when he did visit his wife, he could only ask vague questions. He could not supply the simplest practical action that her answers involved. How

much he owed to his wife! There was nothing that he did not owe to her. Mrs. Pemberthy felt, with deep joy, that he could never have found Miss Langton by himself. . . .

The popular belief that two woman can never get along together in the same household where there is a third party, especially if this be a male relative of one, had proved fallacious in Clarence Gate. "If only," Mr. Pemberthy had once observed to her, "the government of the country, and the ordering of commercial life could be entrusted, as Plato had advised, to scholars!"

II

The smile that flickered over her face at the recollection awoke Mrs. Pemberthy to consciousness. Like one returning to life from a state of profound anaesthesia, she was obscurely, but definitely, aware of a strange, dimly ascending current of vitality, a gathering upward push from subliminal, original springs. The very weakness of her body seemed to liberate a more than physical power, as if her conscious self had brought back from its long journey a draught of energy from the deepest fountain of her being. Without moving a muscle, she called "Nurse!" and, even as the word left her lips, the sick woman became aware of a new, inexplicable authority in its tone.

"My Prayer Book, please!"

In a moment the nurse was at her side, and her quick glance revealed that she, too, had felt, had noticed something.

"I want to see Miss Langton, by herself."

As the nurse stepped quickly to the door, she could not restrain a flutter of the heart, which the patient's voice had brought to an unaccountable standstill. The tone was extraordinarily alive, but it suggested, somehow, the other side of death.

While she waited for her visitor, Mrs. Pemberthy remained intensely still. She felt that by means of her trance

she had been projected for the time being into the future lives of every person in her house, and had thus been permitted to foresee, in advance of her approaching death, the mistakes into which they would fall, infallibly, without her. How wonderfully her prayer had been answered: with the measure of the divine magnificence, not with the foot-rule of her own asking! And with the answer she came, with the overpowering sense of the divine assent, to an unalterable decision.

When Miss Langton entered the room, she sat down, laid one hand upon the bed, and leaned forward with that air of alert, but easy, concentration that was her manner even in the simplest things. She had not long to wait.

"I want you to do something for me, something more than I have ever asked."

The younger woman took her hand for answer.

"I want you to do it now: without question, but without reluctance. Can you try to understand?"

"Yes, dear. You may rely on me for both."

The tension of Mrs. Pemberthy's face relaxed a little. She paused, overcome with the virtual accomplishment of her thought.

"You have great influence with my husband. I hope, I think, that he will deny you nothing."

"Nothing that you desire."

"Then, go, to him, and ask—what I—have asked, of you. I am so tired. Come back—with him—if he says Yes, but not, if he does not say, what you have said to me."

As Miss Langton rose from her chair beside the bed, Mrs. Pemberthy continued:

"I shall wait for you; you must, you will, both come."

Miss Langton kissed her, and then passed lightly from the room. Time seemed to stand still in the sick room when she had left it, but Mrs. Pemberthy's exaltation did not fail.

In the library downstairs, Miss Langton found Mr. Pemberthy reading. She came to his side, and then said, very quietly:

"Helen wants us both to go to her. She has some request to make. I think she is dying."

While she spoke, the husband's vague blue eyes floated till they fixed themselves upon Miss Langton's face, which had a way of holding the gaze of anyone whom she happened to be addressing. Hers was one of those faces which confer something of their own confidence, which seem to communicate some of the strength for which they are remarked. Her voice had a similar quality. It was so clear, but so soft, that its tones contrived to give an added value to words of thanks or good fortune, and to reassure the person who heard it even when it might be conveying bad news.

Mr. Pemberthy said nothing. His mind was slowly travelling its long road back from the pages of his book.

She gave him time for her words to sink into his mind; and then, as was usual in their talks together on practical matters, the vague eyes ceased to be receptive, and concentrated in an enquiring upward glance upon her face, as he looked to her for the consequential suggestion. Miss Langton thought for him in daily life. He came to no practical decision without her.

"I do not know," she went on in the same clear and quiet tone, "what she wants us to do. But I have promised, without hesitation or reluctance. If you will, too, Helen says we are to go upstairs."

Mr. Pemberthy rose, almost mechanically. Upstairs? He had not been there for so long. Miss Langton laid her fingers protectingly on the lapel of his coat:

"You are sure you understand?"

For the first time he looked a little bewildered, then he nodded. He was still in the dark.

They went upstairs, and stood on either side of the bed with the sick woman between them. Her face, for a fleeting second, seemed illuminated; then the fires sank a little again.

"I shall not be long now," she began with painful slowness. "When I am gone, I want you two to marry. To make sure, I want to marry you myself, before I go."

Their eyes instinctively sought the ground, and they could never remember afterward if they helped her or not to join their hands. She laid one of her own upon them. With the other she held her Prayer Book open at the page. Her hand conducted some of her own transport to theirs. The three joined hands made a triangle of forces; and it was with a devoutness that he did not remember to have felt on the former occasion before the priest, nor that Miss Langton had ever imagined of the real ceremony, that they listened to the sick woman reading over them the familiar, crucial words of the service.

When Mrs. Pemberthy came to the question: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man," she answered it by drawing the wedding ring from her own finger, and handing it to her husband. As one moving in his sleep, Mr. Pemberthy laid the ring upon the Prayer Book, and received it again from his wife before placing it upon Miss Langton's finger. Without a pause or a tremor, Mrs. Pemberthy signed to them to kneel, and then read over them the marriage blessing. On the final clause: "And so fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace that ye may so live together in this life that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting," her voice began to weaken.

It was only when it had stopped that the pair came to themselves.

III

The strain of this afternoon's experience, culminating in the romantic ceremony that Mrs. Pemberthy had suddenly devised, produced the crisis of her illness. She sank into complete unconsciousness, and the doctor, but more especially the nurses, could not understand how she did not die during the night. The pulse, which was almost imperceptible, would not be utterly denied, and at moments when her breath had apparently left the body for minutes even, the pulse would mysteriously flutter again. When, however, the crisis was past, her convalescence, her return to her

previous condition, was comparatively rapid. She was, of course, still unable to leave her room, but, as the doctor said, she seemed to have discovered vitality in the grave. Though helpless, as before, she was stronger in herself than she had seemed for two years previously.

The effect of that afternoon was no less noteworthy upon the occupants of the library. For the first time, in anyone's experience, Mr. Pemberthy was unable to work. He seemed unwilling to attempt it, and spent the autumn over his fire, not even reading. He was not ill, or what is ordinarily known as depressed, but simply absorbed, lost in incommunicable thoughts that no one could fathom, not even Miss Langton herself. Of late years he had never been a frequent visitor in the sick room. Now he shunned it; and it seemed to the nurses, neither of whom was aware of what had passed, curious that Mrs. Pemberthy did not ask after, speak of, or send for him. Her returning strength, such as it was, spent itself, for the first time, on her nephews and nieces, whom, to their amazement, she was now always trying to entice into the house. Her stratagems were successful. The bookish, invalid aunt whom they had rarely seen, and never missed, suddenly came into their lives as the fountain and abettor of their pleasures. They reproached themselves, in odd moments, for having misjudged her so long, and felt that they had been punished deservedly by all the theatres that they had missed through having neglected her. She sent her young visitors everywhere, and Clarence Gate became first a convenient hotel, and finally a second home in London, for them.

Miss Langton also veered her sails to the change of wind that was curiously blowing. It seemed to sympathetic observers, who in the past had often admired her domestic versatility, the most accomplished and devoted of her triumphs. At first, before the corner was turned, everything, literally, in the household fell upon her shoulders. The invalid was no longer even a figure-head, while the house, which had generally been empty, was now almost

always full. Pretense of working in the library as if nothing were impending upstairs was no longer possible, and Mr. Pemberthy himself had to be invisibly protected in the silence in which he began to wrap himself. Miss Langton found it desirable to absent herself from the library for hours at a time. At first she welcomed the freedom that this gave for dealing with the number of pressing matters that serious illness in a large house involves necessarily. In times of illness such houses combine the conflicting advantages of hospitals and hotels, as the servants soon found at Clarence Gate. Relations came and went; new doctors were summoned in consultation; a third nurse had to be provided; she did not work well with her predecessors, and so on.

Then Mrs. Pemberthy began to mend. With her odd intuition Miss Langton was the first to divine that the corner was going to be turned. As usual, she made no one a present of her thoughts, but took counsel with herself in a long walk through the Park and Primrose Hill. This critical walk was the first and only relaxation that she allowed to herself after the climax. Of the many problems that engaged her, the one that troubled her most was her possession of Mrs. Pemberthy's ring. She had, of course, removed it from her finger so soon as she had left the room that afternoon. It lurked safely in her purse, but ought it to remain there? If only Mrs. Pemberthy would speak! Again and again Miss Langton contrived to remain in the sick room for a few minutes after the nurse had left. Standing on the patient's left, she allowed her ringless hand to rest upon the sheet beside her. Mrs. Pemberthy appeared never to observe it, but Miss Langton felt sure that she had noticed that the ring, of course, was not being worn. After a week or two the silence and uncertainty began to prey upon the younger woman. Her shrewd eyes detected every symptom of returning strength, and when she was inwardly assured that the patient could bear a question without risk of a shock, she resolved to bring the matter to an issue.

She had made it her duty of late to relieve the day nurse

during the interval of half an hour allowed for her luncheon, a time of day that she had come to dread. Mrs. Pemberthy seemed to become restless the moment she entered the room, and it was becoming a fear to Miss Langton that, if their former intimacy was not soon re-established, it would be replaced by loathing. She was encouraged to put the matter to a test because her first thought had been to take an extended holiday. To her surprise Mrs. Pemberthy had put, indirectly, so many difficulties in the way of this idea, that everyone begged Miss Langton to forgo all thought of such a thing for the present. Why was it that Mrs. Pemberthy now seemed to endure her presence with difficulty, and yet to be determined that she should not go away? This contradictory attitude was maintained so jealously and firmly that Miss Langton felt the patient to be stronger than she cared to seem.

In the fifth week after the crisis, therefore, she went to replace the day nurse with a decided mind. The bare decision lightened her spirits, for it had not been often in her life that she had found her conduct difficult to decide. She had hardly seated herself at the bed-side when Mrs. Pemberthy, with the intuition of an invalid, divined her intention. She shut her eyes, and feigning surprise when she opened them after a minute's interval, she said:

"You startled me. I was going to sleep. Please go away."

"I wanted to return your ring," said Miss Langton with a composure that managed to hide the tension in her heart. "You gave it to me, you remember, on the afternoon when you were so ill, to take care of, till you were better."

"It was a gift. Pray keep it, unless you find it troublesome."

Miss Langton ignored the innuendo, and, laying the ring on the sheet, replied:

"I restore it for the moment. It is yours."

"I do not take back my presents. Pray never allude to the subject again."

Miss Langton hesitated a moment, then she picked up the ring and placed it once more in her purse. When she went downstairs into the dining room for her own luncheon, she was told that Mr. Pemberthy wanted to speak to her in the library. It seemed like the flicker of old times, but she found him in a state of agitation.

"I have spent the morning at my doctor's," he began slowly, at last. "It was, a trying examination . . . I feel exhausted by it. I will take a glass of sherry, I think."

Miss Langton moved to the bell, eyeing him the while with her quiet, watchful intensity.

"You have been depressed, I know," she tried to help him out, "and sleeping badly?"

He nodded. Then, after a pause, "how observant you are. I thought I had better be—overhauled. I debated, whether to go to a psycho-analyst. . . . The doctor advised against it. Then there is Coué and Ouspienski. My . . . scholar's detachment has . . . gone."

She did not wish to interrupt now that the words had begun to come, and hoped that the arrival of the sherry, by checking him unintellectually, would stimulate him. It seemed to do so, for suddenly he changed his ground.

"How is Helen to-day?"

"Mrs. Pemberthy is better, I think."

"And yourself?"

"I am always well, thank you."

"Then you can help me, perhaps. You see, I ought to consider myself, but there are others, considerations, difficulties. A house is altered by an illness such as this. The doors and windows are too small. It cannot get out. It needs fresh people, as people, after such an illness, need fresh air."

"You would like someone to come here?"

"No," he shook his head, "No. I would like my library to recover. When I sit here, the furniture begins to stare at me."

Miss Langton could not repress an affectionate movement

of her hand toward him. There was a pause, then he said abruptly:

"Perhaps I should go, to Panama."

"Why not?" she answered still in the dark.

"You would advise me to go through the Canal?"

She thought for a moment.

"What do you say to my taking my holiday instead? Mrs. Pemberthy, I think, will spare me if you can."

"I should not like you to be left here if I went. I must also think of you. It is very difficult."

Miss Langton began to see what was in his mind: "Have you asked the doctor if he thinks, when she is stronger, Mrs. Pemberthy would benefit by a change?"

The idea astonished him. He had never thought of the possibility of his wife leaving her room again. He was agitated.

"I was only thinking," she soothed him, speaking very slowly, "that, if Mrs. Pemberthy was advised to go to the country for a while, and the house were left empty during your absence, when you came back you might find it . . . recovered."

"A house cannot be hurried. Such solutions are improbable."

"Yet we must find one, out of duty to the Moors! Sir Patrick, whom I met in the street was asking after the book, and telling me how long it was since he had seen you. A good deal of the material that we are now wanting is already in the Museum. Before, before this interruption came, you remember, we were thinking of leaving it to the last, when all your travelling had been done. Would it not be well to change that plan? Sir Patrick would be flattered and delighted if you would resume work in his department. Have you thought of that? I should think of it, on the boat to Panama."

It was a brilliant suggestion, and Mr. Pemberthy drank it slowly, like a cat at a large saucer of milk.

"And you?" he said at last.

She came to a quick resolve. "You will not find me here when you come back. I should like at least a year in Morocco. My brother, you know, is vice-consul in Tangier, and I have never been out of England. Our spade work has been done together, and I have often told you that you should make the final revision unaided, by yourself."

She saw that he was half beguiled and half frightened by this sudden plan, but it was finally accepted on the solemn understanding that she would always return, at any time, if he cabled that he needed her.

IV

Miss Langton spent her nominal leave of absence in Morocco, and, as she had expected, at its expiration she was not asked to come back to Clarence Gate. She had carefully answered all his letters in the briefest way, as very old friends can without creating misunderstanding, but she felt that she had solved his main difficulty when he told her that her scheme for him was being faithfully carried out. His condition when she was last at Clarence Gate was clearer to her now. Mr. Pemberthy could not accommodate himself to the position in which events had placed him: that of a man between two women as near in space as they were remote in relation: the one, a woman called his wife, whom he never saw, who lived like a stranger in her own house, visited by young people whom she had previously ignored, and who remained beyond his understanding: the other, a woman to whom he was romantically bound by the action of the first, living under the same roof with him, in an impossible remoteness from him. To her he felt that he was really married. He could not longer understand the mystery of his wife's continued existence. Her recovery and survival paralysed his mind. His every thought about either seemed to him an involuntary disloyalty either to the living ghost upstairs or to Miss Langton and his troubled heart.

He had forgotten that a scholar who would govern the world must know not only languages but life. He was too much set in years to think the problem out. He only knew that to hear his companion call him Mr. Pemberthy shocked him as deeply as any overt sign of tenderness from her would have done. He felt that he must be free from both these women, and when he had returned from his lonely trip, inured again to a solitary existence, he was a widower in everything but name. His wife had come to seem to him immortal, a portion of the eternal crookedness of things. He was convinced that she would outlive them all, or at least that her death could not alter his existence.

Only among his books, first in the Museum and later in his library, now undisturbed by any dear, familiar presence, did the old shadow of repose survive or revisit him. At the same time he felt an obscure need to maintain one fragile thread between himself and Miss Langton. She recognised his desire, and acquainted him with any change of her address. She, too, was committing herself to new interests in different but allied fields. At the end of four years she believed herself all but lost in them. The past remained with her, like a scar to which she had grown accustomed. It broke only once, when a man in her brother's circle, despite her aloofness of manner, ventured to propose. She received this with a look of such incomprehensible astonishment that the poor man felt that he had been betrayed into a solecism beyond words. He had no idea, of course, that she considered herself married.

At length one day, when she had returned (from a visit to her brother) to Barcelona, which she had chosen for her home because she knew that it was a town disliked by Mr. Pemberthy, the telegram that she had long, but vaguely, dreaded awaited her. Without delay she packed her things, as if she were making her last, delayed entrance on the stage at the end of a familiar drama.

She arrived at Clarence Gate to find that Mrs. Pemberthy

had died six months before, and that Mr. Pemberthy had waited precisely for this period to elapse before communicating with her.

He seemed not greatly changed, except older, more the old bachelor, more as he would have been had he been, from the first, a don. When the tea things had been cleared away from the library in which they were sitting, he said in his slow way that would have seemed abrupt in other men:

"I have arranged with the vicar of St. Mary's, the church where the beautiful Sarum use is adopted, that we should be married very quietly next Monday. We owe that to her: and to ourselves."

Miss Langton looked at him without speaking, for she saw that he had grown into a man with a fixed idea in his mind.

Gradually, without formal explanation on his part, the whole extent of this idea began to dawn upon her. Ever since that afternoon Mr. Pemberthy had felt that he was, and formally ought to be, married to her; that he was so in spirit, and, now he was free, that the union which his wife had devised should be solemnised. For him and his the originally alien idea of marriage had come to involve a mysterious relation, at once united and apart. He had no conception that this might not be the idea of another in relation to himself, or that he had become absorbed in his own isolated vision of things. It seemed as natural to him that she should accompany him unquestioningly to the church, as that he had accompanied her to the bedside of his wife long ago. It seemed equally natural to him that their lives, which had run so long on parallel lines, should continue otherwise unaltered. He showed to her the marriage settlement that he had drafted. He read to her the provisions of his new will. She acquainted herself with both in the same objective manner that she had acquainted herself with the ancient Spanish texts which he used to place in her hands. Her profound absorption in him continued to dictate her obedience. Their curious relation to each other had grown

to seem to her, also, a relation holy and peculiar to themselves, a relation that transcended ordinary marriage. She had always had something of the mystic in her nature, and, just as a mystic can dispense with art because he has a direct vision which needs no reflector, so she had grown content to dispense with the visible evidence of this tie. It was thus with the sense of an appropriate act that she consented. Separation had always united them. They had been divided from the moment when their hands had been joined. She felt that this division was ended when, after the wan little ceremony was over, she said good-bye to him at the church door. The ring had come out of her purse, and gone back again to her finger, but, to the eyes of her brother and to the foreign colony in Barcelona, there was no alternation in her life but the ring and the change of name.

PURL AND PLAIN [1]

By DAVID GARNETT

From *Vogue* (London)

It was Spring, and the plain of Poland like a piebald horse was marked out in irregular patches of brown and white. The warm west wind blew from England, bearing with it a dim memory of the gulf stream; a wind that may have once carried the perfumes of Florida to sailors three days out at sea.

Birds of all sorts, in little flocks, flitted from bush to bush, and rush to rush, setting their footprints wherever a brown patch of earth showed between the pools of melting snow. By the river flocks of curlews whistled with surprise; in the leafless poplar a golden oriole kept calling to his mate. This was an Alaskan goldrush of prospecting birds; each one like Charlie Chaplin in the snow.

Polish ladies, in goloshes, ventured for the first time since Christmas into their gardens, crossing the croquet lawn still deep in snow, to look for the first snowdrops by the summer-houses.

"How hot the sun is! Run, Boris, run and say we will take tea out of doors. Bring my work-basket!"

But although the sun still shone bravely in a cloudless violet sky, the ladies shivered before the third cup was set down empty.

"No, this is too much. It would be very dangerous for you to catch a chill in your condition, my dear. Boris, bring the tea tray!"

[1] Copyright, 1927, by David Garnett.

They hurried indoors, but the work-basket on its wicker legs was left behind.

That night the wind came from the north, over the frozen inlets of the Baltic Sea, and the next morning was colder than winter; the snow had turned to marble, and the earth to iron.

The spring floods like a pack of hounds wrinkled their muzzles and scarcely whimpered now after the white hare of winter. At fault! At fault! The scent was cold! Only the brown turbid river rushed on, heedlessly.

The golden oriole called to his mate from the poplar tree, speaking to her of summer evenings, and the long sunlit hours in green bowers dappled with poplar leaves. The pair of orioles might starve, might freeze, but they would never retreat, never join the army of frightened Charlie Chaplins flitting back to the south over the snowfields, for they had begun to build a nest by the river on the day before, while the ladies were sipping tea in the summer-house. Now the oriole whistled his mid-summer note in the leafless poplar, but at last he clapped his dark wings about his burnished golden body, and dived down into the garden to gather something to line the nest. It was warmer there out of the wind.

"So particular! So particular! There was never a hen bird like her! Just anything won't do. But something soft, something long, something supple, and even then there's no knowing if she will use it!"

So spoke the oriole, softly to himself, as he hopped to and fro before the summer-house where the work-basket stood upon its wicker legs. And from the work-basket hung a silken thread, a thick thread of softest knitting silk, a rose-coloured strand of silk.

"Capital!" said the golden oriole. "The very thing! That will keep her warm!" And up he flew, grasping it firmly in his beak. "How fine it is! How long and supple! It will line the whole of our nest!" he cried as the ball unwound below him. Pride filled his brave heart, but the

thread grew heavy. "Can I fly? Can I lift it?" he asked in consternation. And the Lappish witches blew through their crooked fingers, whirling the summer oriole over and over, but he would not loose his hold. In a moment his legs were caught, and when at last he tried to drop the thread he found that he was in a snare.

At first the wind swept him higher and higher and ever higher into the sky. Down below the reel of rose-coloured silk spun in the work-basket, holding him up like a child's kite, and when evening came he had been carried over the river, and there at last he fell exhausted into another garden, and crept into the shelter of another summer-house. And soon after he had fallen the north wind blew no more.

All night the west wind blew and before morning the whimpering of the waters filled the night. The torrents of Spring were giving tongue, and the river roared out its "Tallyho!" Soon the sun shone brightly, and after breakfast a young and beautiful lady ran into the garden.

"How happy I am!" she cried. "Spring has come at last, and I am to be married in three weeks! As soon as the roads are passable we shall go to Warsaw to buy my trousseau. We shall be married in the cathedral and then Alexis and I go to Venice for our honeymoon! How happy I am!"

Suddenly she clapped her hands and ran to the summer-house.

"Pussy! pussy! what have you got there? Why, I declare it is a nice piece of rose-coloured silk wound round your paws. And there are yards more of it lying about the lawn. It is just what I wanted to knit myself a pair of garters for when I am married, in case my husband should ever make me sit on his knee. I'll fetch my needles!"

While she ran into the house to get them, another lady, rather elderly this one, on the other side of the river was putting on her goloshes. As soon as she got into the garden she caught sight of her work-basket near the summer-house with its wicker legs in the air. "Dear me! dear me!" said

the lady. "That tiresome Boris left my work-basket out, and everything is scattered about the lawn." Soon she had picked up all her things; only her ball of rose-coloured knitting silk had blown away—not more than a few yards of it were left.

"How very extraordinary!" said the old lady. "But the ball can't have rolled far." And presently both the ladies had begun knitting, one at each end of the rose-coloured silk. At first all went well, and each sat in her summer-house, but after a little while all the silk near at hand was used up. Then each of the ladies left her chair, and began to follow the silken thread. Click-clack, click-clack! went the two pairs of needles, and slowly sauntering in the warm sunshine each lady was led to the river.

"Dear me!" said the young lady. "I've almost finished my second garter, I must have a little more silk, but the thread goes into the river!"

"Dear me!" said the old lady. "What a wind there was yesterday! I must have some more silk to finish baby's cap. But my ball of silk has been blown into the river!"

Each lady gave a little tug at the thread, and then each lady looked up.

"What is she doing?" each of them wondered. "Why, she's knitting too! Knitting with my ball of silk!"

The river was so wide that they could not speak without shouting. The young lady was the first to raise her voice. "Excuse me, but I think you must have picked up my silk!"

"No, indeed, it's my silk." (What impertinence!)

"Will you please let go?" (The impudent baggage!)

"Let go yourself!" (How rude the woman was!)

"I only need a few more yard to finish my garters."

(Actually she said her garters! And she's making them out of my silk! How disgusting!)

"I am knitting a baby's bonnet for my daughter who is expecting shortly. I need three or four more rows to finish."

(Her daughter *expecting!* What a disgusting expression!

It makes me feel almost morbid about my garters. Still, it is my silk.)

"Let go!" "Let go yourself!" "How very provoking!" "How very selfish people can be!" The young lady began to pull harder. The old lady held like a rock. Then the young lady leant out over the river bank and the old lady saw her snatch a stitch. This made the old lady very angry; she could not forgive that extra stitch. She might have had it herself. She gave a jerk and pulled the young lady in.

Head over heels she went off the bank into the swift current, but she still kept a tight hold of her needles, and she did not drop a single stitch. No, indeed, she went on knitting as she floated. The raging river swept her downstream and the old lady could not hold her against the current, but she held tight to her needles, so she went in as well.

For some little while neither lady spoke; each gave an occasional kick with her legs so as to keep afloat. Each wanted to finish her piece of work as soon as possible and hurry home, so each went on knitting as fast as she could. This brought them nearer and nearer together, and at last they were not more than ten yards apart and there were not more than twenty yards of silk left. The baby's bonnet and the second garter were almost finished.

But just then they came to the old wooden bridge at Wladiscowkowicz, and since neither of them was looking where she was going, one went one side of the pier in the middle and the other went the other side. The silken thread held them and there they hung. Very soon the current had brought them together, and they were lying side by side in the water, each holding on to her needles with both hands so as not to lose a stitch.

"Good morning, madam," said the young lady to the older one.

"Good morning," said the older lady. "Really, Spring seems to have come at last!"

"Yes, it does seem like Spring to-day. Do you know I believe we are quite near neighbours, only we have never met before because the river runs between us."

"Yes; it is such a pity. And there is not even a ferry boat within six miles."

"That's how it is that we have never met."

"Yes, that, of course, is the explanation. If it wasn't for the river we should be intimate friends."

"But I feel as if we were old acquaintances already."

"How kind of you to say that, my dear."

"You know I have often seen you playing croquet in your garden, and have wished I could invite you over to have a game with us."

"Why, do you play croquet, too?"

"Naturally we do; indeed we are very keen croquet players. My *fiancé* is wonderful at going through the hoops. It is so exciting! But, of course, our ground is the other side of the house from the river so that you couldn't see us playing."

"I can't knit against this stream, my dear; can you?"

"No, I can't either. It's much too breathless work."

"How exactly are you making it?"

"I'm using a double Moss stitch, and I only need just a few more rows to finish my garter."

"I am doing Feather pattern, and have nearly finished too, but it's rather difficult at the corners."

"I don't think that I could manage that, but I expect it is all right. Do you know *Advanced Woolcraft for all Occasions?*"

"Yes; I got it from that."

"Fancy that! We have both got the same book!"

"Yes; but I find it very hard to learn from a book."

"Yes; a book only confuses one, but all the same it is interesting to read."

"How very strange life is! I have often watched you walking about in your garden, and said to myself, 'To be sure a pretty girl like that will soon be getting married.'"

"My wedding is just three weeks from to-day."

"Don't you feel excited?"

"Yes; do you know, this morning I felt so happy. The first day of Spring. I began thinking of my wedding, buying the trousseau in Warsaw. My *fiancé's* so handsome. And so, of course, my thoughts turned to my knitting, and I ran to fetch my needles."

"I can well understand your feelings, my dear, though I shall be a grandmother within a few weeks. I think, don't you, that knitting is such a release?"

"Indeed it is, but at times I thought I ought to give it up. It gets such a hold on one.

"Do you know, I fancy someone is shouting to us."

"It must be someone on the bridge, and high time too. Do they expect us to wait here all day, in danger of losing stitches at any moment?

The shouting went on for some time before either of the ladies was able to explain what had happened. But at last, when the workmen understood, one of them climbed down with a boat-hook in his hand, but before he could lay hold of it the silken thread broke, and the two ladies were swept away downstream. At one moment they were together, in the next they were swept apart. Just before they lost sight of each other each had cast off her last stitches, and in the next instant they were drowned.

THE 'CELLO [1]

By T. G. G.-A.

From *The Adelphi*

"He's a lucky fellow who gets away from church without bad thoughts." He blinked his watery eyes as he said this to himself, moving his lips. That was a way he had. He blinked and looked at the congregation.

It was oppressively hot. The air was damp and heavy. There was the strong acrid smell of soldiers sweating into khaki drill. The doors of this harsh little garrison church were all open, but no breeze came through them, only the irritating metallic notes of Indian birds repeated and repeated.

The church was quite full of people and of weariness and of thoughts. Everybody was waiting for the padre, who was late. Everybody was thinking.

Warrant officers and their wives, with delicate little children sat on one side of the transept. Girl-Guides in khaki and small, pale-faced Boy-Scouts in drill shorts sat on the other. As he blinked at them he thought he could faintly see the hand of death hovering over those fragile little fellows with their oddly staring eyes. Death waiting till one of them was thin enough and pale enough to snatch away. He shuddered, for he loved children passionately. He thought how cruel is the "East." How hard a struggle even these children have to make for life.

Officers and their "mem-sahibs" sat in front. The "soldiery" filled the church behind. Everybody sweated steadily and mopped themselves from time to time.

[1] Copyright, 1927, by T. G. Gayer-Anderson.

Near the choir steps on either side of the chancel sat the "music" on barrack chairs. He was among them. There were eight and a conductor, all dressed in spotless white. Their trousers belled out over their black boots and gave them a heavy look like shire horses.

He sat there caressing his big 'cello and thinking. He was never "lucky" himself; bad thoughts always forced themselves among his others in church. Once he used to try to check them—that was when he was still young and still had hope for himself—but he soon found that such trying only made things worse, so now he let them come haphazard and they were many and peculiar.

Yes. It was damned hot! He wiped the sweat from his forehead and from under his chin. A strong smell of beer came from him and though he did not notice it himself, it offended the senses of the two neighbouring "fiddles" who were teetotallers.

There came over him a curious dream-feeling which belonged to his childhood, a feeling of listening and listening for something very far off, which he knew he could never hear. His heart gave two little flutters, stood still and then went on again with a bump. "Damn that woman and her b——y beer!" he said to himself. "Oh if only I'd married that little girl I let down so badly at Hilsea I'd have kept off all that. Oh! Rotten the way I treated her poor kid; her and the baby. Rotten! Rotten!" and at the memory his heart shrivelled up within his chest in agonised remorse.

He looked round again. All were still busy with their thoughts. Varied, surprising thoughts!

At last the chaplain appeared. He had a pale, weary face, which was greenish where he shaved. He walked quickly down the nave, fumbling with his surplice. Everybody looked at him angrily and thought, "Now at last we'll begin!"

The conductor glanced over his shoulder nervously. The bandsmen "spat" into their wind instruments or stroked their

fiddles harshly; only the "'cello" gave his mistress the understanding little caress of a lover and she hummed back direct to his heart. He felt towards his 'cello as he felt towards all women when he was with them, oddly sympathetic and impure. She was his own. He was the only one of the bandsmen who owned his instrument. He had bought her eight years before by instalments, becoming temporarily sober in the process and he loved her more than he loved anyone or anything else in the world.

The conductor mopped his face, gave a little tap, paused, looked round at his band. Two waves of the baton and they struck up a favourite "soldier's hymn." It was played with a total lack of feeling by all the other bandsmen who sat white-faced and expressionless, looking like seven brothers. But the 'cello purred and throbbed with a meaning deeper than the written notes and her master felt his heart open out and spread in a protective, enfolding way over his beloved.

The congregation stood up and looked wearily at the choir. It came slowly along the nave singing, passed through the "music" and up the steps. There were little hard-faced boys with cropped hair and very short white surplices over long, black cassocks under which their hob-nailed boots appeared and disappeared. Tiny beads of sweat were on their foreheads and on their upper lips. They were followed by young men and last came the chaplain. All sang drily and looked tired and ill. The chaplain beat time to himself.

At last, from their places they looked down at the congregation.

And to the "'cello" everything in this hot oppression seemed useless and inhuman beyond words; even the "soldiery" hurt him for they would not sing up. "Oh God!"

The last verse began. The "'cello" was lost within himself; his puffy, clean-shaven face wore that haggard look which unchecked self-indulgence leaves on the faces of those whose souls still manage to survive it and as his bow swept

with gentle firmness or tenderly to and fro, his left fingers trembled on the strings above and his whole soul and body were brim-full of music and of an intense, strange mixture of good and bad and his thoughts, tempered by it, poured unregistered through his brain—thoughts of women and his traffic with them—of God, for whom he felt a curiously close and sincere friendship—of past sicknesses and terrific headaches, all due to excess—of the heroic deed he always wanted to do. (This usually took the form of saving his colonel's daughter from a runaway horse, followed by his own death with his head on her lap and her warm tears falling on his face. Somewhere in a cheap novel he had read this episode.) He thought of his home, now empty—of his childhood, long past—of the time when he was "innocent" and of the day he ceased to be so, sunny fields, a river's shady banks and older boys who spoke of strange new things. That was very long ago and yet the memory thrilled him still as no other memory of his childhood thrilled him.) He thought of "The Lord Jesus Christ," a sad-faced man rather like himself who therefore always made a strong appeal to him, and as he thought of *Him* he felt that his cup was overflowing. . . . Yes! He *would* be good. . . . He *would* take a pull at himself. . . . He would swear on the Bible; would tell his officer to put all his pay in the savings-bank. . . . Oh yes! Yes!! . . . But he knew behind his resolutions that he was cheating himself, that he had tried all these things long ago and that he had no intention of trying them again. . . . Oh Lord Jesus Christ! Oh God! Oh . . . and his mind was swept into blasphemies.

His brown mistress between his knees felt him tremble and purred back into his body soothingly. "Life's not for ever. After all who can say what's wrong and what's right? Your body and your mind are your own. You've got no other pleasures. Poor fellow!"

But he realised that his own mind was talking through the 'cello and though he knew that what the 'cello said was true he knew also that she had purposely made no mention of his

"Soul." His "Soul"! Somehow he always felt a nasty "hollow" fear when he thought of his "Soul."

A shiver rippled between his shoulder-blades and as the 'cello throbbed with the last notes of the hymn, he felt that his weakness, his loneliness, his hopelessness were *bursting* his "Soul" and he was overwhelmed by a warm comfortable wave of self-pity and a big tear welled out of his right eye and, coursing quickly down his cheek, fell onto his beloved 'cello as the choir sang "Amen."

"THE MOST MISERABLE OF MEN" [1]

By DESMOND MacCARTHY

From *The Empire Review*

"Of all men," said the youth who was sitting in the far corner of the railway carriage, gazing into the setting sun, "of all men I am the most miserable."

We were alone in the compartment, and he was talking to himself. I rustled my paper, but he took no notice and his lips continued to move inaudibly. His worried young face looked intelligent and amiable. I liked him.

"I hope you won't think me intrusive," I said (at the sound of my voice he came to himself), "but, if you feel inclined, will you tell me what prompted that tragic exclamation?"

"What! What did I say?"

"You said you were the most miserable of men. It is not likely that I can help, but it might be a relief to talk about what is on your mind to some one you will never see again."

After a pause he said shyly, "I am ashamed."

"Then you will get relief from telling me. Confession makes us feel we are after all superior to ourselves. There is nothing like it for reviving self-respect.

"I am too ashamed," he repeated, smiling a little.

I leaned across and touched his knee: "Then you will forgive me?" We were silent for some minutes and ceased to look at each other.

The rhythmic trantle-trantle of the unhurrying train was soothing to us both. Outside in the landscape the sun had

[1] Copyright, 1927, by Desmond MacCarthy.

gone down, and my tortured companion, having now no dazzling disc to gaze into, fell to prodding the seat opposite with his stick. He was still considering himself, I surmised, in a painfully searching though, perhaps, no longer in a tragic light. I liked him very much.

"You see . . . The fact is . . . " (I turned to him at once). "Oh! I can't," he exclaimed desperately, bringing his heel down on the floor of the carriage with a bang.

"How long ago did it happen?"

He seemed relieved at my question. "Three years, about."

"Three years! And you are still the most miserable of men?"

"Oh, no! That's only what I felt like just now. I don't often think of it; but when I do—it's absurd—I always say that to myself. It has become a habit. I don't always say it aloud though," he added smiling.

"I am very glad you did," I answered, "for now you can get it off your mind, whatever it is, and it will never come back again—at any rate, not so excruciatingly."

He laughed, this time almost naturally. "The truth is, now that I evidently mean to tell you, what embarrasses me most is that it is such a *little* thing."

"There!" I exclaimed. "There you are! You're half cured already. Go on. Go on."

"Well, will you believe something first? Really believe it? I'm *not* a snob. I mean I am not, and never was such a snob as many other people. I don't boast about my fine acquaintances. I'm not such a fool—now, at any rate. And I swear I never really did, or very seldom ever; and even then only in a way, don't you know, that left me the benefit of the doubt. But hotels have, or rather *had* (Heaven knows I'm cured for ever!) a simply beastly effect on me. And," he went on, stooping forward with a frown of agitated eagerness, "I'm not a liar. I mean, of course, what any one would call a liar. I lie fairly little. But these hotels! I've thought a lot about them, as you

will soon be able to imagine, and I've made out a sort of psychology of the hotel crowd. You see, in an hotel, each person loses everything that distinguishes and explains him, everybody is anonymous. There people are, cooped up together, eyeing each other, wondering about each other, sneering at each other, or approaching each other with the stiff comic caution of mistrustful dogs. Everybody who hasn't an obvious badge is an unknown quantity. Everybody gossips and guesses about everybody else, and the result is everybody wants to flourish his or her credentials. That is the prevailing social atmosphere, and it is odious—I speak with the bitterness of one who has been infected by it. In an hotel a sensitive person invariably becomes contemptuous and misanthropic. One's fellow human beings are simply awful in hotels. When they come down day after day, to breakfast, lunch, and dinner; when you see them between whiles over the paraphernalia of tea in the marble hall, munching to music, you think to yourself: 'This is too much! Here are these pigs with their noses in the trough again!' Of course, your own mouth is full, but they look so disgustingly idle and useless—so you do, no doubt. They don't know how to spend half their time—nor do you. And with these *tu quoques* whispering in your ears, the impulse to distinguish yourself in the eyes of any one who seems a little nicer than the rest becomes irresistible. In short, you are pushed into becoming a snob of one kind or another. And now for my adventure, which has made me," and he laughed quite heartily, "'the most miserable of men.'

"I shan't laugh again," he added gloomily. "It really is a painful story.

"I was preceding a friend of mine to a much frequented spot in Switzerland, a place for winter sports, where he was to meet me two days later. During the last stages of the journey I fell in with an English family, and we travelled in the same carriage. We soon made out that we were going to the same place and to the same hotel. The family consisted of a father, a kindly, modest, straightforward man,

a mamma with a manner, a girl whose looks pleased me extremely and a perky censorious Public School boy. I had better tell you I myself was in my twentieth year.

"Father and daughter both liked me at once, but Mamma was proof against all my attempts to interest her; and when she did respond at all, it was with a non-committal smile, all the easier to read for being so gracious. The father, the daughter, and I were in those delightful spirits peculiar to the first morning abroad—you know how soon people make friends when they are childishly happy? The boy was at the age when he hates to show elation, and when the sight of a sister making a visible impression on a young man (for some unknown reason with which, nevertheless, I believe I sympathize) is particularly irritating. But even he thawed over our second breakfast in the train. His mother, however, mostly kept her face to the window, smiling on us in pre-occupied way from time to time, and rubbing away the frosted breath from the pane to get a clearer view of the steep snowy hills and pine woods as they passed. Sometimes, with a little ejaculation, she would single out something for admiration, but with all my alacrity—I was always too late to share her pleasure.

"I think I divined at the time that she was capable of reading her husband a lecture on the folly of making friends in the train with young men one knows nothing about, and that she wished me to feel that she regarded our further acquaintance as strictly conditional. Indeed, I must have felt that challenge in her from the first, and inwardly must have resolved to overwhelm her with my credentials, for only from having taken some such unconscious resolution can I account for my subsequent impulse and behaviour.

"Well, towards evening we arrived at our destination. It was a long lake in a barren Alpine valley, with a large straggling timber village beside it. Black figures were still pushing about like water spiders over the surface of the lake, and still more people were plodding their way in file

or in knots towards the barrack-like hotels on the slopes. The stars had begun to point above the mountains; and to draw such air into the lungs was like swallowing a draught of glittering icy water.

"My new friends wanted me to get into their conveyance, for we had engaged rooms at the same hotel; and she whose presence had already begun to infuse a subtle exhilaration into the scene, called out to me there was 'plenty, plenty of room.' Her voice in the dusk sounded magically kind and clear. But even if her mother had not proceeded to fluff herself out over the seat, they would have been cramped; so I waved my hat and drove alone, through the wooden snow-thatched village up to the hotel.

"The circular door of 'The Imperial' admitted me to a hall of which not only the atmosphere, but the vegetation, was apparently tropical. On my way across the marble floor towards the gilded lift, I noticed couples swinging nonchalantly in rocking-chairs side by side among palms and flowers. There was a big group, laughing and talking round a flaring fire: girls in knitted jerseys, holding skates, girls in evening frocks, men in dinner jackets, and men still in their stockings and boots. The sting of frost was on all their faces, and their voices had that pleasant resonance which comes from having spent the day in the open air. At these sights the sense of the adventure of gregarious life got hold of me, and while I was unpacking I was filled with that delicious excitement (remember I was twenty) which gets so much weaker as one gets older—'Oh! What delightful things may not be going to happen to me next!' Then I opened the window and stepped out on to a balcony. The air was cold, the sky a limpid sable blue—and there, sure enough, were the mountains! If you had asked me, while I was arranging my things, what was the most exciting thing in the world, I should have said: 'Oh, meeting people and expecting one doesn't know what!' But at that moment such adventures seemed superficial, or, at any rate, mere garnishing to life. Dinner or no dinner,

I felt I must go *out*. It was near *table d'hôte* time, and the assembled crowd in the hall made me feel self-conscious. I made for the door like a man catching a train. Somebody laughed. But the next moment I was running down over the snow, gloriously happy.

"The lake was as dark as agate, and so smooth it seemed a shame to scratch smoothness so exquisite. Tiny crystal splinters ran before me on the ice, and sparkled in the moonlight. And the undulating ringing of skates—how pleasing that eerie sound is to the ear! Every now and then I would stop to listen to it, chirping and shivering away across the silence, till it touched the frozen banks and stopped. Out I flew through capes of darkness into bays of moonlight, curving this way and that, and that with that effortless steadiness in motion which makes a skater feel more like a gull than a man; till suddenly I felt as though I had been alone a very long time. I thought of the hotel and turned to shore; and as I turned, far away on the dazzling white moonlight bank from which I had started, I saw a small dusky figure. It was a girl in a tam o' shanter putting on skates. Even before I recognized her I knew it was my friend of the journey, whose voice had sounded so friendly all day, who smiled more than most people do, and yet seemed graver than most. I struck out swiftly. We met, and hailed each other. Of all the words in the English language, I believe 'Hullo' is the most useful. 'Hullo! Isn't it glorious!' we exclaimed, and off we shot on separate ways to curve and recurve across each other's paths, saying, as we passed, things like: 'My left ankle's weak,' or 'Just look at the mountains,' or 'I couldn't resist coming, could you?' Then away again we went. It excited me almost to laughter to think that she had felt the same impulse as I. Suddenly she called to me that she must go in; it was an intolerable shame, but they would be anxious about her, and she would be scolded as it was. I cannot remember what we said on the way back. It could not have been much, for we ran. But I have not forgotten the laughing

face she turned to me from behind the gilt cage of the lift before she suddenly leviated and vanished upwards to get ready for *table d'hôte*. That lengthy meal was so near completion and I was so hungry that I decided to go straight in. The newest arrivals were placed at the end of one of the long tables which was not yet full; and as I came in, trying to make my boots sound as little as possible on the parquet floor, I noticed that my seat would be beside my travelling companions. The father was nearest the end, the mother next above him, and the boy beyond her. So if I took the obvious chair she must sit on my other hand. I saw at once, from the look Mamma gave me, that my not having changed for dinner confirmed her suspicions; and I thought that even her husband looked forward to our conversation soon showing the people opposite that I was not one of his party. By way of explaining why I was not properly dressed, I said that I had not been able to resist going down to try the ice and had stayed too late. This statement produced something like consternation. Papa put his pudding-spoon down suddenly instead of into his mouth, and I heard the mother say to her son: 'George run up at once. I must know what on earth Agatha's doing. Tell her to come down immediately. It's disgraceful; dinner is nearly over.' But George did not budge. Then, turning to her husband, she said: 'Do you mean to say you let that child go out at this time of night by herself after I told her not to?'

" 'Did you see my daughter on the ice?' said her father to me, using his napkin and looking guilty.

"I was in the middle of telling them how she had come down after I had been there some time, and how we had returned together, when in she came, rosy and smiling, and settled down—with perhaps just a little too much the air of nothing whatever having occurred.

" 'I'm very late. Oh, Dad, it was too lovely. Mr. —— was there. He'll tell it was worth missing all the courses for, though I *am* hungry.'

"The effect of her voice on me was to make me think I must be looking as though a great deal had happened. I made matters worse by turning at once to speak to her, and, when our eyes met, forgetting what I had to say. After that I felt I must forthwith make the running with Mamma or she would see to it that their places were changed next day. From conversation in the train I knew the name of the county town where they lived, and by good luck I had stayed twice at a house in its neighbourhood for balls. My memory for people now served me in good stead.

"I was able to say 'yes' repeatedly to the question, did I know the so and so's? The effect of all this on Mamma was—well, she became not only gracious but positively competitive, mentioning people and country houses herself with an ostentatious unostentation which made her children uncomfortable. 'Oh, Mamma,' I heard Agatha once murmur, 'you know we only met them over the hospital bazaar.'

"I liked Agatha for that; I sympathized with her deeply. But I was too intent upon my object, too flushed with my progress—possibly also with the Burgundy I was drinking—not to push on. I became confident, gay and satirical. I asked if the county beauty, Lady Georgina, was still as good as new. This led to Mamma asking me—and as she spoke she swept the strangers opposite into the conversation with a comprehensive glance—if I knew Lady Georgina's father, Lord X. 'Yes,' I said, 'I was driven over one afternoon to Thornton Abbey.' That was true, but its enviable possessor happened to be, as a matter of fact, absent. I was proceeding to give my impressions when my attention was distracted by the behaviour of an elderly gentleman in a dark tweed suit immediately opposite. He had just finished and he was pushing his chair rather noisily into the table. I looked up and caught his eye. He was staring at me, I thought, with an odd, hostile intensity. Conversation had stopped for some yards along each side of the table. Yes, he was going to speak—and to me!

"'May I ask, sir,' he was saying loudly and slowly, 'if

I have the honour to be numbered among your numerous acquaintances?'

"'No,' I replied rather jauntily, 'I never saw you in my life.'

"He paused.

"'Well, I am Lord X,' he said. And dropping his napkin on the table, he turned his back and left the room.

"I have blushed with anguish at the recollection of that moment. I suppose people would describe it as 'an awkward pause.' To me, it was more like a silent explosion. Then I heard Mamma, who had turned crimson, go off into a long artificial trill of laughter. Murmuring something about 'impostors,' she shook the crumbs off her lap and, summoning the family, swept towards the door. Everybody else was getting up. *Table d'hôte* was over; just a few people were cracking nuts at the far end of the table. But the girl on my right had not got up. She was pretending to finish her dinner. I felt she looked at me twice; but I could not look back—please, please remember I was barely twenty, and very self-conscious at that—and not a word could I say. Presently she too (I heard her chair and her footsteps) went away, while I went on eating and drinking like a pompous automaton. In the hall I had to wait for the lift. There was a great deal of laughter; the story was travelling from group to group. I bore the titters and being looked at pretty well. Upstairs in my room, I went at once to the window; but now the mountains were as dull to me as sugar loaves. I went to bed, and, contrary to expectation, slept like a top. When my eyes opened the next morning, I felt that something incredibly unpleasant had happened. Then I remembered what it was. I saw my self-respect depended on two resolutions: to wait for my friend and not to change my hotel meanwhile. But I came down purposely late for breakfast and avoided the family, who, as the next meal showed, *had* moved their places; and I bore with apparent equanim-

ity that wretched boy who would read out the society paragraphs from the papers whenever I was within earshot, adding 'friends of mine,' or 'the dear duchess' as the case might be. Nobody asked me to join in any sports except one young woman who evidently did so out of curiosity to see how I would behave. I practised figures most of the day on the more secluded parts of the ice. When my friend did turn up he noticed that I was rather depressed. I left him in the smoking room the night he arrived. Next morning at breakfast he told me he had promised to make up one of a skating four. I saw he had heard the story, which was having a great success. We did not meet all day. He lunched with his partners, and a jolly noisy party they were. Before dinner he came into my room, and, after watching me dress in silence, he said, 'I had no idea you were such a first-water snob?' I told him I had only waited for him. We agreed there was not much point in our spending the vac. together. We had a glum dinner. I went off the next morning to the South of France, which I could not afford—but I wanted to get away from snow mountains.

"There!" he said. "Now I've told you why I am 'the most miserable of men.' You see it was, after all, only a very little thing."

We both laughed.

"'Pon my word," he added, "I feel as though I should never think of it again."

The train was slowing up in front of a station. "I've got to change here," he exclaimed, opening the door. We shook hands and I handed out his bag. Presently he came up to the window again. His young face wore once more a look of concern. "I say," he said, "I hope you don't think I was an awful muff to mind so much. Really, I believe what has bothered me most ever since was my having taken no notice of that girl when she stayed beside me alone in the dining-room. You've listened so nicely. You do understand, don't you?"

"Perfectly," I assured him.

"That was the only moment I was really a coward," he added.

The train began to move. He waved his hand gaily. "Ain't I lucky to have had such a lesson so young?" he said, grinning.

"Stop!" I cried. "What was the name of the people?"

"The people?"

"Yes, the family."

"Dyce."

"Blue eyes—quite blue?"

He nodded.

"Then she's my niece," I cried out. "Mrs. Dyce is my sister. You must see them. She's a perfect dear." The train was drawing away fast. "Not my sister," I shouted, "I don't mean her. Haven't kissed her for nine years. You will meet, you will . . ."

He had trotted right to the end of the platform. A cloud of steam suddenly hid him from my sight.

I threw myself back in the corner. "That will be very satisfactory, very," I thought, ". . . I do like him." But the next moment I sprang up again; I had forgotten to ask him his name and address.

FUNERAL MARCH OF A MARIONETTE [1]

By JOHN METCALFE

From *The Independent*

Alf and little George had chosen Millbank and the western sweep of river past the Tate for a variety of reasons. First, since their expedition had demanded secrecy, it was essential to select a route where mother wouldn't think of following them; second, the competition in this district promised to be slight and coppers plentiful; third, and most cogent, they had never been along that way before.

"Not furver than the bridge, at any rate," said little George. "Past there I seen the 'ouses all 'ave steps wiv lions on."

And at the crowded crossing by St. Stephen's Green he had exhaled a sudden breath of wonderment that hung like smoke upon the chilly air. "Gawd, wotcher fink them bobbies gits to eat makes 'em so big? Three feeds a day, they 'as, I'm tellin' yer—an' rum' steak every time."

Alf was head and shoulders taller than his brother, more rawboned, lanker, but with the same snub nose, pale, rather wizened face, and crop of gingerish hair.

"Come orn," he now adjured contemptuously; "an' don't stan' gassin' like a silly kid. Nex' thing you know you'll 'ave us all upset." Against the soap-box trolley which he pushed were nailed at a slight slope two wooden battens. These, though intended primarily to serve as shafts, were at this juncture better used as handles, since George could

[1] Copyright, 1927, by The Independent. Copyright, 1927, by John Metcalfe

thus assist more easily by pulling on the rope in front.

Alf was relieved when they had passed the burly figures of the constables. One of them, stamping a sullen foot upon the snow, had, so he fancied, eyed them suspiciously, inimically, and it was foolish to invite enquiry by lingering. Though he himself had thought out this excursion, he could not quite dispel a faint uneasiness.

But in their veins excitement threaded tinglingly like fire —elation, and an exhilarated sense of mystery—adventure. It was an hour ago that, stealing noiselessly with beating hearts, they had crept out through the back gate, along the mews, and made their way conspiratorially toward the river front. George, shivering a little in his father's cut-down trousers, had wanted instantly to break into a run, but Alf, more cautious, had restrained him. Despite the cold he had a notion that to be seen running would attract attention. Safer to amble nonchalantly for a bit. Now, halting for a moment beneath Cœur de Lion, he blew upon numbed finger tips.

"Oo-oo," said little George, slapping his arms from side to side and staring shrewdly upward at the statue. "Wouldn' arf tip *'im* for the Derby, Elf, wiv 'is ole sword an' iron gloves an' fings. *Ih* . . . Gee up, Steve!"

They stood a minute longer in the wintry stillness. Faces of passers-by were rouged with cold, their footfalls hushed. The November air was raw, and in a greasy, lead-coloured sky a few fat, smudgy flakes of snow were drifting here and there uncertainly. Already it was growing dark. Beyond them, somewhere in the Victoria Tower Gardens, came a faint crackle and a spurt of flame.

"Huh!" uttered Alf. "See that? That wuz a firework. We best be gittin' on."

Down Millbank they proceeded at a trot, skirting the kerb. Before the front of the Art Gallery they paused once more. Big Ben, behind them, solemnly boomed half past three. Upon the river, over silent streets, a greenish dusk was settling. Millais, enveloped in a fleece of dirty

snow, loomed with a vague benevolence, though spectrally closer, and intermittently illumining the murk with changing gleams, a roman candle popped up emerald and ruby balls.

"Silly young tykes!" said Alf. "*I* wouldn't let off fizz-works on the fourth!"

George moved impatiently upon his toes. "Now," he suggested. "Now!"

Alf looked at him and at the trolley. For a soap box it was rather longer than usual, and had been fitted carefully with what had once been perambulator wheels. One of them still retained its rubber tire. Part of the space between the shafts was boarded in so as to form a sloping, couchlike back. Something covered loosely with rags and sacking occupied the whole interior and extended for some distance up the slant.

"All right," said Alf. As he unwound the sacking little George capered excitedly about him. "Good ole Gus! Elf, you weren't arf a nut, you weren't, to fink of it. I'm goin' ter spend my share o' wot 'e gits on fireworks, I am."

Free of its shrouding rags, a curious object lay revealed. Upon the incline of the wooden chariot rested, it seemed, the head and tiny shoulders of a man. But, though the huddled torso might conform to standards human or half human, the face above gave hasty judgment pause. It was rosy, doll-like, and from beneath a crownless bowler hat surveyed the brothers with a vacant stare. In the fast-falling dusk its eyes were blank, expressionless as coals or pools of soot. The hair, black, too, was long, and at about the level of the ears grotesquely "bobbed."

George gave the battered bowler an affectionate pat. "Don't the ole man look sarsy, Elfie, eh? But 'e's ter larn 'ow ter be'ave 'issef, 'e 'as. None o' yer larks ter-night, ole Gus, you 'ear? Else yer won't git no supper when we're 'ome."

Alf, from inside his jacket, had produced a square of cardboard provided with a string. This he hung carefully round Gus' neck, removing for a moment the misshapen hat

to do so. Upon the placard ran a legend in block capitals: "Plese spare a coper for the Gi."

Out of the sullen sky the flakes came hurrying now more thickly, steadily. George, who had ceased his hopping to admire his brother's handiwork, took up his rope again. "Which way?" he said. "We better start afore it comes on 'ard. Besides, jes' 'ark at that! You 'ear jes' then? Don' wonner git mixed up wiv *them!*"

As they set off once more, the significance of his words became apparent. Voices, raised in a broken, singsong chant, pursued them distantly. "Please spare a copper . . . a copper for the Guy . . ." Little George, with shoulders braced and chest thrown out, bristled indignantly. "Some 'opes them ornerary lot 'as got! Bet yer they don' make more'n a tanner altogever. Not arf as much as us, at any rate!"

But it was not until they had proceeded for ten minutes on their way that the first penny fell into the cap which Alf had taken from his own red, tousled head and placed conspicuously in Gus' lap. A sailor, issuing with boon companions from a suddenly illuminated doorway, spat copiously and, having thrown the copper, mingled abashed profanity with charity. What did that matter since the coin was there? And, after this, good fortune seemed to follow them. An old gentleman, peering benevolently through spectacles, contributed another penny; and a young lady, fashionably dressed in furs, presented Alf with a whole sixpenny piece, her smile next moment fading curiously, instantaneously away. Finally, a short, top-hatted man with an umbrella stooped to place two-pence in the cap, then raised himself abruptly. He had, Alf fancied, been about to speak, but, as they hurried off, had to content himself with gazing after them inquisitively.

"Ten pence a'ready!" exclaimed George delightedly. "Didn' I tell yer, Elfie? *Good* ole Gus!"

They turned from the river front up a long street in which a lamplighter had just begun his round. It was colder now,

the air sharper, and the snow falling thicker, more continuously. Encircling every light as it sprang up appeared a sudden, haloing swirl of white, but from below, against the yellow radiance of the lamp, each tumbling flake looked black. Alf, with anxiety, noted the growing clearness of the trolley's wheel tracks and of the prints of little George's feet.

"Better git somewhere where there's people, quick," he counselled, frowning. "Or else they'll all be gorn indoors afore we're there."

For a while, it seemed, their run of luck had ceased, but presently, as they approached the lights and bustling movement of a more populous shopping district, fate smiled on them again. Windows, behind the seething, ever-falling curtain of the snow, were gaily decked, shone dazzlingly upon a white, a mad-cap world. Faces were eager, tingling, and from open mouths puffed out great clouds of breath like steam. Voices rang suddenly from nowhere, were the next instant lost and muffled, sinking curiously away. Strange, striding forms, illumined momently, shook tinsel drops from hats and overcoats, then vanished utterly.

Copper by copper, Gus' hoard had mounted steadily. Pennies and halfpennies were flung into the cap or pressed into Alf's hand by people who, half blinded, seldom paused to look more closely at the trolley and its occupant. Little George, his head held high, strutted majestically, sumptuously before, crying, in tones which triumph and excitement rendered gruff, the words upon the placard. Until the opening of the pubs at six it would, Alf thought, be more remunerative as well as pleasanter to keep upon the move than to stand cold and shivering on a "pitch."

They stopped once for a few moments by a railway arch where an old man with a wooden leg was playing an accordion. At first, considering probably that their presence would divert the pity of the passers-by and spoil his trade, he eyed them sourly, going so far, when his malevolent looks had no effect, as to grimace and threaten them with oaths.

But a little later the expression on his face had changed. He had stumped off, hawking his throat and playing vigorously; then, after he had got a yard or two away, turned back and put a penny in the cap.

On and on, through seething eddies, wildly wreathing clouds of giddying white. Flocking and scurrying, dancing and madly scampering, the icy flakes swept stinging in their eyes, crept in a chilly prickle down their necks. George was elated still, and shouting, but Alf behind him plodded silently. Something was singing in his ears, making his feet feel tired. Within his brain, perpetually, the dizzy helter-skelter of the snow went to a kind of silly, jigging tune. It was the same that the old wooden-legged man had played, and, though he tried to banish it by stamping, blowing on his hands, it sounded numbly yet.

Somewhere between Belgravia and Pimlico they ran into a crowd of urchins pulling or pushing little trolleys like themselves. George's refrain was echoed now competitively on every side, for there were at the least a dozen children "working" the neighbourhood in company. "Please spare a copper . . . a copper for the Guy." The downfall for a space had slightly moderated, sufficiently to permit of fireworks being kindled under shelter of a cap or outspread coat. The changing flare of green and crimson lights fell suddenly upon rogue faces, lolling and grimacing heads. Masks with long noses, grinning, red-lipped mouths, protruding tongues, moved in grotesque procession through the night. Once in a shower of sparks, a squib dropped hissing into Gus' lap, exploded there, and singed the sacking covers. And the next moment a large snowball thudded on Alf's cheek.

"Oo-oo!" said little George. "Wot say we jine in wiv this lot—an' git some fizzworks, too?"

But Alf at this suggestion shook his head. "Come orn," he said. "Let's git away from 'ere. We'll 'ave all ours to-morrer on the proper day."

He was tired, all at once dispirited; he could not have

said why. His eyes were hot and heavy, dazzled by the light upon the snow, and in his ears the tune that the old man had played was dinning giddily. A distant clock chimed six. "Now all the pubs are openin' we'll git a plenty more," said little George. "We kin jes' stand arahnd ahtside the door, an' then— Why, Elf," he suddenly broke off, "wot's up wiv yer?"

"Nothin'," said Alf. "Only I guess we oughter think o' gittin' back."

"Wot, git back 'ome? Wot for?" George's voice was blank.

"Yus, I'm a-goin', anyway. I'm cold, I tells yer." But even to himself he was unable to explain what troubled him. He leaned forward to brush the snow out of the top of Gus' hat and from the coverings about his arms and chest. This office they had halted to perform at intervals upon their wanderings. Now, as his hands explored the shrunken contours underneath the sacking, a chill more than physical crept up his spine.

"Git on," he repeated roughly. "Can't yer 'ear wot I say?" Little George, grumbling, picked up the rope which, in the course of this discussion, he had dropped, and sullenly turned back along the road by which they came.

They made their way, jog-trotting silently, down streets which were alternately deserted, ghostlike and forlorn, or gay and glittering with the lights of shops. George, no longer crying his refrain, was sobered; and beneath this unnatural taciturnity, resentful, too. In the inviting brilliance streaming from pub or window he would attempt from time to time to slacken speed, but, at Alf's instant, sharp command, would hurry on again. They proceeded in this manner for perhaps half an hour till the river side was reached.

And here at last they halted to take breath. The snow was hardly falling now. Only a fitful, wandering flake or two came feathering down. The sky was even clear enough for them to see the stars, and, on their right, the river ran like steel.

Little George was glum and querulous. "Lemme push now," he said. "An' you kin take the rope. I've got fed up wiv pullin' all the time."

Hereabouts it was darkish, but, in the pale, reflected glimmer of the snow, he could make out his brother's face. Its set and strained expression frightened him.

"Elfie, wot's up? Wot makes yer look so queer?" He paused, then added in a whisper, "Is it *'im?*"

"'Im? Nah, of course not. Why should it be *'im?* You make me tired, silly things you say. We gotter git back 'ome afore they starts a' missin' 'im, that's all. Come orn!"

Alf set his hands peremptorily upon the shafts and George, with a half-discontented, half-submissive sigh, began once more to pull. They had, however, got no further than a dozen paces when, as by common instinct, they stopped suddenly again. Something was happening in the trolley. Their glances met one instant in a frozen stare, then lowered slowly.

Under the rags and sacking a faint twitching movement was apparent. Gus' head rose slightly from its wooden rest. A curious sound like a thin hiccough was repeated thrice, then ceased.

"Elfie, 'e must a' taken ill, ole Gussie must. 'E was that way last time afore 'e went into the 'orspital. Elfie, why don't yer speak?"

But Alf made no reply. It was not he, but little George, who pulled the trolley onward to the nearest lamp. "Elfie," he called again more urgently. "Be quick. E's bin took bad, I say. Let's git 'im 'ome." He had reached out a timid hand to Gus' shoulder, but, at that instant, started and drew back, staring alarmedly across the shadowed road. "Quick," he repeated in a whisper. "I kin 'ear somebody a-comin'; see 'im, too." Then, desperately he added: "It's a cop!"

The policeman who, patrolling stolidly his cheerless beat, had marked the trio underneath the lamp, was moved, in fact, by little more than idle curiosity. Less from suspicion

as to what they were about than to relieve monotony he had drawn near. His attitude, when he had strode majestically into the circle of the light, was rather condescendingly benevolent than menacing.

Alf, hanging back, and following slightly in the rear, stopped now a pace or two away. He could see little George stiffen defensively before his natural enemy, could see the Jove-like form above stoop ponderously, with slow, enquiring dignity.

Yet he himself stood fixed and motionless. A strange inertia held him as in a dream. For a little while the presence of the constable was even reassuring and consoling. Not that they would escape a beating when they all got home. They would get thrashed for certain if old Gus were really ill and had to go to the hospital again. It was his fault. Dully he wondered what would happen to the money in the cap.

But as at length he roused himself and walked reluctantly toward the light, a vague misgiving haunted him again, a dark uncertainty. The policeman's manner was no longer jocular, amused. His expression had grown curious, then puzzled, gravely dubious, serious, finally—and something else.

Alf, with a sudden terror dragging at his limbs, ran forward. He caught his brother's arm, and, as he did so, tears of which he could not tell the meaning started in his eyes.

By this time little George, though still uncomprehending, was crying, too.

LOST PROPERTY [1]

By R. H. MOTTRAM

From *The English Review*

As Mr. Burnish emerged from the railway station at Easthampton, he asked himself why he had bothered to come down to that out-of-date old hole. It was not like him to be out of temper with any journey he took. He seldom had reason to be. His career, these twenty years, had been one long progress from success to success, and he was certain of being made a joint General Manager, and felt that, beyond that, he would know how to get himself on to the English Board of United Oleaginous, before he retired. But whether it were a spasm of indigestion—he had tried that part of his organism pretty severely with hurried and interrupted meals—or whether it were the east coast wind, that he had been unaccustomed to for some years now, or what it might be, he could not determine. No man was less introspective than he, and as he threaded his way between the dirty wind-ruffled puddles of the station approach, he merely felt an undiagnosed and unconcealed spite against the day, the weather, and the job. This he had readily translated into spite against the station people, slow-moving clods, who walked as though still upon the furrows of the surrounding fields. No taxi. He had not been to Easthampton for so many years that he had not realized that the place still did not provide taxis unless you ordered them beforehand. Independent lot of swine, they would have to wake up if they were in London or any big town! But they were far from realizing the fact and had only stared

[1] Copyright, 1927, by R. H. Mottram.

at his vehemence. At last he had made them understand that his bag must be carried to the Old George. Fortunately he had had his typist telephone for a room there, or perhaps they would have said they hadn't got one. He would walk to the local depot of the United and shake them up. He did. It wasn't far, and he arrived there with his ill-humour unabated.

The local office was not by any means an advertisement for a great world-wide concern like the United. Incidentally that was one of the reasons why he had come down that day. The United was now in a position to incur expense that it would not have contemplated in its infancy. It had made its start in Easthampton as elsewhere, as an "agency," run by some shopkeeper in spare time. Then it had had to have a store, and the shopkeeper of those days—about 1900 probably—had naturally chosen one on Station Causeway. Mr. Burnish had been "through the mill," as he sometimes expressed it; there was not an expedient that he was not familiar with. The original agent, whoever he might have been, had set up the store on Station Causeway because it was cheap. Easthampton was one of those one-horse old shows that had held the railway at arm's length, and even now the Causeway from the station to the town was lined with one-storey shops and offices, and broke abruptly into Bishopgate, the old main street through what had obviously been, in the forties, someone's back yard. And so one-horse was Easthampton still that it was the very last distributing point in Mr. Burnish's area that had not been rehoused, adequately officed, laid out with all that eye to advertisement that Mr. Burnish had so religiously preached and practised, and which, he always said, and no one contradicted, had so much contributed to keeping the United ahead of all competition.

When he reached the place, resplendent alone by the purple and gold signs of the United, Mr. Burnish felt more than ever that the time had come to sweep it all away. It had that cheap and nasty look of living upon advertisement

rather than value, that Mr. Burnish knew was already out-of-date, and Royalty itself had urged the business world to discard. Mr. Burnish was nothing if not up-to-date. He knew that smartness and tone had already superseded mere blatant salesmanship, and that the public, although increasingly moved by petrol and lubricated by oil, wanted these commodities to hand when needed, but not thrust upon the landscape to which they were unnecessary. Also it suited his mood at the moment to shift something. Destruction, he felt, would be soothing, and he pushed the door open with his foot.

The place was small and stuffy, with an oil stove. There was a partition painted verdigris-blue, with an inquiry wicket, but Mr. Burnish went straight to the farther door and entered the inner office, and found himself confronted by a tall boy, with hair falling over his forehead, and a thick underlip that drooped. The look of this servant of the United did nothing to mollify Mr. Burnish, who was of a square and bouncing build. He regarded the lad sharply, and the lad regarded him, from the dimple of his hat to the shining toe-cap that protruded beyond his spats.

"Manager in?" said Mr. Burnish.

"Noo," said the boy, broadly East Anglian.

"Where is he?"

"Aout!"

Mr. Burnish fumed.

"Where's he gone?"

"On his raound."

Mr. Burnish looked at the boy with both eyes, in that celebrated manner of his that had so often proved effective. But the boy only looked back at Mr. Burnish with an open questioning mouth.

"You don't know me?"

"Noo!"

"You will soon!" exploded Mr. Burnish, and slammed both doors behind him.

He strode up Station Causeway, and along Bishopgate

to the George with feet that spurned the pavement. At the hotel he was slightly gratified to find that his bag had been taken up to his room. Not to lose a minute he stepped into the smoke-room behind the bar, ordered a double whisky and asked for the telephone directory. Both were immediately provided. Both helped Mr. Burnish to smooth his mere irritation into his more usual conquering good humour. Moreover, there was something delicately flattering about the fact that he, J. G. Burnish, who had been a charity boy, receiving his education and his start in life in this very Easthampton, from which he had run away directly his adolescent pushfulness had perceived the enormous walls of privilege and habit that had to be scaled before he could climb to any height in that isolated capital of East Anglia, was now back in the same place, well above those obstacles. As he sipped his whisky and turned over the directory, glancing at the names of the house agents, he smiled. He had sometimes run errands for threepence for commercial gentlemen at this very George Hotel. And here he found what he wanted. Stangroom the auctioneers. They held their heads pretty high. He would employ them. Ordering another whisky he rang them up, told them he was J. G. Burnish, United Oleaginous, and described the type of property he desired.

They seemed to guess his very thought, mentioned a property on Riverside—would send him a card to view. He went upstairs to wash, having swallowed his second drink. He did not feel like tea. He had not even the welfare of the United uppermost in his mind. He was occupied with planting the imprint of J. G. Burnish firmly upon the place that had witnessed his early struggles. When he had washed his mood cooled somewhat. There was the card to view waiting for him. He put on his coat and hat and went out into the March afternoon. It would be light enough for his purpose. But somehow he now felt something was missing. It had all been a little too slick. The girl in the smoke-room had served him through a wicket,

he had not seen her face. The exchange operator at the telephone had been a voice only. The clerk at Stangroom's another voice—rather a cheeky one, he fancied, saying: "Oh, yes, sir, we have the right thing for you!" just as the telephone girl had repeated Stangroom's number with a mocking interrogative emphasis. It was all right, of course, well organized modern business had to be run with just that competent civility, but there was a man inside Mr. Burnish's waistcoat, who had not wholly surrendered to the United, who still lusted primevally for loot and triumph. That man was complaining now—would have liked all these unseen servants grovelling and fawning round his victorious feet, would have liked to have stiff-necked old Stangroom, with all his professional dignity, rubbing his hands and saying: "This way, Mr. Burnish, sir, if you please!"

Instead of which, here he was walking off quietly by himself, as if there was nothing remarkable about him!

It was not many steps across old Bishopgate, down into the old street called Riverside. It was a thoroughfare that dated from the days before the railways had throttled all the water-borne traffic, when maltsters and manufacturers had built themselves great square old dwelling-houses, with warehouses and yards reaching down to the river, as people did in the days when they used to live over or next to their businesses. Mr. Burnish could remember them still inhabiting the place, had had more than one rebuff from surly old men in top hats that were yet to be found about those parts, in his young days. Now it was practically deserted, the big old houses turned into depositories or warehouses, the gardens into lorry parks, or lined with crates and strewn with papers. No one was there, of course, at that time of day, and Mr. Burnish had to look about him for a moment before he could find the No. 13 indicated by his card. Annoyance and whisky culminated together with the essential Burnish in one tremendous knock which he gave with the knocker. No bell! And that great solid old house front two windows each side of the portico that con-

tained the door, a sort of wing window, beyond each of the pairs, and the whole defended by mossy old stone posts, joined by rusty dissolving chains, put a fine edge upon Mr. Burnish. He would show them, he said to himself. Had anyone catechized him at that moment as to whom he meant, he would have been in a difficulty. The past, all he had risen above, and something he couldn't rise above, glowered at his active convex figure and he glowered back at it. What a mass of bricks and mortar! What it must have cost! What about repairs! Nothing happened. No one answered his knock. It was not getting any lighter. There was not a soul about. Mr. Burnish took a pace backwards off the step of the porch, and scanned the upper storeys. Above the ground-floor windows ran a stone course. Above that there were the first-floor windows—a big one over the door, two each side, one beyond that each side. Above was another stone course and smaller square windows. Mr. Burnish was no amateur of architecture. On the other hand, he was a man who had risen so swiftly that he had to be continuously watchful to see that he omitted none of those rites that were proper to the sphere in which he was now finding himself. The front of the old house impressed him with a need for care. Its amplitude and stateliness gave him exactly the feeling that he was confronted with one of those empty gestures that leisured people whose living has been earned for them, have time to make. Chastened, his glance fell, and he saw that the door had been opened for him. He went in, holding out his card and peering. The door closed behind him.

Although the afternoon was drawing in, there was light from the fan of glass over the door, and from two tall windows on the massive stairs that confronted him. He looked at the person who had let him in, very old, very owlish; he had an idea for a moment that she stared at him.

"Good afternoon. Card from Stangroom's. I should like to see over the premises."

Instead of taking the proffered card, the person turned

away, and he put it on a great heavy old settle that stood to his right. He very nearly put his hat there, too, then thought he wouldn't. His half moment's hesitation had been sufficient for the caretaker to get well away from him, and he had to glance sharply to see her disappearing under the stairs. He hurried after, calling:

"Here—I say!"

Under the stairs was a steep flight of steps, and Mr. Burnish wanted to know why he was being taken down them. But before he could catch up he arrived at the bottom, and gazed about him. It was a cellar. Lighted by gratings giving on to the street, he could distinguish the brick vaulting resting on substantial piers. Priceless. Absolutely fireproof. An ideal store. It was just like him to pitch on a thing by instinct, the first time. Why, this place, as he knew to the United's cost, would take a young fortune to build! Here it was, could be filled from the street—a lift at the back, to empty from the other side. Perfect. A stout wooden door standing open enticed him. He passed through. Twice perfect. This second cellar was a duplicate in size of the first. Almost incredible good luck. But what were all these brick bays furnished with substantial iron racks? He nearly asked. Then nearly bit his tongue out for having been on the edge of showing such a lack of tone. Wine, of course. Mr. Burnish approved. He couldn't take it himself, didn't suit him. He had inherited an affinity for malt, but none for the grape. Unfortunately the latter had a tone the former lacked. So he smiled and reflected, people used to want wine. Now they wanted petrol. He would see that they got it. He had quite lost his conductress by this time.

Moving back quickly into the first cellar, he just caught her disappearing up the stairs, and hastened after. He was well pleased with what he had seen, but his native caution did not desert him. Besides, you never knew, in out-of-the-way places like Easthampton. He wanted to ask what the place was assessed at for rating. He quickened

his pace, as his guide turned to the left, in the stone-flagged hall, and entered a high square room, lighted by two tall sash windows. The walls, above the handrail, were divided into large round-topped panels, the interspaces decorated with garlands and figures in low-relief, below an emphatic cornice. Mr. Burnish, still impressed, was calculating. Do for an office if you could make away with all this "extravagance," as he called it to himself, in the wall decoration. He supposed it was only wood, and you could soon have it down. He stopped to tap it with his finger. Plaster, hard as stone. He had to hurry on. His guide was no longer visible. There was a further door in the corner, leading to a stone passage that ran athwart the back of the hall. There she was at the end. He had a glimpse of a kitchen the size of a barn as he strode along, through another door, into another high square room, same sort but different pattern of ornament, evidently the counterpart of the one he had just left, but the other side of the hall. Well, the colour was good. This one French grey. The other had been lilac. So long as there weren't any beastly papers on the walls!

The other door of this room led, of course, back into the hall. The next thing was to go upstairs. Apparently the caretaker person had already done so. Mr. Burnish would have been annoyed with her, had her way of showing him round not coincided so well with his own requirements. He wanted to look, and not to be talked to. He knew what he was after. No one could tell him. In the process of looking, standing as he now was, on the wide landing of the first floor, he became aware of the ceiling. The corners were cut off by little concave panels, leaving a wide circular portion, moulded in low-relief into a sort of picture. Some heathen god in classic robes was pursuing across that plaster expanse a female figure whose flowing draperies merged into clouds and cupids. The god himself was surrounded by satellites—what-d'you-call-ums—Mr. Burnish had been told about them, but having little interest in, or capacity for,

such matters, had only retained the fact of a difference between saints and heathen images, so as not to look a fool, to which he had a great objection. But this particular group, to look at which he tilted back his head until his collar cut into the folds of his neck, struck him as comic, and that biscuit-coloured pursuit—it was something like the way in which he was pursuing the caretaker round this old house, and he almost chuckled. Not quite, however. He was too busy, and his sense of humour never had time to expand. He was already thinking that this sort of decoration wouldn't do. You couldn't have clerks and typists and people running about under presentations of the nude, and he said aloud "No!"

His "No!" came back out of that pictured vault so sonorous that it brought him sharply to himself. He passed on surveying the empty rooms on either hand. These first-floor rooms looked out at the back, on to the overgrown garden. They were not so big as the rooms downstairs, but more decorated. Here was one with an old wall-paper, all faded and flaky, a Chinese design in gold. By its bay window this would be a sort of upstairs drawing-room. The others were bedrooms, all with doors opening out of the larger into the smaller, and one of these smaller rooms of a rare elegance, so that even Mr. Burnish scented, as it were, the idle, delicate woman who had once used it, for he aspired to nothing more than to gallantry.

His interest was, however, cursory. He was beginning to feel doubtful about the possibility of adapting the premises to the needs of the United. The ground floor was all right, but above that he found the scale of the building altogether too lavish. Pull it down, or let a portion? He didn't see at the moment how it could be managed. He tried to imagine it with neat glass partitions, a telephone in the centre of this panel, ventilators in the windows, swing doors replacing those great heavy old panelled ones, and felt more doubtful than ever. Moving on, he came, at the end of the passage, to a queerer room than ever, with the widest

window seats he had ever seen, barred windows and a wall-paper all nursery rhymes. Ah! nursery. He had never had such a thing, could form no picture of a state of things in which childhood was the object of so much solicitude. His own had been passed in the street, learning to get out of the way of things bigger than himself. But this room, taken together with the certain stateliness of the place, which even he could not miss, and the considerable absence of sanitation, enabled him to come to an unusually abstract conclusion. This place was just so much Lost Property. It belonged to a time when people had been able to eat and drink, have children and servants—in fact, an establishment, without thinking about it. The people who had built and occupied this house obviously knew nothing about sanitary inspectors, auditors, rateable value or insurance. They and their time were all gone by. This their property was derelict, like a purse dropped in the street. Well, it was getting dark, he had seen enough. Where was that old woman? He would give her half a crown, for he knew how to behave. She hadn't gone downstairs again, he would swear, she must have gone up. He called out.

"That will do, thanks!" but disliked the sound of his own voice intensely. Here were stairs, going up! Groping for the handrail he mounted. She must have gone to get a light, that was it. At the top, a long passage, lighter than below, the doors of all the small roms being open. Servants' rooms? What a quantity! You really wanted to cut out the first floor, and put this floor on the top of the ground floor. It would be ample for a caretaker, or even a manager. He strolled along. No one, no sign of life. She must have gone down some other way. At the end were two solid, low-browed doors. Surprising how the architecture showed, that in coming up a flight of stairs, you had gone down a step in society. No elegance here. Solid use. He opened the nearest door, and to his astonishment found himself stepping out on to the lead flats that surrounded the roof. Beastly dangerous. He closed that door

and opened the other. Very deep dark stairs going straight down. He descended gingerly. Here a landing, and then down again, darker still, until he came out through an archway, his feet grating on stone. He was in the kitchen. Great empty old barn. Door into the hall presumably? It was shut and locked. This way then. Scullery, solid stone sink, by gum. Larder, great slabs of stone. Whatever for? Ah! Game. Now a sort of back entry. Feeling his way, his hand encountered a handle. It turned, and he was out in the open air. He stepped aside to see from what part of the house he had come, and the door swung to behind him and latched. Oh, well, the old girl would miss her half-crown, she shouldn't have neglected her job.

He was in a narrow lane between two high walls, and turned to the left. Here was the end of the wall. The next moment he stopped dead. Four feet below him, oily in the twilight, flowed the sluggish river. He turned back, and retraced his steps, sweating profusely. He suddenly realized that his own voice and footsteps were the only sound he had heard since he entered No. 13. For the first time he thought the number suspicious. Most suspicious of all this alley, out of which he could not find his way, in the heart of the town in which he had been born.

He hurried on, uphill, panting, definitely pursued now by something sinister. That door on to the leads, those break-neck stairs, that unrailed river bank seemed to him so many attempts to make away with him, the spectre caretaker a lure, and the figures on the ceiling a warning mockery.

Then, turning a corner, and passing beneath a low archway, he came out in Mariners' Row. In twenty yards he was out in Bishopgate. Once amid shops, in the glare of lamps and bustle of traffic, he heaved a sigh of relief. Looking back down Mariners' Row, he could not for the life of him determine where he had come from.

Hurrying back to the "George" he found, as he expected, the local manager waiting for him, obsequious. He was

not feeling himself, and would have preferred whisky, but the local manager offered champagne, and he felt obliged to take it. They dined together, Mr. Burnish dilating on the possibilities of the premises he had surveyed. He had a recollection of drinking port, but not of much else, until the morning, when he woke with every symptom of an influenza cold. He had to keep to his room for a couple of days. The first thing he did when he was about again was to send for the manager, to hear what had transpired about the new premises. To his astonishment the answer was: "Can't find it. You said No. 13, Riverside."

"That's where I went. What do you mean?"

"There is no No. 13!"

"Rubbish. What do Stangrooms say?"

"No such property on their books. Never sent you a card. Don't seem to know you!"

Mr. Burnish fumed, went to look himself, got mixed up with washing hung out to dry, and derisive children, in alleys off Mariners' Row, nearly went to Stangrooms, but disliked the thought of old Stangroom's eye. In the end gave it up, took a derelict cinema—not his dream by any means—take a lot of expense to convert. But nothing else to be done. He had lost three days. Unprecedented! Moving away from the trees and spires, still almost as numerous as trams and smoke-stacks in the city of his birth, he mused on the queer business. He daren't tell a soul, for he was more afraid of being laughed at than anything else in the world. And laughed at he undoubtedly would be. He could remember every detail of that house that wasn't there. And going over it all in his mind, he felt that already something was laughing at him. And he was so unconscious of having deserved it. He had behaved himself. Then for a moment a gleam of extra intelligence shot through his mind, occupied with the immediate and the obvious. Lost Property, he had likened the old place to. By George, it was!

A TALE THAT WAS TOLD [1]

By L. A. PAVEY

From *The Manchester Guardian*

"Talking of speed motorists," said Harper. We weren't, as a matter of fact, we were expressing views on balloon tyres, but that was Harper all over. Anything gives him his chance. It is said at the club bitterly that he once interrupted a heated debate on macaroni with his views on Mussolini. However, apart from the fact that nobody can stop Harper, we weren't particularly interested in balloon tyres. "Talking of speed motorists," he repeated, "did you hear of Clenham's experience?"

"Which one?" growled one of the group. "The smash at Lingate, or that fifty-mile dash on two tyres, or——?"

"No, the very latest," said Harper. "Last week, when he'd just—you know his expression—'popped down to the coast for an hour or two.'"

The group made Harper happy by admitting that it hadn't.

"It was when he was coming home from Belham," said Harper. "He'd had a great swim, a rest on the beach in a deck-chair in the sun and had strolled along, feeling lazy, to the parking-ground. He was hoping to do the ninety home in something a good deal less than two hours, he said. He spanked out of the town at a great rate and was settling down to a comfortable fifty on the dead straight new road to Findhurst when he made the astonishing discovery that he'd taken somebody else's car."

"What?" queried the group.

[1] Copyright, 1927, by L. A. Pavey.

"Yes, he found the car couldn't stand the pace. And he was surprised—his own is always tuned up to a nicety, you know. Then he put out his hand for some gadget or other and—it wasn't there! Then he saw that one or two of the dashboard arrangements were slightly different. Awful feeling, he said, and I can believe him. Like drowning in deep water, I should think, speeding along in an unknown car. . . .

"He stopped her, of course. Outside she was as like as two peas to his own. He hadn't looked at her number and he usually does automatically. Back he went in an altogether unholy flummox of mind to the parking-place.

"Clenham is not, of course, the sort of man to be bothered long by an unknown car and he was soon feeling enough at home to knock out his forty-five minimum. At least he started it, but that car simply wouldn't do it. He merely thought at first that she'd been badly handled and kept and was probably choked up. But then the strangest of things happened."

Harper stopped and filled his pipe impressively.

"She slowed up as he approached some cross-roads. He'd intended to go straight over and the roads were clear. But to his astonishment the car, after slowing up, veered round to the left, took the corner beautifully and went straight on towards Makefield! And when he attempted to turn her he couldn't. He sat there, as frightened as he ever could be in a car. Yet the car was behaving so well in keeping to the road that he had some sort of illusion of safety and didn't try to stop her altogether. Perhaps he thought she wouldn't go again if he did. But after a mile or two she slowed up again, entirely on her own initiative, and stopped. Clenham pulled himself together and tried everything—ignition, petrol, contact-breaker. . . . He was in a terrific state and frightfully hot, when he noticed a small inn opposite. He went in and had a drink. Gloomily, he said, although his host was affable, for he dared not mention his experience. This is a hard-headed county, and

even if it weren't . . . Well, it would have been altogether too much, wouldn't it?

"So he went back to the car, which at once started at the merest touch. A mile or two farther on he tried turning to the right in order to trick the car by another right-angled turn later back into his own main road. The car obeyed gracefully and he began to feel happier. But at the second turn she took the left fork instead! Again he couldn't turn her and again a little farther on, she stopped herself. He was so worried that he went once more through all the tricks of the trade before he looked up and saw the host of the second inn placidly regarding him. And once more, after he'd had another drink, she started at a touch. . . .

"He gave it up. His head was in a whirl. He, a racing motorist, quite humbly subscribed himself as the servant of this car of wicked magic. He simply drove. She kept her own speed of thirty and he could not persuade her to more, and she steered herself at any cross-road they met.

"Then she pulled up and stopped again. Clenham was annoyed; he doesn't believe in more than a couple when he's driving and being forced to drink in this absurd fashion very naturally upset him. Though he felt, too, that if he'd had thirty that car knew enough to have seen him through all right. But this time he was not, after all, outside an inn, but a comfortable little farmhouse. A man who had been leaning over a gate, on which was painted 'Whiteways,' came over to him immediately and in a voice full of rage asked him what he meant by stealing his car.

"It was the last straw. Clenham stuttered and stammered and then asked him what his car meant by abducting him (it sounds absurd, I know, but Clenham said he was frightfully upset). The man, staring at him as though this was merely calculated impertinence—and, of course, when you come to think of it, it must have sounded like it—went for Clenham with his fists. And though Clenham is, as you know, pretty powerful, he was rushed off his feet

and bundled into a pond. 'That's from Collett of Whiteways, if anybody wants to know,' the man shouted."

Harper paused and continued apologetically.

"Then Clenham discovered that the tide had surrounded his deck-chair with a rush, that his shoes and socks were soaked and that his doze in the sun had given him a headache. But," he added impressively, "that wasn't the end of it. He hurried back to his car, intending to exceed his own speed limit in a dash home for dry footwear, and found a crowd round it. A man actually had been trying to steal it apparently and the attendant, who knew Clenham and his car, had collared him. There was a great pow-wow as Clenham walked up.

"Clenham said he felt confused—with his dream, with his wet feet, with the hot sun and with this unpleasantness in front of him. The man was protesting volubly that he thought it was his own car, but when they asked him where it was, he said it must have been in a similar square half a mile along. He did not know the sea-front well, he repeated again and again, and the squares looked so much alike. They confronted him with Clenham, who didn't know what on earth to say to the man. It needs practice, talking to car-thieves—at least, to do it effectively. Clenham was, and is still, very confused about this part of the affair, which is a great pity, for he found himself, before he was really wide awake, talking to Mr. Collett of Whiteways; and immediately turning to inform the crowd that it was all right, that he knew Mr. Collett well enough to vouch for his honesty. . . .

"He said it seemed to him at the time absolutely logical to reverse the positions in his dream, one of the implications to be accepted, therefore, being an honest mistake of Mr. Collett in taking his car.

"And Mr. Collett, after thanks and further protests, vanished with the rest.

"But what Clenham *can't remember* is whether he himself addressed the man as Mr. Collett of Whiteways or

whether the man himself gave him the name. Though he feels sure he wouldn't have been such a fool as to put the game in a thief's hands in that stupid fashion and that his dream really was an extraordinary case of auto-suggestion. . . . You see what hangs on it, don't you? What did you say, Anning?"

"I said nothing," said Anning somewhat grimly. "But you really ought to know better, Harper. I'll get the truth out of Clenham when *I* see him."

TRAGEDY IN A GREEK THEATRE [1]

By V. S. PRITCHETT

From *The Cornhill Magazine*

Those who used to go to Sicily for the winter will remember old William Bantock, the artist, who had such a delightful studio on the cliff at A——. From his window you could see the widening floor of the Straits of Messina lain to the sky. It was a pretty studio. There was a heaped deluge of purple bougainvillea pouring from its roof; a vine trellised over its porch. All will remember old William Bantock with his fat thumb angled over his palette, his head as bald and ripe and shiny as a cheese; and his corpulent, windy way of talking. He was a bachelor and he lived alone.

You will remember edging round his studio, looking at the innumerable panels and little sketches of Etna and the Greek theatre. Volcano, theatre; volcano, theatre; one after the other almost like picture postcards. I wonder how many thousand studies of Etna and the Greek theatre he painted in his lifetime, and how many thousands he sold to the tourists. Somebody once asked him. Old William became suddenly very testy and gruffly steered the fellow out of the room.

The studio was a longish room with a window looking on to the Straits. This window must have been added at a later date. And at one end of the studio was a door leading into another room. No one was allowed to go into that room. It became a mystery. Those people with a flair

[1] Copyright, 1927, by V. S. Pritchett.

for other people's secret sorrows used to discuss the room. And old William himself added to the mystery by lying so carelessly when you asked him about it. To you he would say, 'Oh, that is my study.' To you, 'Oh, that? My bathroom.' To another, 'Bedroom.' Some would catch him unaware and he would stutter, 'Oh, that's my . . . It has . . . Oh, lumber room, old junk, nothing. It's empty.'

After his death, with no one left to prevent them knowing the mystery, people's curiosity dropped. The proprietor of the Volcano Hotel, who had been old William's landlord, went with me one day to the studio and we opened the door of the mystery room. It was empty. That is, there was no furniture in it. Nothing except a dozen large canvases leaning against the wall, cobwebbed and sooty. And on an easel was another large canvas, half finished, and with evidence of recent paint. It was the usual thing of Etna and the theatre. The sky was very black and dead looking. Some vague forms were sketched in it. You could not say what they were. We pulled out the other canvases and banged them on the floor to shake out the cobwebs. The same subject again. Did he never paint anything different? A big spider rolled out like a bead.

The room was very warm. The air was stagnant, tepid. We tried to push open the skylight, but the rod had rusted, and sifted down red dust into our eyes as we looked up, poking away. The air of the room was flat and stale. There were one or two dead flies upside down on the floor. It was as though the thoughts old William had left there in his lifetime were still present; as though his breath were still there, vapid, thick on the amber air. I was depressed. I felt we had intruded on the scene of a suspected tragedy, the tragedy I had half sensed during his lifetime. And when the proprietor pulled out his pipe and struck a match to light it, I cried out, irritated, 'For goodness' sake don't do that.' He was startled; and was not sure of himself for days after.

We found an anthology of Greek translation, torn and a gape of tea stained on it. Ten pages only were cut. I

found a roll of water-colours. These were rough, rapid things. I bought them afterwards. I still have them. He was not a great artist, but there was a *flash* of greatness in those water-colours; he must have once had the fire. I told the proprietor this one day, and he brightened at the compliment to his late tenant. He said firmly, but not immodestly, 'He owed his success to me. I made him.' From that moment I began to piece together William Bantock's story.

If you have been going to A—— as long as I have, and if you have been as hard up as I have been, you will have known John Puigi, the proprietor of the Volcano Hotel; his was the cheapest hotel in the place. Clean but modest. John Puigi was an English-looking man. His mother had been an English governess and his father a minute Sicilian functionary. John was a deliberate, plodding fellow, with an Italian readiness for seeing things and an English thoroughness and patience in carrying them out. He had been head waiter in a big hotel in Naples: the under-manager at a place in Palermo. Finally, many years ago, he had started on his own at A——, where there was a growing winter season. The English came every year with their red necks, and high, clean collars; and John got his share of their custom.

It was in those early days that William Bantock came to A——. He was looking for somewhere to paint. And the train brought him to that coast where the hot up-ended promontories sink their hulls of lava and hazed gold limestone into the seas. The Messina coast where the coarse, top-heavy ranges shut in the interior. Where the cliffs dive thunderously down. Where the green coast valleys stand in the light of the lemons, the candle-light of a million young moons. Where the dark Mediterranean burns the coast. Where is the myriad silver of the olives. Where are the bronze statuary of the cactus, the bayonets of the aloes, the cottony cirri of the almond blossom, and the pruned regiments of the vines. Where the valley hills are terraced from floor to summit, emerald stairs of corn stepping up to the

sky. And where that heavy pagan sky leans forward on the earth like a dozing body and breathes a somnolence on the sun-eaten hills. Where on golden crags flash white villages like gulls on a swell; and the finger of distant Italy is lifted, lifted till the Straits are free of it.

William Bantock came. He arrived from Naples by train. It was a hot, humid journey. Being Sicily bound, he had dutifully brought an anthology of Greek translations with him. The boredom and vacuity of the journey drove him to cut a few pages of the book. He had never read a line of Greek literature in his life—not even in translations. He had bought the anthology because he wanted to know why there was always such fuss about the Greeks. But after reading a few pages of the anthology—"Aeschylus," I think it was—Bantock paused and, heart beating, realised he was a Greek! He had always been a Greek, eternally! He had always known it! "We are all Greeks!" he cried in contenting, literary ecstasy. The train clanked before the purple summits of Calabria, soft smoke blackening over those long bays. Clanked on and on, the double click-click of the bogies, the hollow voice of the curves, the jazz, hurled clatter of the whining, moaning tunnels: this was the jarring machinery of life, the undertone that never ceases. Bantock wanted to stop the train. No, wished the train could stop, wished time could stop, life could stop; anything to keep that rapture. The train chattered nasally along, pulled over points, pushed him against the window, tugged him slowly back. Two or three black cinders skipped in at the window and hit his book, hit "Aeschylus." He snapped the book to. He never read another line of it. He half knew you could not labour or hold a rapture, and half did not know.

William Bantock stayed at the Volcano. Spidery, tweedy, bearded John Puigi had seen him arrive with most of his belongings in haversacks and with only one suitcase. That had struck Puigi. Tourists generally brought suitcases.

"You mustn't miss the Greek theatre," said old Puigi, by way of making himself agreeable to his new guest. William

Bantock smiled at this. Miss the Greek theatre! He liked that! What minds these provincial Italians had, with their oily, insinuating "Chiesa! Chiesa!" Thought no one knew about their beastly theatres and churches except themselves.

But the hint sank in. Hints always got Bantock. He refused them at first. But he always took them in the end. He always acted on what he heard last and believed what he had last read.

Old Puigi always boasted that Bantock went up to the theatre immediately. This might easily be true, for Puigi had begun that subtle ownership of the man which made their stories curiously one. However it was, up Bantock went sooner or later to that eminence risen sheer from the Straits where, like a dew pool in a summit basin, the theatre stood. A few links of colonnade, a belt of walls and keyless, empty archways, the grassy bowl of the auditorium: all that Time had left of it. The adamant of the sea was floored in azure far away below. And you could see bitter white-coned Etna scorching the sky, ten thousand grey feet of her, in the southern distance. This hill seemed, as all heights can seem, the rare top of the world.

William Bantock came down from the theatre with a light in his eyes. He came down into A——, that white, ripe-roofed village legded on its cliff. A place sun-blanched and built in stillness, with one long tepid street, a canal of pavement flowing between its walls. There were rust-gold churches with lichen-embroidered tiles. Their bells heaved and banged the occasional hours. The gilded hands of the clocks gestured over the hot black pauses, not of time, but of eternity, it seemed.

He came down the hill, and old Puigi was sitting in the shade outside the hotel watching him; with pipe-stem bitten between his smoke-ambered teeth, his lips pulled away from them, showing the orderly amber ranks with smoke channelling between them. He sat there with his legs crossed, a bearded, tawny, tweeded spider in the middle of his web, his face as dark as nicotine. He watched and puffed and

thought things out. He saw things as they were. He knew what he wanted. He saw dimly in a way how to get it. But he took no risks. Little by little, he did things—slowly. He sat in his warm limbs and drew at his pipe. It spouted smoke like a cauldron. Like Etna. He seemed to be concocting something. And at every puff you knew his business was increasing—or at least consolidating. That was the better word. Consolidating. Puff by puff. He was getting what he wanted. Getting it. He did not quite know how, but he was getting it.

Bantock came down the hill. Puigi could see him coming, swinging his stick and poking it through the flaccid cactus. This impressed old Puigi unfavourably, so he told me. The English in him hated betrayal of feeling. A man who betrayed his feelings . . . well, it was clear. Bantock came up gaily enough. "Seemed about to poke me in the ribs with his stick. And then remembered himself," old Puigi told me. Puigi said nothing but "Good evening. Did you have a nice walk?" Instinctively he led the artist on by affected indifference.

"I have been up to the theatre," Bantock said.

"Yes?"

"Ah, yes," said Bantock.

His voice was not so corpulent in those days. He was slighter. His hair was bleached the colour of barley-water, and was scant above the temples, the beginning of that moon-like baldness of the later days. You saw his eyebrows only when the sun picked out a hair or two of them in butter yellow. He was a featherless duckling, and with a thin voice that strayed stammering along his phrases, trying to remember his last word so as to connect his next words to it.

"Of course Etna is the highest volcano in Europe," began old Puigi judiciously.

"Yes, Etna is magnificent," said Bantock. "What a marvellous place that theatre is, isn't it? That vision is—er—er—that view is—er—very nice. It is rather interesting, I mean. Don't you think? Amazing!"

Old Puigi saw the man needed constant, gradual prompting. Or perhaps old Puigi only *felt* it. He always knew instinctively how to handle a man.

"It is more than that! Nice, indeed!" he cried, pulling his pipe out and tapping it on his boot. "Much more than that."

William Bantock hesitated. There was almost an intimacy in which the man had spoken, paused, and tapped his pipe. That won him; he had to tell someone.

"To me," plunged Bantock, "that theatre is one of the most marvellous things in the world. The Greeks were amazing. What vision to put a theatre sheer above the sea! What a situation! Even now the place is in ruins we can grasp something of the spirit of their age, don't you know. I mean what the Greeks meant. The immensity of the—er—conception—er—remains. I mean, you see what they were after. From the—er—heights—the top you see the Sicilian hills are its auditorium, its amphitheatre the Straits, its stage the world. And behind all—er—at the—er—back is Etna, the Fury, the—er—smoking Fury, holding what you might call its eternal threat, its threat—do you know what I mean? When the Greeks built that theatre they built so that the colossal and—er—invisible forces which work beneath or behind the world might stalk—might stalk about and rise beyond the—er—little tragedies of men! Looming over them! Just as though—er—they were pitting the dwarfed white humans against the statuesque—against the statuesque background of the Powers and Presences. The Greeks brought the infinite to the stage. At least, that's how it seems—er—to me, don't you know. An actor declaiming to the auditorium was magnified to the—er—stature of the gods. Under the open sky, the Powers shadowing—if you see what I mean—dwarfed as it were."

John Puigi was taken aback by this and baffled by this straying, bleated eloquence. He admitted to me he was taken aback. He knew that tourists were as black as crows in the theatre some mornings, shouting this way and that,

trying the acoustics; with cameras waiting for the clouds to slide off Etna. The aching click of the cameras, as if protesting against the sacrilege. But never had he heard——

Ah, Bantock was off again:

"I know what I have got to do. To get that on canvas. All that." ("All what?" old Puigi asked himself.) "To get, to try and get some of the magnitude of that sight, something of the Greek conception—er—its naïf intuition of infinity. To get something of that strangely inhabited firmament—of that inner life they symbolised. That is—er—er—my work. My job, don't you know. What I shall try——"

Old Puigi went away dumbfounded. He understood the tourist. He came for pleasure and lived on his savings. He understood the archæologists, in a way. They messed about with the bricks. That was queer enough, but it was tangible. But for a man to make his living out of, out of—what was it?—Powers! Presences! Naïf intuitions! Good Lord, what words the man used! What did he mean?

There was something fishy about it, about a man with ideas like that. He was not practical. Old Puigi didn't know anything about painting, but he was damned if he could see what infinity had to do with it. Infinity was all right, if it didn't stop a thing from paying. But he greatly suspected it might. Old Puigi noticed that when a man had got nothing to brag about he always talked big. Big—infinity—the same thing. He always distrusted a man when he talked big.

"It was a strange thing for you to take so much interest in one of your guests. I don't see why you bothered," I said to old John one day.

This cornered him for a moment, but he thumbed the bowl of his pipe almost shyly—shyly for him—and said——

"I don't know why I bothered. I had a feeling that and I—I don't know. You know there is one thing I can't stand— Well, I had a sort of feeling——"

The truth was old Puigi was consolidating, succeeding, in-

creasing, filling up his barns, puff by puff: and there is no man so sensitive to the approach of a failure as a prospering man. It is an attack, a rebuke. A successful man likes to see people succeed—it reassures him.

All that talk about the Greeks. He was suspicious of that. He didn't know much about the Greeks, except that they had "made" the hotel industry of the village. That was to their credit. He didn't pretend to be a scholar. But he was sure, yes, he was damned sure, the Greeks weren't stuffed up like that with high-falutin ideas. They must have had good heads on them, those fellows, to build a theatre like that with equidistant seating and graded tiers and good acoustics. Something as up-to-date as an English cinema. Good walls too. There was a decent bit of building in those walls. Not much infinity in that, eh? And to put a place in sight of Etna. Damn good business sense! Everyone liked to see a volcano; it was as good as a play. Bless you, wouldn't many a London manager give his right arm to have a volcano for a drop scene! There was nothing vague and up in the air about the Greeks. He wouldn't mind betting there was nothing exaggerated about them.

He left it at that, so he told me. He didn't bother himself about it. He saw Bantock about an odd time. He seemed to go about a good deal. He scarcely spoke again after that first outburst. He appeared to be painting hard. He was always up at Etna. He once volunteered, "I am—er—getting—I am getting—er—I am getting to grips with the—er—Powers."

But nothing more. He must have stayed three months or more.

Old John, tweedy, bearded spider, went beading about the place, looking after it—sitting in the shade and biting that pipe of his, fouling himself with smoke.

The hotel was full. An English family were giving up their rooms; but three Americans were coming down from Naples. It all evened out. Those extra bathrooms had cost a bit. Americans demanded bathrooms. But the large

rooms covered that. And he was getting more for the top rooms since he cut down those eucalyptus trees and got that view of Etna. That was the best day's work he had done for a long time, cutting down those trees. Next year he might think of an annexe. He could make it out of that cottage at the end of the garden. It overlooked the sea. He could cut those big rooms into three. That was it. Two partitions, running water, a bath at the end. Leave the skylight. And the German chambermaid could look after everything. That was an idea. Give her a bit more and she could run it. That was a practical idea. He would just have to go into it carefully.

The weather became hotter. The sea's silver burned. The dust loaded the cypresses and the olives. There were a couple of hours of sirocco. The visitors began to intrigue for *wagon-lits*, to leave one by one. But there was no talk of Bantock leaving. He stayed and painted. More people went. Not a sign from Bantock.

He took the key of his room away with him one morning and the maid could not get in. She told Puigi, who climbed in at the balcony window. What a state the room was in! There were tubes of paint on the floor, on the washstand. There was a palette on the bed. Old Puigi trod on a tube of gamboge as he entered. There was a sketch propped up against the coffee jug. There were eight or nine canvases on the floor. Someone had trod on a stick of charcoal and heeled it in little black craters about the room. A pair of trousers was hanging by its braces from the bed-knob. There was a bottle of turpentine on the mantelpiece. I wish I could remember old Puigi's description of how he opened the door and walked to his office with a tube of gamboge stuck to his heel.

"I won't have a room used like that. We don't allow ironing, and we won't allow paint. Some people think because they pay a week's rent they can live like pigs. I'll let him have a piece of my mind!" bellowed old Puigi on the way to his office. "I'll damn well stick it on the bill."

In came Gretchen, crying, "You trod on some paint, sir. Oh, it's on your heel, sir. It's all over the carpet, sir. Yellow paint, sir." Old Puigi looked at his heel.

He went to the garden to calm himself. Bantock would kick at the charge, quite unreasonably of course, but he would kick. He would probably leave. But he would be probably leaving anyway soon. At this moment Bantock came round the corner.

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. Bantock, but when—" began old Puigi. Bantock interrupted him before he could end.

"I know what you are going to ask. When am I going? Well—er—I think I shall be staying quite a long while. I am very busy. I am getting at it now. Getting into my stride. I shall be beginning my—er—er—bigger work—my —er—bigger work soon." And went down the passage to his room.

Something made old Puigi hold his tongue. An idea was coming. He had a feeling. It was a bad thing to let things come to a head. It was fatal. It was always better to plod round a difficulty, to make something out of it. The idea became clearer. It seemed to old Puigi that he must have been thinking this for a long time unknown to himself. There it was. Thank heavens he had controlled himself and had said nothing to the man. It was now so clear. He would turn that cottage not into an annexe but into a studio. It should be Bantock's studio. Only a quarter of the outlay and he would make him take it for a year. Distemper the walls. Put a bit of furniture in. Put a brass plate on the door: "W. Bantock, Studio." Fine. Lord, he almost wished he were Bantock! What a change he'd make! All you had to do was to sit there and paint. Paint away as hard as you could. Turn them out. Not too large. Like that. Just big enough to go into an ordinary suitcase. Do the view of Etna with the theatre in the foreground. The thing that had "made" the village. He betted you could sell a dozen a week in the season to the tourists and get a good price for them.

"I think I must have a bit of the artistic temperament myself," said old Puigi to himself.

William Bantock slammed his door behind him. Ah, who had been arranging his room again? Curse them! Why couldn't those maids leave his things alone? The turpentine! The turpentine! Where was the turpentine? Where was it? Ah, there, in the corner! What a place to put it! And the charcoal! Who had taken the charcoal? A new packet! The charcoal! Where had it gone? The charcoal! And, damn, no gamboge either. No gamboge. Who the blazes had been messing about? He sat on the bed, depressed. He wanted to get to work on something big, and whenever he tried to settle to it a stupid little commonplace upset him, put him off, blocked it. How could he get on? Going back every day to a bedroom like this. The almost indecent négligé of a bedroom. Its lean, utilitarian varnish. Its shiny nudity. Its smell of sheets and toothpaste and hair-brushes. He half thought of leaving the place. But, being William Bantock, only half thought of it.

Old Puigi caught him as he passed the office after dinner. "I expect you would be glad of a large room now," he said. "There's one on the top floor. It would give you more room. You need plenty of space for painting, and now we're not so full, it could be arranged. I mean, if you haven't got a studio a large room is the next best thing, I suppose." That was how he began, so he told me.

"It is indeed very difficult without a studio."

"Ah, yes, it must be. A—— is badly provided, as you say. No artist ever comes here. It'd be a gold mine to anyone who would. But without a studio—yes, I quite see.

"There is that top room if you think anything of it."

"I suppose you don't—I mean you wouldn't happen to know of a studio here?"

"I am afraid I don't. There is not one in the place that I know of."

"Hopeless. One must have somewhere to go."

"Well, I suppose you could get an old shed. There are

plenty of old sheds. Plenty of them. But no studios. That is the trouble. Even I have an old shed. It's got four walls and a roof. That is about as much as you can say of anything here."

"Your old shed?"

"Yes, at the back—the old cottage."

"Oh, at the back! Well, it might——"

"Oh, no, it wouldn't. It's not a studio."

"But it might do. Has it a skylight?"

"Ah, no. I wouldn't offer it you. It has got a skylight, but——"

"I don't know. I don't want much. It sounds as though it might."

"Ah, no. I don't see how you could do anything with it."

"Well, may I see it anyway?"

"It isn't worth your while——"

That was how Bantock was installed in the cottage. How it was transformed into a studio. Old Puigi gave it him on a yearly lease, and even went so far as to have a window looking seaward put into the wall. He took a great interest in the place. He carpentered. He fitted it up. He repaired the path. Had flagstones put down. And he screwed on the brass plate himself. It bore just the name, "William Bantock, Studio." "In case people should think it was the hotel, and bother you!" old Puigi explained.

The summer came. William Bantock worked hard at his big canvases through the heat. Through the great licking heat. The lambent sirocco unburdened its weight of fire. The country shimmered. The mountains blenched like ore in a furnace. The blue sky was the flame-quivering wall of a kiln. The limp promontories melted into the vitreous sea. Women drove donkeys laden with lemons down the dried tendons of path through the groves. You could smell the lemons. The water was slow and still and voiceless in the irrigation gullies. The dry, bare, pebbled wadis glared bone-white. The banging church bells seemed to crack the baked air as though it were a plate in an oven. The or-

chards broke with fruitage. Mule carts took all day groaning to climb the dusty cliff from the sea. The earth grew no more. It lay inert. It matured. It stopped and waited, satiate. It cracked. The sun and his golden flame ate away the rocky limestone hills and lit the dim facets of the clefts with the silvery void light of drought.

William Bantock laboured. Often he had tried to get that first vision of his. How to get it on to canvas? Sometimes he feared he had lost the vision. No, there it was again, And he snapped his eyelids as if to prevent it from obliterating into nothing. Screwing up his brow like a leaf; as if by the exquisite constricting of his vision and the tightening of his senses he could squeeze the fading vision into existence again.

"This is just the travail. I am getting nearer and nearer every day," he would say to himself.

But he knew, under all this, he was getting farther and farther away. It was like being adrift in a boat and believing the tide is taking you shorewards when you half realise all the time the current is gradually edging you out to sea, out and out.

Old Puigi used to go to the studio now and then, puffing away; his teeth precise, even, smoky keys. He would walk around and see how the studio was. He would tap the walls. Yes, the plaster was sound. He would have to fit a new hinge to that skylight. It was always catching. Otherwise everything seemed all right. It seemed very good. Very good. Very satisfactory. Terrible smell of paint! Not a bad smell, though. Rather a sharp, enlivening, persuading smell. Smelt workmanlike. Smelt as if a job was being done. That was one thing he would say for painting: you did it with your hands. You could see your work when it was finished. You had something to show for your time.

This fellow was working away. Mighty big canvases he had around too. No doubt about that. People did love a volcano. "The trouble is," thought old Puigi as he looked around, "the trouble is these things of his are so large. Far

too large. Why, you'd want a pantechnicon to take them away in."

"Here, Mr. Bantock, why don't you cut down—" Old Puigi pulled himself up in time. "I mean, you work on a very large scale, don't you?"

"It is a large subject."

"It is a grand subject."

"Grand, yes. That is it," said Bantock, warmed by the sympathy in the adjective.

"Grand and intense."

"Yes, that is it. That is the difficulty. To keep the intensity and to get the grandeur. Not to let the picture get loose, flabby, out of hand, do you know."

"You are a brave man to try such a large canvas. It must be much harder to do a big picture than a little picture. Must use up a lot of paint, too. I'm not an artist. I'm only an hotel-keeper. But I remember in that big place in Naples where I was—where I was head waiter, you know—the place was that big that you couldn't put good service into it if you tried. A bell went at one end of the place and another at the other end. Someone was always unlucky. Thin, if you know what I mean. And what it cost to run it."

"Hotels and pictures are very different, Mr. Puigi," said Bantock huffily. "Really, I mean, to compare a head-waiter's job to my middle distances!"

"Very different, indeed," blandly agreed old Puigi. "And yet I think there is more in a picture—in a small picture. You get it concentrated. Something like that size, say"—kicking a suitcase that was lying on the floor. "You ought to have an exhibition next season. People like something they can take away——"

"But——"

"Ah, yes, and if an artist doesn't want custom he must have recognition."

"What minds those hotel people have," muttered Bantock with scorn, when old Puigi had gone. But old Puigi stood on the step and knocked the ash out of his pipe. He watched

the silver ash softly heap on the step. He had sown his little seed. A little clumsily perhaps, but since he had got the fellow into the studio he felt more sure of him. He could mould him. That is what a young man wanted—moulding. "There's a mint of money in Etna for that fellow if he turns them out regular, suitcase size, for the tourist," he said aloud almost. And tip-toed off, frightened that Bantock might have overheard the little soliliquy.

So, the last act. It is a hot afternoon. It is late in the afternoon. Scene, the Greek theatre. It always is the Greek theatre. The tired silver of the Straits is soldered to the bent iron promontories. There is a steely, greenish light under that wide tray of water, a light not of the sea. Etna is dulling into neutral cloud, but a raised lance of blue sky is tapering from the sizzling crater to the zenith, broadening, broadening like a signal of life in the pewter monotone of the afternoon. A sign from the witch. And there is Bantock. Look at him. Squaring his easel, kicking a leg out, almost brutally. Now he is facing it. Etna. Always Etna and the theatre below. And now he is going to get it. He is excited, for two new words are rolling like a crescendo of drums in his head. Intensity! Recognition!

The canvas is much smaller.

That was the beginning. As old Puigi said, "I made him. Make them suitcase size,' I said. Of course, not as bluntly as that. It's no good. Just sowed the little seed; it's far the best way."

And, after a longish silence, "My, how he did rave about those Greeks!"

Then one day out came the question that had been troubling old Puigi, making him doubt his judgment at moments, making him uncertain of himself for the first time in his life—the doubt that had suddenly appeared in his mind the day I asked him not to strike that match.

He said, "I suppose they weren't worth anything, were they, those big pictures, you know—in that—in that—er—room?"

A KIND OF FREEDOM [1]

By ANTHONY RICHARDSON

From *The Royal Magazine* and *The Pictorial Review*

I

De Bouillé found Bertie at the corner of one of the side-streets that run into the East India Dock Road. They are most loathsome streets, always misty-dark, utterly straight and squalid. They steer into the brightly-lit road at right angles, and before you come to the Docks on your right on several corners stand public-houses, infamous flaunting places with gaudy mirrors and a deal of brass work. The smells down the Road are many and varied, but chief among them are the sweet, sickly odour of bad confectionery and the sour tang of beer.

Pearl, who was with de Bouille, was in half a mind to go back. She had enjoyed the run down from Piccadilly on the top of a 'bus—it was not considered very proper then for young women to ride aloft, but Pearl did not care. She had enjoyed seeing the crowds beneath, the flares, the flaming gin-palaces—it had been a spree, but she was not enjoying her walk alongside de Bouille, rubbing elbows with Stepney and getting hustled along.

She took his arm.

"Jumbo, let's get right out of this now. I'm tired."

De Bouille patted her arm. He was younger then and a stalwart protector.

"Not yet," he said. "Not yet, dearie. I've got a hunch that I'll spot something to-night."

[1] Copyright, 1926, by The Pictorial Review Company, under title "Force of Habit." Copyright, 1927, by Anthony Richardson.

She shrugged her shoulders and pouted. It was no good arguing with him when he was like this. He could be as obstinate as a mule, when he had the mood on him. Perhaps it was that very obstinacy, a tenacity of purpose making him deaf to entreaties of all kinds, especially those of pretty women, that had enabled him to succeed as he had done. He had two shows running steadily and strongly, one at the Frivolity and another at the Lyrical. He was going to put *The Faun* on in two weeks' time at the Palais Royal. Kariloff had done the music and Pearl was going to dance. It was the best thing Kariloff had done by a long way and would have brought fortune and fame to him then and there if it had not been for Bertie Cumberlege and Lizzie. But Kariloff's an old man now and with more money than he knows what to do with. You can still get the Bridal Dance, though, on old gramophone records.

They saw Bertie at the corner of the third street before you reach the Docks. There was a little crowd round him, mostly kiddies, though people were even then stopping to look at him. He had just arrived at his pitch outside the public-house and was getting into his stride. De Bouille pushed into the small crowd and watched. The light from the public-house was hard and glaring. A woman, a huge slattern with a fine, handsome face, was whirling the handle of a barrel organ. It was a gay tune, tinkling and staccato, and if it had not been for the smell coming through the half-open door of the bar, and the elbows that jabbed into your ribs, it would all have been rather jolly. As it was, Pearl was annoyed. She wanted to get back to Jermyn Street and de Bouille's comfortable flat.

But she lost all sense of irritation when Bertie began to dance. He was a short, weedy little fellow of about five-and-twenty, with dirty clothes and split boots and a muffler round his neck. His face was pinched and peaky with hunger and fatigue, a strangely old face for so young a man, and yet with an elfin air about it. His legs were long and awkward and his wrists, bare in the ragged coat, thin and

sinewy. But it was not his dancing that made de Bouille gasp and Pearl lean forward—it was the things he was doing with his hands. Each bony fist held half-a-dozen coppers. As he began to dance to that rakish, jangling tune, he began to rattle the pennies. They clicked and rattled louder and louder, a strange rhythm, that in later days was to be called syncopation.

He did a dozen steps in this manner and then warmed to his work. He flicked the coins from hand to hand as a conjurer sends the cards arching across, he shot them into the air and caught them in his mouth; they clicked and clinked and Bertie's skinny legs worked like an automaton's. The barrel-organ stopped suddenly and Bertie threw all twelve coins into the air and caught them behind his back. The woman by the instrument jerked a cap off a hook at the side of the machine. She lunged towards the crowd, smiling and with her head on one side, a little defiant, certainly domineering. The audience kept their hands in their pockets.

She glared at them:

"Come on now. D'you think we does this for pleasure?"

It was a strange way of seeking her patrons' rewards, but it worked.

Two pimply youths produced threepence between them, and then it was de Bouille's turn. The woman stared at him, a hard, antagonistic regard that he met steadily with his own keen, tilted glance. He gave her five shillings without a quiver of his broad lips. They fell shining one by one, those five shillings, into a ragged cap. A dramatic touch from a man who'd lived in and by drama all his life.

She broke into a sudden fit of coughing—a tearing, rending paroxysm that shook her through and through. When it was over she stared again at de Bouille through streaming eyes. It was not emotion—it was the cough. If de Bouille expected a sudden outburst of gratitude he was disappointed. He got a shot from her fine eyes, of suspicion. But:——

"Thank you, sir," she said mechanically.

And then she made her partner dance again. The verb

is just. She *made* him. In four seconds they had received as much as a whole night's work would have brought in the ordinary circumstances, but she looked across her shoulder at him, leaning, lips apart, that crooked, consumptive Puck of the streets, against the hurdy-gurdy. He smiled and shook his head. She stepped to the machine and drove the handle round.

He danced again.

"Did you see?" whispered Pearl.

And de Bouille nodded.

"My! but she leads him the devil of a life." Pearl shuddered.

That scene lived long with them. See for yourself the white faces of the crowd, the glaring white light of the public-house window, the wine-dark night stabbed with the tongues of flares and lamps and in the centre, on the shining road, Puck dancing, his coins twittering out the rhythm.

"Fairyland," whispered Pearl.

"Shucks!" De Bouille felt for his money. "Fairyland be damned. That boy's a genius."

An unsentimental, hard-bitten fellow, de Bouille, but with an eye for discoveries. He had never been beaten yet.

They tackled Bertie as Lizzie put her shoulder to the organ to move to the next pitch.

Bertie was rubbing his coins with care before he dropped them into his pocket.

"Been long at this?"

The little man screwed his face up.

"Since a nipper, guv'nor."

"Make anything at it?"

"A bloke has 'ard times. Off an' on——"

A woman shouldered her way into the group.

"We does better than most."

"I'm sure of that," said de Bouille. He fixed her with his who-the-devil-are-you look. She frowned at him. De Bouille was amused.

"I suppose you could do with bigger earnings?"

Bertie grinned.

"Do wiv 'em! O 'ark at 'im. You blokes wot lives at ease. I don't mean no offence, guv'nor—only to a fellow wot knows 'is job. Every man to a trade, only——"

"You like the—work?"

"I 'as to. But it's a art. There's not another this side o' Stepney that can crack the pennies like me."

"Then you'd better come and see me," said de Bouille and gave him his card. "Nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Come as you are. I can do something for you."

They left him, then, but Pearl heard:

"Liz! O blimy Liz. He's der Bou-ill, that's him. He's a nut, Liz."

It even made Pearl's little icy heart glow at the tones. Then Lizzie started coughing again.

II

By eight-thirty de Bouille was in his office. He seemed anxious. At nine Pearl and Kariloff came in.

Kariloff, young then, with the dark hair falling over his high forehead, his white, delicate face lined and weary, shook a trembling finger at de Bouille.

"Pearl tells me—my dear friend, my dear business-man, what is it you do? A street juggler for the Bride's Dance? It is absurd."

"Oh, shucks!" said de Bouille. "Wait and see. I know what I'm doing. Pearl dances, don't she, with the chorus as a crowd at her back? Oh, it's good, Kariloff—but listen here."

He rose from his seat and lumbered across the room to a piano.

"See here."

With a stubby forefinger he picked out a jingling, tinketty tune—Lizzie's tune.

"You can run that into something, Kariloff. And see—Pearl up-stage and the crowd behind her and then douse the

glim and in comes, through the chorus, mind you, this street-fairy of mine, just as he is, with his clinking coins; all the Cockney gaiety, the——"

He fluttered his hands up.

"The sheer damn' impertinence of the thing. God! but I'm clever."

"Well, is he here?"

"He's coming," said de Bouille.

Then Bertie came in. Kariloff gave a little scream and shook his head wildly, Pearl gasped, wanted to laugh, felt the tears prick her eyelids. Only de Bouille kept his countenance. He knew. He could *see*. Because Bertie was in his Sunday best! He had on a pair of light-brown boots, the same ragged trousers, but a loose check coat. He had no collar, but a tie, and in his hand a straw hat. There wasn't any Puck here, only a weedy, white-faced little Stepney rat.

Kariloff began to whimper:

"De Bouille, you great fool, how can I—*I* make music for you, when——"

"Now, shut it!" said de Bouille, and then to Bertie:

"Didn't I tell you to come as *you were?*"

"Well, guv'nor——" He shifted from one foot to another. Pearl caught her breath. "Well, guv'nor, seeing as how you——"

Somebody just behind him stepped to the front. It was Lizzie.

"Come out of this, Bert. They're making fun of yer. Come out of it."

She caught him by the shoulder and swung him round.

"Didn't I tell you?"

She was choking with anger. She shook her fist at de Bouille—yes, leant forward and shook it at London's greatest producer of the era.

"Comin' across 'im like that!" she said.

De Bouille got up.

"Now, you two——"

She wouldn't let him speak.

"Talk o' doing something for him!"

"Steady, Liz!"

"You 'old your mug, you shrimp. Doing something for him. So we comes along and spends three bob—yus, three ——shiners to get him nice and neat—waste o' money. Didn't I say so? Out of this, Bertie."

But de Bouille was in front of the door. He was smiling. He understood, you see.

"Yes, I know. Perfectly excusable, but I want him as he was last night. The *real* him. You get me?"

He argued, and argued, explained, grew angry, became sympathetic, and in the end got his own way. Lizzie was still unsatisfied, suspicious, but Bertie with his keen Cockney wit understood at length what was required of him. He left, saying he would return in an hour.

That was one of the longest and most difficult hours de Bouille had ever had. Lizzie sat down heavily on a chair and just glowered. Pearl fluttered about in a state of excitement. Kariloff tried to weep. Calmest among them was de Bouille. He could see the finished effect in the present chaos, could see the possibilities. He drummed on the desk with a pencil till Kariloff seized it and flung it into the paper basket. De Bouille merely shrugged his shoulders, and tried to draw out Lizzie. She was sullen and full of distrust. Every now and again she would catch her breath and give that terrible cough. It was all very trying.

But when Bertie came back de Bouille became galvanic. He shoved the desk clear and tossed a chair towards the piano. He even made Lizzie go to a corner of the room. Kariloff whined and wrung his hands. Bertie in the centre of the room, now thoroughly ill-kempt, his hands in his pockets, clicked his pennies.

"Oh, stop it!" cried Kariloff.

"Take no notice of him," said de Bouille. He was the only person in London who'd have dared say it and then get away with it.

"Now you, Pearl—here." He pointed at Lizzie. "You're

the stalls. No, sit still woman. Pearl, you come in right-centre. There, so. Now you, young feller, got your pennies? Right. When I say go! Up with your skirts, Pearl. It's the Bridal Dance."

He banged out that rare refrain on the trembling piano with murderous fingers.

"Up-stage, Pearl. La-di-da-da. Now you, you Bertie—dance too, you little devil. La-di-da—no, blockhead, round this way——"

Pearl dancing and Bertie, first hesitant, then skipping in. Clicketty-click!

Kariloff, goggle-eyed, running to the piano, clawed de Bouille away.

"Aside, fat murderer! Now, now——"

He leant over the keyboard. He played nearly as well as he composed, did Kariloff. He cocked his head over his shoulder.

"No!"

He pushed Bertie aside.

"See. She dances and then you—you come in, clicketty-click—when I go like this."

He leapt to the piano and forth there came a solemn mockery of Lizzie's air on the hurdy-gurdy.

"See—that is good."

De Bouille grinned. He had won. He had got Kariloff. The musician was in a fever of excitement. Pearl was hot and bothered, Bertie enjoying himself. They were doing it a second time when Lizzie coughed. The pennies clattered on to the lino floor—Bertie was beside her.

"Liz, old girl!" He banged her back.

"Come, come!" screamed Kariloff.

"Liz!" He put his arm round her shoulders. "Gawd," he said, "that cough tears her up properly."

She pushed him away.

"I'm all right. Get out."

But anybody could see how she loved him. De Bouille frowned.

An hour later they all left the office. Kariloff danced along.

"Ah, my friend, what a wonder you are!"

"I am," said de Bouille.

That was the way then that Bertie Cumberlege was "discovered." The only person not crazy with joy was Lizzie.

III

Nobody nowadays remembers *The Faun*. They say it is going to be revived shortly. There is every reason why it should be. Its first production was a great success. But the public never knew why, after five weeks, it collapsed. It was Lizzie's fault and yet it wasn't. That is to say, de Bouille was up against something too big for him. At the same time he never reckoned with it, would not recognise it. He was too dogmatic and that, after all, is excusable in a man who deals day long, year long with human chattels, forcing them, bending them to his will. He under-estimated his opponent and thought it was Lizzie. Maybe it was Lizzie, or maybe it was something of which she was only the vehicle, that which is called Love. De Bouille had tabulated Love as he had tabulated, indeed had had to tabulate, everything. He thought it was a word, like many people do. You can dismiss words.

The operette was a success. It went with a bang. More rightly, one might say it went with a click—the clicketty-click of Bertie's pennies. If you turn up the files of *The Times* of that date you'll see what I mean. In that notice there are a dozen lines devoted to Bertie and de Bouille.

In short, Bertie became famous.

He lived in what everyone conjectured must be Paradise for five weeks. It was an amazing experiment. What Bertie himself thought of it all no one knew till long afterwards, but at the time he seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. He had no stage-fright. His cockney impudence, encouraged, heightened by applause, carried him through every-

thing. He was vulgar with the ripe, seasoned vulgarity that knows no shame; a clean, vigorous vulgarity of the streets and their dwellers, homely, penetrating and showing in every gesture of his leaping figure.

And yet with it all, curiously enough, was a quality of faëry. He danced and clinked his pennies because he liked it and because, like a child, he loved admiration. He was a child and had, at times, queer, earnest moments, which de Bouille discouraged. He was hired to dance and not to think. But de Bouille reckoned without Pearl Adelaide. He knew Pearl as he knew the palm of his hand. Hard and bright and strong outside, but "Shucks, inside she's mushy," de Bouille would say. The trouble was, as de Bouille rightly conceived it, that Pearl thought her icy heart really was frozen. It was not. It was soft and ardent, and—a little limp.

He was shocked out of his pleasurable sense of success when Lizzie called on him at the Palais Royal, when the show had been running for two weeks.

She was more antagonistic than ever.

"I've come about my Bert."

De Bouille lit a cigar.

"Well, what's the matter? Aren't you pleased with him? He's making ten jimmy o'goblins a week."

"Oh, I know all that. 'E sent me to a doctor las' week. My cough——"

She frowned.

"Balmy young fool! Wasting his money on me. It isn't——"

"Well, isn't that as it should be? He does his best for you."

"Oh, it ain't that." She shifted her bulk on the chair. "It ain't that. You see—— Where's it all goin' to end?" she asked him.

"Nowhere if you're going to be a nuisance," said de Bouille.

"Oh me?" she grimaced. "I know all about that. I'm

not wanted. It's all right for you, but what about me?"

"Bertie helps you."

"Helps me? Blimey, of course he does. But I don't want *help*. I want *my Bert*."

De Bouille was exasperated.

"Look here," he said. "This isn't my concern. But I'm not going to have my show spoilt because you're selfish. Bert isn't your sole property. He's got a mind of his own. I suppose? He's come to better things. Leave him alone. Let him have his chance. Do you want to do him down? Don't you think he's happier now?"

"I don't know. What's that to do with it? He's mine."

"Shucks! He'll stick to you—if he *wants to*."

"What j'er mean?"

"What I say."

"He's been blabbing, has he, little swipe? What's he been saying? I'd like to know. I'll hammer him."

"That's just the point," said de Bouille. "You would. Not likely he'll go back to that, is it?"

"What do you know, nosey? You don't know anything. 'E's fond of me, Bert is."

"Well, we'll leave it at that," said de Bouille.

He was quite satisfied with the argument, but he saw the danger. He took Bertie Cumberlege in hand. You understand, if Lizzie were to have her way, it wouldn't do *The Faun* any good. He did a deal of thinking and then made his plans. At this stage he was cold-blooded and scheming, but for all that right was on his side. If he wanted to get rid of Lizzie, it was all for Bertie's (and his own!) sake. He argued himself into the idea. Wasn't Bertie better off? Wasn't he learning every day? Hadn't he got his chance?

He spoke to Pearl about it. Pearl agreed.

"Take him about a bit, girlie. Show him what life's like. Clean him inside and out of his old ideas. Get him thinking on the right lines. *You* can do it. Well?"

"It'll be fun," said Pearl.

IV

De Bouille may have been a scheming old rascal and Pearl a little devil, but putting morals aside, wasn't it all for Bertie's good? They set about the job thoroughly. De Bouille himself spent hours in teaching him elocution; they took him to a tailor who made something of him; they encouraged the reporters. They had everything on their side—power, money, and Bertie's indebtedness.

To Pearl the whole affair was a great joke. She took Bertie up. She petted him and introduced him about the place, and because the thing was new and daring, people joined in. They made a fuss of Bertie. They found his self-consciousness and amazement at the glitter something at which to smile patronisingly. The women said Bertie was a scream, a curious epithet for one so childlike and shy. The men were not so kind to him. Meanwhile, *The Faun* was drawing the crowd on an enormous scale. De Bouille chuckled for joy.

None of them saw Lizzie again, though the doorkeeper said she was at the stage door each night. If you had passed by, down that narrow alley at the back of the Palais Royal, you would have seen her, a huge, gaunt figure just where the wall juts out on to the pavement and out of the light thrown slant-wise across the street from the garage opposite. She would stand there with her handkerchief pressed against her mouth because her cough was that bad, the doorkeeper said, that you couldn't hear the traffic when she breathed.

She would wait there quite motionless, a huge, ominous shadow, till Bertie came out, generally with Pearl, and got into Pearl's car and drove away. She made no sign, but only clenched her great fists. "Oh, I'll hammer 'im," you might have heard her say. The tears would be streaming down her face, and she would swear at anybody who happened to be near. De Bouille or Pearl or anyone like that would have said she was there for revenge. She wasn't.

There was soomething hideous about her agony. She was so big and slatternly and cruel—not fine and delicate like Pearl. If Pearl cried it wrung your heart. Lizzie only made you feel sick. It was such hopeless, animal misery, and in her clumsy form, ridiculous.

The doorkeeper, a family man, once tried to reason with her, but she turned on him with blind fury. He gave it up after that, and told the policeman to keep her away. But night after night she came. Then, when the lights were all gone, she would walk back to Stepney, striding along, furious and anguished. They turned her out of her foul lodgings because she made such a din one night, sitting on the floor of her room, crying her heart out like a wounded beast. They thought she was drunk. So she was, with misery! They told her to quit the noise or get out. She slammed out of the house like a Fury and staggered into the East India Dock Road, sobbing horribly.

Still Pearl played her part, though she was beginning to find it difficult to remember it was only a part to be played. Bertie had queer ways with him; he would get tongue-tied and fumble with his cuffs, and then suddenly exclaim at some new wonder. Pearl was surprised she was not getting tired of the game. It seemed he was beginning to forget Lizzie and Stepney. He never mentioned her.

V

On the Saturday night of the fifth week and after the show, de Bouille went in search of Pearl. He wanted to give her a bit of supper. She was not in her dressing-room and her dresser said she'd just left.

"With Mr. Cumberlege," she added maliciously.

De Bouille strode down the passage, up the steps by the door-keeper's cubby-hole, and looked out into the street.

Pearl's car was alongside the kerb and Pearl was inside. Bertie was leaning through the window. He looked well enough in a dinner-jacket made by de Bouille's tailor. De

Bouille swore under his breath. He had not seen much of Pearl lately. He heard Bertie say:

"Wouldn't be right for me ter come along, Pearl?"

A white hand came out of the car window and touched Bertie's cheek. Pearl said:

"Yes, Bertie. Do come."

There are many ways of saying that. The way Pearl said it made de Bouille grow cold all over. Bertie was hesitating. De Bouille suddenly became angry. He had not meant Pearl to take things seriously, and as suddenly he cursed himself, remembering how mushy she was inside.

And then someone coughed, a tearing, sobbing sort of a cough. Bertie had jerked away from the car. He was peering into the shadows and he was saying:

"Liz! Liz! Is that you?"

His carefully cultured accent was gone. De Bouille stepped out on to the pavement. He saw a huge, gaunt figure step from the corner and come towards Bertie. He saw the movement, he heard the thud as she hit him. The blow caught him squarely at the side of the jaw—broke his collar. He staggered and spat.

"Liz, ole gal!"

He got another and doubled up with the pain of it. Then he got hold of her.

Whereupon he said a most remarkable thing. He did not even bother to wipe the blood off his mouth, he did not revile her. He just said, and in most piteous tones:

"Oh, Gawd, that cough tears her up something cruel!"

He said it to no one in particular, unless it was to God. He had his arm round her now and she was crying shamelessly.

"Oh, I'll hammer you!" she said.

"That's all right," he kept murmuring. "That's all right."

And then they were off down the street, arm-in-arm, before Pearl was out of her car and De Bouille beside her.

They never found them and Bertie never came back.

All that night de Bouille sat up with Pearl.

"It's all my fault—I deserve it," she kept saying. She never cried. She sat on de Bouille's knee and talked and talked.

"It serves me right," she said a hundred times. But when morning came she whispered: "And he'll never come back. Oh, Jumbo! I did so want him."

That, then, was why *The Faun* failed. De Bouille dropped a pretty penny, as he termed it. It would have been too much to ask of Luck to find another Bertie.

But de Bouille saw him again, once only, and three years later. There was no sort of difference in the East India Dock Road, in the lights and shades and wicked odours. The light still came white and ugly through the windows of the corner public-house, a ragged spot-light to illumine the same old pitch, the same old dance, Bertie with his clinking coins; and at the hurdy-gurdy Lizzie, full of hate renewed when she saw de Bouille.

De Bouille said:

"You won't come back, Bertie?"

Bertie shook his head.

"Why not?"

"Well, Liz and me—I'm fond of her."

And last words of all:

"What's it like to be in love, Bertie?"

He scratched his head, looked up, looked down, looked at Lizzie.

"Oh, well," he said, "it's a kind of freedom."

THE LOCK [1]

By EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

From *The Forum*

Hat der Geber nicht zu danken, dass der Nehmende nahm? Ist Schenken nicht eine Nothdurft? Ist Nehmen nicht Erbarmen?

Nietzsche: *Zarathustra*

I

From the wheel-studded bridge above the entrance to the lock a tall young man was waving them back. His movements produced an agitation on the part of Christine Sorme and her father, who between them were steering the boat; so that the two boys who were sculling looked anxiously at them for orders, their sculls held ready to grip the water.

"You'd better back water, I think," said Christine in an uncertain voice. "He seems to think we are too near the gates." She pulled first one rudder-string and then the other, causing the boat to swing from side to side with a swish of water.

The voice of the young man came calling to them from the bridge. "That's far enough!" it said. In the still air of the hot July afternoon the sound seemed muffled, so that it was impossible for the occupants of the boat to distinguish what sort of voice it was that had spoken.

The two boys stopped sculling and looked round at the lock, allowing their sculls to float idly on the surface of the water. They were two very ordinary-looking boys of fif-

[1] Copyright, 1927, by The Forum Publishing Company, Inc. Copyright, 1927, by Edward Sackville West.

teen or sixteen, wearing gray flannel trousers and thin cotton vests.

The young man on the bridge had begun to open the lock. Taking one of the wheels between his hands, he spun it rapidly round and the low wooden growling was followed instantly by the gurgle of the water welling up from the open sluices. The whirlpool bubbled and seethed and glittered in the sunlight, making the boat rock about and the sculls bump against the rowlocks. Christine, holding on to the side of the boat, watched the figure on the bridge walking to and fro and managing the wheels.

At length the whirlpool ceased to froth and bubble and, walking to the end of the huge oar which stuck out from one side of the gate, the young man began to push it. Christine watched him as he moved slowly forward, his head bent between his two arms, his hands clutching powerfully at the wooden bar. Slowly one side of the gate opened, disclosing the green, dripping, aquarium-like interior of the lock. Without waiting for orders the two boys began to scull carefully, and gradually the boat drifted in between the thick wooden gates. The boys whispered together and steered the boat with their strokes, for it was clear to them that their housemaster's daughter was not paying attention to her job. Once inside, they shipped their sculls with a clatter and sat waiting, looking vaguely about them, at the sides of the lock, the flights of stone steps, the grass, and the cottage standing on the tiny island between the lock and the weir, the rushing of which could be heard in the near distance.

When he had shut the gate the young man came down the steps in the side of the lock and stopped by the boat.

"Sixpence, please," he said.

Christine looked up at him as her father handed the sixpence. She had been a little surprised by the tone of his voice. He had wiry dark hair that came down over one side of his forehead, a square face, half-shut eyes that seemed like thick lines under his eyebrows, and a large,

rather soft-looking mouth. His voice had seemed to lack "edge"; there was something flabby about it that made Christine look twice at the half-shut eyes and the soft, beautiful mouth. He stood balancing himself easily on the narrow step and tearing a little pink ticket out of a book. This he gave to Mr. Sorme, who flapped it in the water and stuck it on to the inner side of the boat.

Christine wished that the young man would speak again. She wanted to be sure about that voice. It did not fit, somehow, those very muscular arms and that big body.

"You are new here, aren't you?" said Mr. Sorme suddenly, to the young man.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you come?"

"Thursday, sir."

"I see. Well,—good luck!" The patronage of the schoolmaster was never long absent from even Mr. Sorme's voice.

The young man left the steps and going to the opposite end of the lock began to open the sluices. Gradually the boat rose on the welling surface of the water. One after another Christine watched the steps disappear under the rising flood, until at last the boat was on a level with the top. She thought how different everything looked, now that the lock was full, from when it was empty. The gloomy aquarium had been exchanged (and how insensibly!) for a small swimming-bath, the water of which glinted blindingly in the sun. The transformation was magical and full of beauty. The boat seemed to have been lifted into another and more lovely world, where the tall elms, wilting in the heat, seemed nearer and more luscious in the thickness of their foliage, and the sky an even purer blue than before.

Then the far gate opened and the boat, propelled by a boat-hook in the hands of Mr. Sorme, sped out up-stream into the river beyond. When they were clear of the lock, Christine looked back at the young man, who was watching

them go, his hands still gripping the bar of the gate. His face now told her nothing: it was completely expressionless, —and peaceful, like an animal's. Then his powerful figure turned and walked back towards the cottage, bending slightly forward in movement.

About half a mile farther up-stream the boat was moored to the bank and the party prepared a picnic among the long grasses under the elms. These picnics were considered a great treat by the boys in Mr. Sorme's house. About twice in the course of the summer term he would send for two of his pupils unexpectedly and ask them if they would care to go on the river with him that afternoon. He always made the offer as if the expedition were an intolerable bore which the boys would undoubtedly refuse and never failed to seem surprised at the delight with which they invariably accepted. He always took his daughter with him to contribute to the liveliness of the occasion. The picnic part of the expedition was generally the least successful. The uneasy familiarity created between master and pupil in so artificial a situation could scarcely be called a pleasure to either. Mr. Sorme was one of the best and most popular masters in the school and he was always ready to talk to his boys in a way that interested them. But he always remained their housemaster and did not try to establish that ridiculous and false relation of "friend and equal" which many masters mistakenly suppose to be the key to success in that calling. He never forgot that familiarity breeds contempt.

So that the boys could not, even when lying on the grass under the elms, far from the school itself, dismiss the feeling that if they talked to each other they would be reprimanded for wasting time in school, or that such conversation would be in some way a betrayal of themselves to the enemy that lurks in even the most popular master.

Christine they respected and liked but did not understand. The reason for this was that she was not really in the least interested in *them*. She had no part in their life, nor

in the life of the school itself; they knew this and, without exactly resenting it, excluded her as much as possible from the range of their thoughts. She was not part of the school; they did not "place" her; she belonged to a part of their housemaster's life into which they had no intention of prying,—his life of the holidays, so different in every human quality from that of the term. They connected themselves, —their real selves,—with her no more than they connected her father with their own sisters.

The tea was good and there was much of it. In particular a new plum-cake attracted the boys, but seeing they had already eaten a great deal, Mr. Sorme suggested that it would be a pity to cut the cake.

This sort of thing annoyed Christine.

"Nonsense!" she said sharply, and cut three slices there and then, taking one of them herself and pushing the cake over to the two boys.

Mr. Sorme smiled vaguely through his pince-nez and indulged in a joke about the necessity of economy and the extravagance of his daughter. The boys laughed self-consciously and felt nervous at this sudden intrusion of an intimate note they did not approve of. (On no account must the holidays quality be allowed to encroach on the term-time.)

At last Mr. Sorme raised his huge length from the ground and indicated that it was time to pack up and start for home. Whispering together, the boys packed the crumpled paper, the thermos, the enamel cups, and the remains of the food into the basket and carried it to the boat.

Christine stood at the water's edge, motionless and paying no attention to anything. The boys were used to this form of passivity on her part and tried to seem as if they were not there. In the dining-hall of the house she sat next to her father, surrounded by the older boys. Sometimes she made an effort to talk to them, but more often she would sit silent through an entire meal, looking at them from time to time as they talked to each other or to her father, as if

making of them inanimate objects with which to piece together and vitalize thoughts that had nothing to do with them. Their figures would stand about in the images of her mind like statues, trees, pillars, round which the indefinite agonies of her soul swirled and from which they took their quality and their intensity.

She was now, in 1925, twenty-eight years old. Her mother had died two years before the War, leaving her to take care of her father. Up till the time of the War she had been an old-fashioned type of child, living somewhat obscurely in the affections of her parents an demanding no other satisfaction. She did not seem particularly interested in men, and the younger masters in the school did not commonly look upon her in the light of a potential wife. It was not that she was cold or inhuman, but they divined in her a strange, secret fear, which they dared not risk arousing. Even her parents she kept at arm's length, in terror of how too emotional a relationship between them and herself might affect her attitude toward them. She dared not think about love; it turned her innermost heart into a furnace of resentment. She felt that something of her essential self was being made responsible in spite of herself for another soul that she did not understand and could never know.

When the War came she took up various employments of a mildly patriotic nature, grew rather hard and mechanical in her manner, and eventually, towards the end of the War, insisted on going to live in London to work in a large munition canteen. During the year that she was there she returned only once to see her father, and he was shocked by the change in her. He thought her hysterical and was irritated and distressed to observe that everything she said seemed to contain an overstatement. He said she looked ill and tired and did his best to persuade her to leave the canteen and return to his house. The only result of this was that she left for London early the next morning, almost without saying good-bye to him.

Then there occurred what families call a "regrettable incident" and a "sad affair." The female cousin with whom Christine was living wrote to Mr. Sorme that his daughter was seeing altogether too much of a certain officer. She did not give his name, but lamented the affair and said that she was powerless to do anything, as Christine had flown into a temper on the only occasion on which she had dared to expostulate with her on the subject. Mr. Sorme wrote to his daughter but got no reply. Then the cousin wrote again (the letter was marked *Private* and *Express*). It appeared that Christine had run away with the young man, —she had no idea where. What should she do? Mr. Sorme, knowing his daughter better than the cousin, advised no steps whatever and took none himself. Ten days or so passed; then Christine suddenly appeared at her father's house, alone. Making no reference to her strange behaviour, Mr. Sorme asked her if she intended to remain. She said yes,—and sent to London for her clothes.

So nothing more was said and Christine continued to live at home as if nothing had happened. But since that time her moods of silence had been more frequent and the fear that could be seen in her face on these occasions became more and more deep-seated—became a sort of obsession with her. No one questioned her; no one knew anything about her. The masters' wives and the matrons of the various houses came to tea with her and went away annoyed and uncomfortable, uncertain within themselves of the security of their own relationships, unable to shut their eyes to the intense fear and hatred of life that looked out at them over the top of the tea-kettle.

For the rest, she was helpful enough. She managed her father's side of the house and left the boys entirely to the care of the matron, who was more than competent to discharge this duty and was grateful to Christine for taking at least some of the burden of house-keeping off her shoulders.

But Christine was not satisfied. She knew that her father

was afraid of her and she reproached herself for allowing this state of affairs to come to pass. But each time she decided to make a change,—to appear more human and appreciative of him, the fear that vibrated in her soul like a taut wire threatened to break and destroy her. Like a bell sunk in the sea she could hear the low note sounding ceaselessly within her from day to day. Then, after a time, she ceased to think of her dissatisfaction, until it eventually became merged within the great fear that possessed her soul and formed the guiding principle of her life.

When the boys had packed the basket under the seat and settled themselves at the sculls, Mr. Sorme and his daughter got into the boat and they set off home. They did not go back through the lock, for Mr. Sorme wished to leave the boat at a riverside boat-builders', to have something done to the rowlocks.

They walked home through the fields, the two boys padding along together behind them in their rubber-soled shoes, whispering together as they had done the whole afternoon.

II

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Sorme suggested to his daughter that she should walk over to the lock cottage and see if she could help the young man in any way.

"He seemed quite alone there, as he said. He ought to have someone to look after the cottage. If there turns out to be no one, you might try and find a motherly woman of some kind to come in by the day."

Christine smiled at the "motherly woman" and said she would do as he asked. The matter seemed to be weighing on her father's mind; she knew he could not bear to think of anyone, even a young man, having to look after himself.

On her way to the cottage she met a crowd of boys issuing from various schoolrooms. Those of them who knew her by sight took off their hats as they passed, others did not. In either case she hardly noticed them: they repre-

sented nothing for her. She did not even wish now that she could be of help to them in the progress of their lives.

A little farther on she met the headmaster, a tall figure, his black silk gown billowing in the wind. He asked her where she was going and seemed pleased when she told him. "You and your father are very kind," he said. "The young man is the son of my father's old butler. I got him the job. Did he look as if he were enjoying it? I haven't had time yet to go and see for myself."

Christine did not know how to answer. She had no idea whether the young man had looked as if he were happy or not. She had not looked at him for knowledge of that sort.

On her way out of the old school-buildings and down through the elm planted fields to the river, Christine began to feel unhappy. She forced herself to admit that she didn't in the least want to be kind to the young man. She was sure that he did not want kindness,—did not, above all, want interference and this was what she doubted her ability to conceal on the present occasion. Her father, who never really looked at any one, always had a sentimental feeling that every young man was in some way pathetic and "ought to be helped." That he was wrong in this case she knew by instinct. Yet she wished, up to a point, to do what pleased him; feeling that this was the least she could do, in the position she had assumed with regard to him.

As she crossed over the narrow bridge over the lock, she laid her hand for a moment on the sluice-wheel, wondering if it were very hard to turn. Looking down, she saw that the lock was full to the brim, like a cup. There were no boats in it, and the water was smooth and glassy, reflecting the dark-green masses of the elm foliage stretched above it on the river bank. The day was going to be hotter than ever.

She was approaching the cottage door, which was open, when the young man walked through it on to the grass by the lock-steps and stood looking at her. She felt as if something had suddenly gone out of joint inside her and she

could not move. So she stood at some distance from him, looking hesitatingly at his face, in which the perpetually half-shut eyes were again like two level brown smudges under the square white forehead.

He was the first to speak.

"Good morning, Miss," he said, "did you want anything?"

"My father,—" she began and stopped. Then she went on: "The headmaster, Mr. Pomfret, told me you were new here and quite alone. I wondered if you wanted anything . . . if I could . . . I mean. . . ." She stopped again and did not move from where she was standing. She felt a sharp stone under her foot, but still she could not move.

The young man walked up to her and for the first time his eyes opened on to her face. She saw that they were quiet and untroubled as the water in the lock,—as the surface of wine in a wide glass.

"Thank you very much, Miss, but I don't know that I want anything. Mrs. Roberts does it all; I don't worry." The large soft flower of his mouth stretched in a huge smile, which would have been a grin but for something fundamentally and instinctively discerning which placed it outside the limits of the merely foolish.

Christine was forced to return his smile and this seemed to relieve the tension within herself. She peered through the door into the dark interior of the cottage.

"You like it here, then?" she said, trying hard not to seem patronizing.

"It's all right," he answered. "There's not much to do, though."

"You mind that?"

"It makes it dull, sometimes."

She leant her hand for a moment against the lintel of the door. "Don't you know anyone?"

"Not yet."

She laughed at that. "You sound as if you didn't want to."

But he did not smile as he had done before.

"Perhaps I don't," he said; then, hearing a shout, he

turned round and saw a boat waiting to enter the lock.

"Sorry, Miss, but I must go now," he said.

But Christine followed him as he went to the bar to push the gate open.

"I'm afraid I don't even know your name," she said.

He looked up at her, his body strained forward, his head between his broad white arms. His eyes were wide open now.

"Barlet, Miss."

"Barlet." She repeated the word after him, but continued to look at him, so that he felt obscurely that she wished for something more.

"Yes. Frank Barlet," he added and began to walk forward, pushing the bar before him.

She watched his hands and the muscles moving underneath the skin of his arms, like a carpet under which the wind blows. Then she turned and recrossed the bridge to the river bank. She did not look back, unable to bear the thought that, were she to do so, she might find that he was not looking after her.

III

Later on the same day Mr. Sorme asked Christine if she had been to the lock cottage.

"Yes," she said. "His name is Barlet, he doesn't seem to want any help. There is already a 'motherly woman' who comes in by the day. *Her* name is Mrs. Roberts."

Mr. Sorme laughed. "You seem to have found out quite a lot. Is he a talkative man, Mr. Barlet?"

"He answered my questions." Christine could not prevent her voice from sounding snappy; yet she did not know why it annoyed her to speak on the subject.

Turning round, she looked at the image of her face in a glass hanging on the wall. She looked into her eyes,—large and gray-blue, with none of the opacity and animal passivity of the young lock-keeper's. Images of wrath

threatened her from the distances behind the pupils. "Keep away! Keep away!" But her eyes continued to hold their reflection as if linked together by hollow cylinders. Resentment took its place by the side of wrath, but still she looked. One by one the moving forces of her emotional life came into serried ranks at the very end and limit of her vision. Then slowly they sank away, leaving a void to be filled, perhaps, by something even more terrible. Her eyes quitted their reflection.

Her father had gone out of the room and soon Christine went to sit alone in the garden behind the house. There she was joined by the matron, who was evidently in the mood for talking. A straightforward type of woman, she was one of the few people who were not intimidated by Christine, nor felt behind her quiet manner a menace to their own peace of mind. She chattered on now about the exorbitant price of meat, the necessity of keeping down the house-books, and kindred subjects, failing to notice that Christine was not listening to her.

The latter was completely lost in the torment she had fashioned for herself. She knew that quite soon she would certainly go again to see Frank Barlet, but she did not want to think about it in the interval. But her will was not powerful enough to prevent her from inventing for herself every detail of their future meeting, though she knew that the inevitable falsification of the imagined rencontre by the real one would plunge her into despair; and this even though the reality might be just as satisfactory as the fantasy. All her life she had been unable for one instant to live in the present, and in this inability, she knew, lay the cause of her unhappiness.

For two days she fought with herself, striving to leave the future unpredicted, lacerating her soul until she could bear it no longer. She must test her vision one way or the other. On the fourth day she went down to the river and took a boat, choosing a moment in the early afternoon when all the boys were at work.

She was physically strong and rowed well and swiftly, though somewhat spasmodically. As she neared the lock she looked round and saw Frank Barlet standing outside the door of the cottage smoking a pipe. She did not look round again until she was near the tall black gates. Then she turned in her seat and called to him to let her into the lock.

Making no sign that he recognized her, he went to the bridge and began to let the water out of the lock.

When she was inside he came down the steps and found her tying the boat up to a chain. He stopped short and looked down at her hands.

"What are you doing that for, Miss?"

Christine's forehead contracted in a nervous moment. Already the vision was being falsified. She had not accounted for the "Miss."

"I thought I'd stay here for a little,—if you'll let me," she said. "I feel rather tired."

The young man continued to look down at her, evidently puzzled.

"Just as you like," he said and, to Christine's consternation, began to remount the steps. She wanted to stop him, —to keep him with her,—but could not bring herself to say the words.

So she sat quite still in the boat, her sculls shipped and her hands clasping her knees, looking up the green slimy wall at a space in front of the cottage, where Frank was weeding desultorily in a bed of straggling flowers.

"What shall I say now?" she thought. "Shall I say, 'D' you like flowers?' No. That sounds much too silly. Oh, why doesn't he come here, so that I shan't have to shout!"

After a few more moments of hesitation she climbed out of the boat and walked up the steps.

Frank looked up from his weeding. He was wearing the same clothes as before, except that now he wore a broad leather belt round the top of his trousers. This in Chris-

tine's observant eyes, made a difference. The emasculate look of his mouth was successfully counterbalanced. He stood and looked at her, his long body slightly balanced backwards, a trowel in one hand. It seemed to Christine that the sight of one another passed slowly between them with the speed only of sound, rather than with that of light.

The afternoon, which was cloudy, weighed heavily upon the world. The only sound was the continuous rushing of the weir behind the cottage.

Now Christine said what she had feared would sound silly if she were to shout it.

"Do you like flowers?"

"They brighten things up," he answered.

"Oh, Lord!" was her immediate reaction to this, though she did not voice it.

But there was better to come.

"I like Sweet Williams," he continued, rather firmly, as if defending an unreasonable preference. "Do you think I could get any?"

She snatched this up crudely.

"Yes. There are lots in my own garden. I'll bring you some if you like."

"I don't think I ought to take them away from you, Miss."

("Miss" again!)

"Nonsense," she said, almost angrily. "I'll bring them to you,—to-morrow."

He looked pleased. "Don't hurry yourself. You're very kind."

But she disregarded this. "I'll bring them to-morrow," she repeated.

It seemed as if a bolt had been shot in her mind and that now she might be at peace for a few hours. Something at least was settled,—certain. She had got what she wanted, and it was sufficiently different from what she had expected to prevent the sense of defeat she usually felt at the falsification of her predictions.

But Frank Barlet was saying something. "Do you live at the school, Miss?"

"Yes," she answered. "That was my father you saw with me the other day. He has a house."

"I've not been up to the school yet." He spoke in a meditative tone, looking down at the trowel and turning it over in his hands.

Christine looked at his hair,—the way in which it was parted,—and met the square white field of his forehead, as though photographing it with her eyes.

"But I thought your father used to live there," she said, remembering the headmaster's remark about his father's old butler.

Frank looked up from contemplating the trowel.

"That was before I was born," he said. "But I'd like to see it. Sometime I'll go." His heavily lashed eyelids trembled together with the passive animal pleasure of his indolent nature. "You wouldn't remember my father, would you, Miss?"

"No. I suppose I must often have seen him, when I was a child. But I don't remember. Is he,—is he still alive?"

"Oh yes, Miss, he's still alive. But he's very old now."

"Did you mind leaving him?"

Frank paused a moment without moving. Then his eyes opened wide. "I don't know that I did," he replied.

Christine collected herself. "I must be going now," she said. "Thank you for letting me talk to you."

"The pleasure is mine," he said stiffly, in a rather foolish attempt at the grand manner.

Unable to bear him in this character, Christine ran swiftly down the steps into the boat and pushed herself out through the still open gates. When well outside she stopped to wave to him. He saluted her with the trowel.

IV

Such was her opportunity and she made the most of it,

going almost every day to help in the improvement of the tiny garden. She brought the Sweet Williams and together they planted them, passing the single trowel from one to the other.

Once, when he held out his hand, palm-downward, for the trowel, she did not give it to him at once, but remained still, looking down at his hand. Suddenly it appeared easy to her to say what was in her mind. "You have beautiful hands." She did not look up at him and slowly she handed him the trowel, watching his fingers close over the handle. He himself did not speak, and she felt, as he dug a hole and put in the plant, that he was burying unuttered words along with the scrannel root.

Soon he became used to her constant visits and, while continuing obviously puzzled by them, ceased to preserve in his manner any of the constraint he had at first showed. He never seemed surprised to see her, and after a time she became convinced that he was glad in her presence. Often she would arrive when he was occupied in opening or shutting the lock; then she would wait for him in the garden, pretending to inspect the growth of the plants, but in reality watching his every movement until he turned to come toward her.

Sometimes people from the school passed in boats or on the bank, and she waved to them unembarrassedly. She knew they would soon begin to gossip about her,—had probably begun already,—but she did not care. Her love and her fear were all she could think of.

One day he left her to let a small steamboat pass through the lock and on turning to come back found her beside him on the path. She was looking very searchingly at him in a way he did not understand and which made him feel self-conscious and stupid. He fidgeted where he stood, not liking to move away.

Suddenly Christine spoke, and her voice made him start, so hard and metallic was it.

"Frank! Do you mind my coming here so much?"

It pleased her immeasurably to see that he instantly looked straight at her instead of avoiding her eyes, as she had feared he would do.

"No," he said, "I like it." He hesitated a moment, then: "But I don't know why you come. I don't know why you take so much interest in me or trouble yourself with my garden."

She looked at him, half laughing.

"Oh! Frank, what's to be done with you? Are you a stupid man?"

"Quite stupid," he answered at once.

She turned half away from him as he continued to speak.

"I don't understand what it is you want of me, Miss. What is it? Tell me."

"Perhaps I don't want anything," she answered. "What then?"

"Then . . . I don't know . . . " His voice sounded perplexed and worried.

Suddenly she flung round angrily at him.

"At least I want you to stop calling me 'Miss.' "

She had expected that he would be surprised,—even shocked; but he only looked quietly back into her angry eyes.

"What am I to call you, Miss?"

"Christine."

"Very well."

Then she saw how easy it had been to shoot a bolt in that simple mind. Their love was with them, seated in hiding,—like the soul,—in their foreheads between their eyes.

And seeing what she had done, she began to fear him.

She became afraid of silence. She would talk for the sake of talking, about the school,—about anything but herself. Once, from sheer nervousness, her brain, like a rope that is twisted until it will twist no more, refused to go on providing remarks. "I can think of no more news for you," she said. "Never mind, then," he answered quietly, "talk to me about yourself."

She looked at him in astonishment.

"Oh, my dear Frank, what have you ever wanted to know about me?"

It was true. Her presence seemed sufficient for him; he was entirely uncurious about her *self*. Her real thoughts and emotions, those that were outside the range of what immediately affected his relations with her (on his side so simple and direct) held no sort of interest for him. In her way, the honest Mrs. Roberts knew more than he did. This fact was a continual anxiety to Christine, who felt that, were any kind of crisis to arise, she would be unable to make Frank understand her difficulties. "I ought to have kept away," she said to herself.

The days passed, and her fear and her desire became more and more poignant and hard to bear. One night she dreamt she was standing at the end of a track suspended in the air. The track was absolutely straight and narrowed into a point like railway lines. When she started to walk along it she found that the deceit of her vision had become a reality; the track really became narrower and narrower, —became a knife edge, upon which she had to balance herself.

In other ways the sense of difference between them gradually faded. Their intimacy deepened. Christine began to feel happy. As time went on the fear that possessed her retreated somewhat, leaving room for more balanced thoughts and judgments.

At the end of July the school broke up for the summer holidays, but Christine persuaded her father to stay on in the house. They had arranged to go down to some relations in Somerset, but Christine urged that they could go later. She could not bear the thought of leaving Frank Barlet just at that moment. Mr. Sorme gave in.

As August went on, the days became heavier, stagnant, overripe. A blackish hue infused itself into the green of the trees and grasses; the water in the lock became oily and

sluggish, the air hot and motionless over the low-lying fields. Christine began to feel the serenity she had found disturbed. In her heart the melancholy song of summer was coming to an end in a cadence of warning. "You are trying to cheat life of its true fulfillment," it sang, "you are dislocating its rhythm. It will get the better of you, and then you be sorry." She spent more and more time at the lock; still her father said nothing, though she knew that many people must have given him the broadest hints. She was grateful to him for his reticence, but at the same time took it as a matter of course and acknowledged to herself that she would have been surprised and furious had he attempted to break it.

The garden of the lock had by now begun to assume an almost grand appearance. Christine delighted in it, building it up day by day in a feverish attempt to make of it an elaborate defense. It came really to symbolize for her the serenity she desired and knew she could not preserve. Frank, knowing nothing of these secrets, watched her with a certain astonishment.

One evening, about six o'clock, he went to open the lock; Christine left the garden for the back of the cottage. She stood looking at the weir, which seemed to be running with less than its usual violence. She watched the oily downward curve of the water, combed by the teeth of the weir, —a dribbling mouth. On the opposite bank a little white dog was snuffling about near the water's edge: it disappeared in the long grass. A slight breeze wound itself about the inner stillness of the evening.

When Christine heard the slow footsteps of Frank Barlet coming round the end of the cottage, she did not move or look round. He came and stood behind her and she knew that he was looking at her. Suddenly it seemed to her that she knew what was going to happen,—knew for certain that at last she was inventing an image that would become a reality with every detail correct and in its place. She turned round away from Frank and, walking to a bench placed

along the wall of the cottage, sat down upon it. Frank came and sat beside her; the two worlds were fitting into one another with a poignant exactitude. Quite slowly he put his arms round her and she felt his face pressed into her shoulder near to her neck. Still she remained rigid, gazing in front of her at the leaves of the elms shivering from light to darkness against the pale sky, marvelling in a painful ecstasy at the completion of her image. Now that it was fulfilled, for the first time in her life she realized that an end,—however temporary, still an end,—of her predictions had come. She was living now in the present; the future had ceased to exist; all was at the present.

Frank lifted his head. "You don't mind, do you?" he said, but before she could answer he had kissed her on the mouth. His lips remained upon hers. Her open eyes followed the close line of his temple out to the square line of his hair.

Suddenly he let her go and she stood up, laying her hand upon his head.

"I must go now," she said quietly. "I will come to-morrow."

He did not seem to have heard her speak and made no movement when she left him.

Directly she got home and realized that she was away from him, all the horror revived. The peculiar sense of "awayness" that was present in her in an exaggerated degree, seemed now to emphasize her isolation even when in his arms. She began to dread the future of their love, to explore unwillingly the unlighted possibilities of a new sort of intimacy. She knew also that she could not escape an explanation of her feelings,—such, at any rate, as she had left, yet her brain could conceive no means whereby to make them intelligible to him, for to the simple all things are either simple or,—nothing. What she would say to him would,—she knew it fatally,—produce a mere blank in his mind. Yet she must speak, if only to guard herself against regret.

She could not bring herself to see him again until the evening of the following day. When she came to the lock she saw him standing in the garden, a tall, straight, watching figure, as if he had waited for her all day. At the sight of him watching there she began to feel sorrow. He saw her coming towards him over the narrow bridge, but he did not move to meet her. He waited, as still and straight as the cottage beside him,—as the small rose-tree Christine had planted. She felt herself watched and every movement of her body accomplished itself in an agony of consciousness. She clutched in her mind for support, to the sluice-wheels, to the elms behind her head, to the one cloud in the evening sky. And she knew herself walking forward, approaching a body she feared and loved,—a thing of beauty and of horror.

When she reached his side he did not speak, but smiled his wide smile and drew her behind the cottage. There he put his arms round her and kissed her once, easily and beautifully. For one second,—only that,—she knew happiness for the second time. He let her go, then put his hands on to her arms, to hold her there where she was. He seemed to value her stillness.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come after all," he said.

She did not answer, but saw reflected in his eyes the motions of his mind following the thoughts she did not utter.

"I was afraid," he went on, "that you'd be sorry for what you'd done,—for what I'd done."

Still she did not speak.

"Now I know I was wrong. I'm glad." He spoke like a child.

Then he came nearer to her again and his hands moved round her shoulders. She felt the bones of his arms pressed hard and suddenly against her.

"Why won't you speak to me?" he asked.

Then he kissed her and felt the line of her mouth closed firm and hard in a determination of which he had suspected nothing.

He drew back and looked at her in surprise. "What's the matter?" he said.

At last she spoke to him. "You love me and I want your love. You want to possess me and I want that too. But if it happens . . . I shall never want to see you again."

"I don't understand what you mean," he said stonily. "Why could you never see me again? I should have thought——"

"You would be wrong," she interrupted him, in a firm voice. "You know nothing of me and of what I feel beyond the love I show you. How should you understand?"

"Understand what?"

"That then I should fear you as one fears the monsters of one's dreams. When I was away from you I could not think of you as I do now. The thought of your existence apart from me,—torn away from me,—would make your image frightful to me. Even when you were present I could not endure the sense of your triumph."

"I still don't understand."

"Then you must be content to think me mad."

Again she left him and again he let her go, searching in the blindness of his soul for the reason of her going.

V

On the way home an image of the future did not become clear to her. Her mind was led by diverse paths, hither and thither, seeking,—not an outlet,—but a centre wherein to rest. "How can he accept what to him must seem mad, —crazy? What *is* mad and crazy! I ought to have kept away. Now I shall destroy both of us."

After dinner her father remained standing in front of a bookcase instead of immediately subsiding into a chair, as he usually did. His jerry-built figure waved on his feet like the limbs of a puppet and Christine could hardly see his eyes, behind the thick glass of his pince-nez. His aspect made her feel uneasy.

"What is it, father?" she asked, a little impatiently.

Mr. Sorme blew down his nose, a trick he had when feeling nervous. "Don't frown, my dear. I'm not angry," he began. After another look at his daughter he turned his eyes to the ground and went on speaking very fast, so as to leave her no time to interrupt him.

"It isn't that I mind, my dear. The young man is no doubt very well in his way and I have nothing to say against your knowing him and seeing as much of him as you have a mind to. I repeat, it is not I that mind. But others are less tolerant, Christine. My principle has always been to leave you alone. I would have appreciated this, but some,—not necessarily myself,—would say that you were presuming on my reticence. It has indeed been said——"

"What has been said?" Christine's voice was tired and bored. It seemed to her that she had enough to bear without this.

"That you are in love with the young man. For myself I have always thought that to be the case, but,—" his voice became petulant,—"it is intolerably annoying to me that you should give others the opportunity of saying so. That is what I really mind. The first time it was a different matter,——"

"What first time?" With horror in her eyes Christine rose out of her chair and stood in front of him, striving to see into his eyes. But Mr. Sorme did not seem to see her face at all, so absorbed was he becoming in the expression of his vexation.

"Don't say, 'What first time?' like that, Christine. You know perfectly well the occasion to which I refer. I never once reproached you or asked from you an explanation of that extraordinary incident. But now it is, as I have said, a different matter. You cannot go on in this way!"

At the last he took off his pince-nez to give his daughter the benefit of an angry stare; but she had left his side and was standing some way off between the French windows,

with her back to the room. There was silence and then Christine spoke.

"You ought not to have said it, father!" Her voice was full of sadness. "You've spoilt it all now. You've shot more bolts than you know of! I have lived for years on the memory of your reticence. It was a beautiful thing, for which you had all my love and gratitude. But now you have undone it all and we have nothing left worth preserving between us. That you should have spoken of your annoyance on this occasion goes for nothing, it would not have altered anything. But that you should have betrayed yourself into breaking faith with your heart's deepest honesty,—that has taken from me the power to care how I act."

She turned round and walked slowly across the room. Near to her father she stopped suddenly and made a gesture in the air with her hand as one who should prevent an overbalanced chair from toppling over. Her face became painfully drawn.

"Oh! father, why did you do this?"

Mr. Sorme looked nothing more than put out. "I do not see that anything I've said can make the difference you describe so obscurely. Your exaggeration is ridiculously unbalanced."

It was ten o'clock and the room was nearly dark, Mr. Sorme in his annoyance having omitted to turn on any of the lights. He did so now, with a sharp movement which, together with the accompanying click of the switch, made (to his mind) an effective end of the conversation. Saying that he had a great many letters to write and implying by his tone that this was Christine's fault, he went briskly out of the room.

After a moment or two she followed him, leaving the door open and the light burning. Going into the outer hall she put on a coat and left the house.

The objects of the external world now became a menace to her, instead of a consolation. The light and shadows in the roadway, the bricks of an arch and a tower, all retired

into and formed part of the night that was herself. She had no scaffolding for her thoughts. Stars lit her face, but no moon. The long low wall of a playground, like a black mirror reflecting the night sky, continued for her the thought: "This will be for the last time."

And then, as the elms began to group themselves in dark silent masses about her moving form,—dispersing and coming together like shapes of mist,—it was: "Surely, surely that should be over and done with. Can one die more than twice and yet suffer a third death?" Some words,—futile and comfortless,—she spoke aloud: the leaves and the grass received and wrapped them into themselves forever. A night stiller than any day awaited a breaking life. A memory of some years before came back to her with more violence than ever, but she strove with it and beat it away, —in the darkness, under the elms near the river. The longing to be made to do something against her will possessed her completely. Knowing that an ultimate fear awaited her, she was careless of herself as to the present, feeling that, having done so much (or so little) to evade the fear, she might now rest upon her weakness. Her father's having failed her made almost any action easy of execution. As she found her way on to the lock bridge and looked down into the enormous ink-pot of the lock below her, as she watched the reflected stars glittering motionless in the black water, the thought of a death by drowning did not come to her as a simpler solution, but only as an evasion of herself, which even now she could not bring herself to perform.

It seemed then no less than inevitable that Frank Barlet's shadowy figure should be coming to her from the still deeper shadows of the garden, and that she should go towards him with a heart made lighter by the dull certainty of her end.

What was it then to her that he should draw her with him into the cottage, that he should shut the door on them both and curtain the window? That he should awaken darkness sleeping in the flame of the candle he ex-

tinguished? That he should lay his hands upon her body?

Then the broad flame of her fear closed round her heart and hid it entirely.

The next afternoon was an unusually busy one for the young lockkeeper. A continual stream of boats of all kinds and sizes passed up- and down-stream through the lock. There was a slight lull in the middle of the afternoon, but towards four o'clock a number of row boats, going down-stream appeared. The lock was full and they glided in without waiting. Closing the gates Frank Barlet went to open the sluices at the opposite end. The wheels turned and the lock began to empty. Looking round from his position on the bridge Frank's eyes passed negligently from one boat to another, then rested on one containing two people. Mr. Sorme was seated at the sculls and holding the rudder-strings was Christine, a wide hat covering all of her face but the mouth and chin.

With a distant rushing that mixed with the sound of the weir behind the cottage the water receded from the lock; the boats sank and sank, leaving the dark slimy walls building themselves into sight once more. The chains swayed against the walls, sculls clacked, voices rose and fell; but in one boat the figures were motionless and silent, sinking farther and farther. At last Frank could see nothing at all of Christine's face. She did not look up nor move her head; and her hands clutched the rudder strings with rigid violence.

The lock empty, Frank went to the bar and opened one side of the gates. One by one the boats moved out and laughter at temporary difficulties and awkwardness came up from the deep well of the lock and was lost in the bright air of the afternoon. Christine leaned forward slightly as her father paid the toll and took up the sculls. She seemed curiously intent upon the steering of the boat and kept her eyes fixed upon the opening into the river. Mr. Sorme took the boat-hook and jabbed at the wall with it; the boat slid swiftly forward with a swish of water in the wake and glided out through the tall black posts down-stream into the open river.

THE SHEEP[1]

By MARY SOMERVILLE

From *The Century Magazine*

There was no movement of light in the sky to quicken the dead grey waters of the Lallan Loch, or to relieve the stark masses of the grass-covered hills. No rabbits scuttled across the road; no sound of bird or water-fowl broke the silence; no sheep went scrambling hastily up the steep hillsides, frightened by the sound of approaching wheels; but as the gig bowled along, Johnny Elliott, peeping out from the plaid in which his mother had wrapped him, could count two—five—six—a round dozen at least of raggedy goats, all come down from the hills to be near the low ground by the loch-side.

"The sheep go right away up, but goats ay come down near the road before a storm," his mother explained to him.

"Who told you that?" asked Johnny, and Mary laughed at the question. As one born and bred by the Lallan Loch she knew the weather, and signs were not lacking to tell her that at any moment the stony mask of quiet might be broken, and snow come hurtling down the valleys, April though it was.

"When I was a wee girl, I used to live up here wi' Aunt Aggie and Uncle Bob; and many's the time I've seen the loch look just like this before the snow. We'll be lucky if we make Tichel in time. Now just you get further under that plaid, Johnny. It doesn't do to go starting colds the minute you get across other folks' door-steps."

[1] Copyright, 1927, by The Century Company. Copyright, 1927, by Mary Somerville.

Johnny pulled the rug up to his chin, and continued to look about him with bright eyes, for in all his five and a quarter years, he had never been in such a lonely place. But for the goats and one shepherd they had passed with his dog at his heels, Tibbie the mare, and his mother and himself, were the only moving things in the whole world.

Mary looked about her too, but there was no quickness in her glance. Marriage, and maternity, and widowhood had befallen her since she last saw the loch and the hills, and every mile was taking her further back into the troubled past. This wintry April day contrasted sharply with her memory of another April seven years before. Then the gnarled branches of the hawthorn, brushed back by the wind from the loch, had been veiled in the green of half-leaf, and she was walking in the evening along this very road, with her cousin Davy Blackadder of Tichel. It was just here, where the burn ran into the loch, that she had told Davy about Dr. Elliott, the old doctor whose patients she nursed down in the hospital at Skaddow, and who wanted her to marry him as second wife; and it was *him* she wanted to marry, Mary had told Davy that evening, if only Davy would let her go free. Davy had laughed at first, for they were as good as engaged by that time, and he couldn't believe she was serious. But because she shrank back and held him away when he turned to make good his laughing by catching her to him and kissing her, he had soon been convinced that she meant what she said. Now as she stared at the ears of the horse she was driving, she seemed to live through the whole scene again. She saw Davy, young, strong, passionately arguing his case, as they stood by the loch-side face to face. . . . "But this doctor chap, Mary, he's forty year or mair aulder nor you, and ye—ye said ye'd marry *me*, Mary. Mary, ye canna break yer word." He had wanted her to look at him, look at him straight in the eyes, and say again she was in earnest if she could, but she had refused to look at him. Try as she would, she remembered, she could not bring herself to turn her head.

"Ye see, Davy, you and me's just been like two children playing, but the doctor's a man grown, and wise. I respect him, Davy. He's so strong and tender somehow. Oh, Davy, if you could only see the look that comes into his face when he's dressing a wee girl's wound—and her suffering agony, and maybe crying to him no' to touch her. He's so wise-like then and innerly. It's like an angel, Davy."

And because Davy had said nothing, "Davy, can ye no' see why I love him more than you?"

He had gripped her by the shoulders then, taking no notice when she cried out at the pain. "Now that's no' fair, Mary. Ye've no call to be comparing him wi' me. I'm but twenty-four, and ye dinna ken how the years will turn me. I've a' ma manhood to come, and ye're but a lass yersel'. How do ye think a lass like you—hardly turned twenty—is a fit mate for an angel, eh? It's just because he's a stranger. It's nae mair nor six months since ye first went down to Skaddow to nurse, and ye're pledged to *me*, Mary. I'll no' let you go free to marry him. We'll be married in the spring for certain." Again he tried to kiss her.

But she lost her temper completely and stormed and raved, she remembered, and told him he wasn't fit to black the doctor's boots . . . an ignorant, unmannerly lout, made for nothing but companioning sheep, and she'd not have married him even if the doctor had never asked her. . . .

Driving along in the cold, these memories made her feel hot and ashamed—ashamed of her wilfulness and lack of understanding. How she had hurt Davy! Suddenly she saw him again, white, miserable, silent, staring at her till at last she flung herself down by the roadside and cried till she lost her breath, and could only gasp:

"Go away, go away. I didna mean to hurt ye like this, but, oh—if I married you now, d'ye no' see how I'd ay be comparing?"

And after all, it was the doctor she had compared with Davy. He had been quite right. The doctor was an old man, and work was his first thought in life. He hadn't

wanted her as Davy had; he had only wanted a housekeeper! But Davy . . . Mary looked down at John, and felt afraid at the thought of meeting Davy—Davy turned a man, and her judge. For he must think of her as a thief. She had robbed him of his children. John here should have been *his* son. What would he be thinking of her for coming back now, wondered Mary. It wasn't as if she had wanted to. But Uncle Robert was getting old, and she'd always been his favourite, and he had asked over and over again for a sight of her boy, and there was no one but herself to bring Johnny. In any case she would only stay one night. Her brother Andrew had lent her Tibbie and the gig to drive over from Tweedside to Loch Lallan, but he'd want them back next day. . . . It was no use. Though her excuses were good enough for any one, they did not lessen her discomfort.

"People should ay tidy up after a quarrel," she cried in her mind, "if there's any chance in the world of their meeting again."

How could she tell what Davy had been thinking all these years? He had left her by the hawthorn stump, just there, round the bend, striding away up the hill, while she sat on alone, feeling half ashamed, but very angry that he had put her in the wrong so hopelessly. That was seven years ago, and in half an hour he would be coming to the door of Tichel to take her horse; and what was she to say to him? "Well, Davy," she imagined herself saying; and he might perhaps answer, "Weel, Mary, and how's yersel'?" and then it would be more or less easy. But how if he called her "Mrs. Elliott"?

David had never married. She knew that; for the last time she had seen her Aunt Agnes, over in Tweedside at the New Year, her brother had asked, "Is there nae word o' a mate for your Davy, Aunt Aggie?" And Mary had seen the shrug of her aunt's shoulders, and the way she pursed up her mouth in a little sneer before she replied, "'Deed, Andrew, he's an obstinate one, is our Davy, and he doesna

seem to realize that I'm getting auld and no' fit to gang about the place as I did syne. Forby that we'd like to see him settled wi' a bairn or twa afore we're laid to rest. However, there's Meg Pringle o' Tadscleuch, and she's fair daft to get him, and Rob and me's hopin' she'll hae her way yet. She'd make a grand wife for the lad—better'n some o' your edicated town yins wi' their English accents an' a', who'd not know how to get through the work in a month that's needed to be done every day up at our place." "That was a dig at me," Mary had noted, for her husband had left her comfortably off, and she could still live like a lady, with a servant to wait on her, and no need, it was true, to do a hand's turn in the house from one week's end to another. And her accent too was not so broad as it used to be. . . . The thought of Meg Pringle was queerly uncomfortable. She could remember Meg—a fat girl with reddish gold hair and a high colour, and not very much to say for herself when young men were about, though her tongue went ceaselessly in her own kitchen. There was nothing against her, Mary had to admit, but she'd make Davy a dull wife. "And I don't want that," she said to herself, thinking of the long dull winter evenings when she'd tried and tried to get the doctor to put down his book and talk to her. There was no doubt he had been dull to live with, though he was an angel all the same.

Why did she always keep comparing—the doctor with Davy first, and now Davy with the doctor? As she came to the actual place at which she had quarrelled with Davy, Mary could no longer keep down the thought that had been rising in her mind ever since the doctor died. Was it all going to happen again? Did Davy love her still? Would he ask her to marry him? Would she say yes, and give up her ladyhood, and come back here as a working farmer's wife? She smiled mischievously to herself, thinking of Aunt Aggie's scorn of people who were afraid of work. *Her* hands had done plenty in their day; they were as good as

Meg Pringle's anyway! But Davy would certainly have changed, and there was the question of Johnny—another man's bairn.

Mary looked down at her son and smiled again. A gentle child, like Johnny, would never come between her and Davy, who loved all children. She could remember . . . But it was foolish of her to think of things like this, and she whipped up the mare, which had taken advantage of the slackened reins.

"Are you no' half frozen?" she said to Johnny. "The snow'll be on in a minute. Yon blue, blue look, just above the hills, is the surest sign of snow in the air I've ever known. And a' this quiet too. It'll no' last."

Two minutes more and all over the loch the water was roughening. The wavelets at the edge no longer listlessly flopped down on the stones, but dashed against them, leaving a clear white line of foam. Already the rising wind made itself visible in the sky and on the hillsides; and when the gig turned northward at a bend in the road, Tibbie the mare almost stopped in her tracks before the force of the blizzard that came sweeping down Crummilt Water.

At last they came within hail of Tichel, a long, low, whitewashed building set at right angles to the road; and now the hills further up the valley were white, while even here the snow lay an inch or so deep.

"It's awful cold," said Johnny, getting closer to his mother. He could hardly look about him, for the wind and the snow blew so fiercely in his face, the water streamed from his eyes. "It isna *tears*, mother," he assured Mary, "but you see, as soon as I open ma eyes, and snow just melts in them."

"Keep them tight shut," said his mother, "and we'll soon be there, and your Cousin Davy will lift you down, and shake it all off you. And then you'll have your tea before the kitchen fire, and talk to your Uncle Robert; he's an old,

old man, and he knows plenty stories, and he can make birds that flap their wings out of bits of paper, an' perhaps he'll cut you a spoon out of a ram's horn before you come back again. . . ."

But when at last the grey mare battled her way into the farm-yard, only Peggy, a red-armed maid-servant with round eyes, came to the door to receive them. "Master Davy an' a' the men are awa' up the hill after lambs," she told them. "Wad ye tak' the horse round to the stable yersel', Maistress Elliott? Ye'll find its feed a' put out ready."

As Mary rubbed Tibbie down with wisps of hay, and put away the gig and the harness, her excitement faded completely, and she crossed the farm-yard, which seemed unfamiliar in the whirling snowflakes, feeling cold, and tired, and dull.

In the kitchen, with its flagged floor and pink-washed walls, and glitter of brass candlesticks and jelly-pans, she found that Peggy had already got Johnny's boots off, and was chafing his hands and feet, while he ploughed his way through an enormous scone and jam. Her aunt, thin and angular as ever, was engrossed in stirring something over the great open fire and hardly looked round in answer to her greeting. On the table lay a collection of babies' feeding-bottles, which took Mary back twenty years to a great April snow-storm when she and the boys had had a fine time nursing half a dozen motherless lambs, brought in from the hills by the men.

"Feeding-bottles?" she exclaimed, and asked her aunt, "Will it be as bad as a' that this time?"

"Weel, the men have been out a' day. It's been snowing off an' on for three days up the water, an' it's lying deep about Tadscleuch. Just in the worst week o' a' for the lambing too. Yer uncle's had to gang off to his bed, he's got sic a cauld on him frae plowtering about outside."

Davy came back just after tea. His voice in the yard outside sounded strange and rough as he shouted to the

dogs and then to Peggy, who rushed to open the door for him. With a day-old lamb struggling in one arm, and another held tight against his side, bearded, and red-faced from his work in the snow and wind, he stamped his way to the fire calling for his mother, who came hurrying from the pantry to her job of filling the feeding-bottles with warm milk. It was an uncomfortable moment. Mary said "Well, Davy," as she had planned, but he gave her an abstracted nod and said nothing at all till he had settled the lambs on some sacking before the fire; then, "Ye maun hae had a cauld ride up the loch," he remarked.

"Tak' this ower while I fill the next," her aunt bade her before she could answer.

"That's right," said Davy, "we'll need a' hands to the plough the night. Tod and Ross will be in this minute wi' half a dozen mair." Then he bent his attention to getting the livelier of the two lambs to take the bottle, apparently quite undisturbed by her presence and competely absorbed in his work. Mary chafed under a sense of anticlimax. She wanted to cry. She hated Davy for being so completely at his ease while she was not. She wanted to force him to show some interest, some proof of mental disturbance such as she herself was feeling. After a time she went and stood behind him, knowing quite well as she did so she would only be snubbed for her pains, and, touching him on the shoulder, said, "Well, Davy, you don't seem changed one bit."

"Hush ye," said Davy, starting violently; "ye've gone and frightened the beast." It was true, for the lamb resumed its struggles, and he had to start all over again, coaxing it to drink the milk. To hide her discomfiture, Mary knelt down beside the other lamb, which was very weak and shaking with cold and fright, but, on the whole, an easier patient than the first. A kind of childish triumph possessed her for a moment as she succeeded in making it drink so soon, but, unfortunately, Peggy having been sent off to see to something in the back kitchen, John's curiosity

got the better of his shyness just then, and he scrambled down from his chair, and crept across to a position of vantage behind his mother's shoulder.

"Wow-wow," he barked in imitation of the dogs outside, and both the lambs shivered with terror.

"Get your bairn off to his bed," said Davy crossly. "Yon lamb'll do till I can attend to it mysel'. I'd have had them baith settled by now but for a' these interruptions." But even as he said it, Johnny, frightened by the angry voice, began to cry noisily, and David added kindly enough: "Dinna greet, bairn. Run awa' off to your bed, an' you'll get playing wi' them the morn."

Mary dragged Johnny off through the bare old house, which was bitterly cold, to the bedroom which had been her own as a child—angry with Davy, angry with herself, almost angry with Johnny too, not because he had interrupted Davy, but because by the time she got the child to sleep he might be out on the hill again.

And indeed Johnny, tired and cold, and terrified by the shadows the fire cast on the low ceiling, refused to settle down unless his mother stayed by him. Seeing him lying there in her old bed, however, her irritation left her.

"Ye wee coward," she said, hoping to shame him into quiet; "when I was a wee girl, I had to sleep up here without even a fire for company. I had no mother to sit beside me."

"Why did you live here instead of with your own mother?" said Johnny.

"I was an orphan," said Mary.

"What's an orphan, mother?"

"My father and my mother were baith dead, and I was brought up by your Aunt Aggie."

"My father's dead, is he no'?"

"He's in heaven with the angels."

The child lay still a moment thinking things out; then he said: "There's lambs in heaven—I mind seeing them in the Sunday-school pictures—an' men wi' beards too. Will

yon man wi' the beard let me feed the bottles to the lambs to-morrow?"

"If you are good and go to sleep now, sonny."

Johnny shut his eyes obediently, holding fast to her hand, and Mary sat by the bed, content to let her thoughts go drifting round and round as they had done that afternoon.

When at last the child fell asleep, she still sat on by his side, not caring now whether Davy had gone to the hill again or not, for it was pleasant to sit in the firelight thinking of former days. She had always loved Tichel, getting on very well with her uncle and most of the farm people, though never quite so well with Aunt Aggie. She remembered one Sunday when her aunt had marched her out of church, and Davy too, promising them both a whipping because they had laughed out loud at a bout between two rams up on the hillside which they could see quite clearly through the plain glass windows on either side of the pulpit. Yes, that was a day of disgrace. She could feel again her aunt's grip, an angry revengeful grip, the fingers pressing into the flesh of her shoulder, for Aunt Aggie had been sorely affronted. She still felt that she disapproved of her; they got on each other's nerves somehow. And in the old days she and Davy had fought together. The change had come quite suddenly. From a school-boy, scornful of her sex, in one year Davy had turned a slow, shy, overgrown youth, whom she could worst with ease in any encounter of the mind. He had often been surly and preoccupied then, just as he was to-night. He would fight with her and sulk if she got the better of him in an argument. At one time she had been sure she could no longer live with him and Aunt Aggie, always quarrelling or sulking, the pair of them; and it was then she had left the farm, making up her mind to train as a nurse. But when she had finished her training at the hospital she came back to Tichel for a holiday, and then how different things had been! Mary smiled happily in the firelight, for Davy's courting was a sweet thing to remember. And at last there had come an evening in late

June, a lovely evening, when the hillside was covered with yellow crow's foot and tiny purple pansies, and the cloud shadows sailed lazily across the grass, and Mary went up Tichel Burn alone to pick wild thyme for pincushions. Soon growing tired, she lay down and idly watched a large black snail trailing its way across a bit of rock; and as she lay there Davy came down the burn and flung himself on the turf beside her, and Mary knew at once that he was going to tell her he loved her. And he did, and kissed her hair. But still she had watched the snail, marking its every movement across the lichen-covered stone with an intensity she could not account for even now, knowing only that she had been completely conscious then of the two things at once—Davy telling her he loved her, and the jet-black snail. She could even remember her slight feeling of irritation when he pulled her to him and tilted her face to look into his own, preventing her from seeing where the snail went when it got across the stone.

"I suppose I wanted time to think," she told herself; but, no, it must only have been that she was afraid of her own delight, her bodily delight in the new relationship. Davy, whom she had fought with and teased, and known all her life, suddenly changed into a passionate man, holding her tightly and kissing her hair, and making her tremble with love for him. It was too tremendous a thing to take in all at once—to give in to. Now in the firelight Mary blushed as she remembered the ecstasy that had possessed her then. How could she ever have deserted him—her young lover, strong and tender in his loving? Regretful thoughts crowded thickly upon her as she thought of the year that had followed—the heavenly summer, the good seasonable winter. It was in the spring, glorious too on the hills and in the valleys, that the change had begun in her, and she had thrown away the glory, heedlessly, frivolously. Suddenly she wondered how much she had altered in her looks since then. She had been bonny in those days. It wasn't only Davy Blackadder that thought so. Down at the hospital

in Skaddow they had called her "the Flo'er o' the Forest," and many a gallant had tried to make her break troth with Davy. . . . Getting up very softly from the bedside, she crossed the room to look at herself in the wardrobe mirror. There was a settled look about the woman she saw reflected, and her hair and dress were more sophisticated than those of the younger Mary, whom she could almost imagine she saw looking over her shoulder, with redder lips and cheeks, and larger eyes surely; a living face, beside which her own looked almost stolid. But she was bonny enough still, and only twenty-seven, and Davy looked older than she now, with his beard and weather-beaten skin. At least that was the impression Mary had, though in her excitement she had not really taken a good look at him.

She heard her aunt moving about in the room next door, and afraid the old woman might come in and keep her talking, she decided to go down again to the kitchen just to see. . . . Davy was still there, fiddling about with a lantern. He had his back to her, and his head was bent. His body looked heavier and stiffer than she remembered, but the line of his neck and ear and the back of his head were so like that she wanted to run across the room and turn his face to hers to make sure he really was different from the time when she first had got him by heart. She went over to the fire and looked at him from the far side of the table. There seemed little of the youth in his worried expression as he wrestled grimly with the wick of the lantern. He looked up, but that was all. And again the excitement died in Mary. What a fool she was to expect anything to happen in the way she made it up in her own mind! Things never did, and she didn't want them to in this case, anyway! Davy went out then, only asking her to tell his mother to give the lambs another bottle in an hour or so; and feeling perfectly calm and collected, Mary tidied away the mess of candle-grease and matches he had left on the table. All her agitation, pleasant and unpleasant, had been nonsense. He still cherished a grudge

against her. He would give her no second chance even if she wanted it. He cared for nothing but his work, and she was glad with all her heart that she must set out again to-morrow.

But next day, as she might have expected, they were snowed up; and the next again, and for four days more. All the time the snow fell heavily, tumbling down in large soft flakes, like the pillow feathers in the fairy-tale, so close together sometimes that there seemed no space between, but wherever one looked a vast white fleecy curtain was hung down from the sky.

Davy worked day and night with the sheep, but hundreds were lost in the drifts that filled the clefts and gullies in the hills, and overtopped the dry-stone dikes, against which the sheep were wont to crouch for shelter. Every one worked day and night, even Mary, cutting paths through the drifts to the hen-house and pigsty and byre, slicing turnips, breaking cake, milking, and, within doors, doing everything that came to her hand. There was endless work to be done, and she did more than her share, as even Aunt Aggie noted, for she soon stopped passing lugubrious comments on her niece's dress and shoes and smooth hands.

Each day Davy came in and out, and Mary felt no further agitation, though she watched him as the days passed. At first she was inclined to be scornful of his worried look.

"All that distress about loss of money! for that's all sheep are," she thought. "It'll no' ruin him, not if he lost a thousand and more." For Aunt Maggie made no secret of their prosperity.

"All this fuss about a lot of silly sheep!" said Mary to herself again on the third day, when Davy came in looking like a beaten man, as if life had very little to offer him in compensation for these unseasonable losses. But that very afternoon, as she was making scones, and Davy was bending over yet another newborn lamb he had had to take away from a dying ewe, she was startled to catch an expression on his face, exactly the same as she used to watch for on the

face of her old doctor as he dressed the wound of a child after an operation; and the look disturbed her, for if Davy and the doctor could *both* look like angels, there was no need of comparing nor ever had been. But there; it was just work that had called forth the look in the two of them alike. Work was their highest devotion, and they were all the same, work before wives, whether it were sick folk or sheep or railway-engines. Fancy looking at sheep with your heart in your eyes, and working like——

"Ye'll spoil good dough if ye bang it about like yon," interrupted her aunt in acid tones. "Gie your mind to your work, my girl, specially when it's scones, that maun be handled as light as if they were eggs ye were feared of breaking."

The sixth day was Sunday, still observed as a day of rest inside the house; and there, on either side of the parlour hearth, Mr. and Mrs. Blackadder slept in their arm-chairs, dozing away the long dark afternoon, he snoring heavily, with a red handkerchief covering his face. Johnny, too, was asleep upstairs. Only Mary was awake, and at a loss what to do. No one to talk to, nothing to read; it was dull in the snow-bound farm-house, and she longed for a book.

"Where's the old bookcase gone that used to be in the parlour?" she had asked her aunt in the morning.

"Davy moved it up to his room when we got the new sideboard. The paper's all your uncle and I ever look to now, except the Bible."

"Does Davy read a lot then?"

"Aye, he's reading far ower much. A' the time he ought to be getting himself a wife, he's sitting up there wi' some book or other. Ye've a lot to answer for, my girl. Our Davy's never been the same since ye gave him the go-by, and took up wi' yon white-headed doctor o' yours, who'd have done well enough if he'd married his housekeeper, as a'body thought he would, instead o' turning your head."

"My husband's dead," said Mary, intending to suggest that her aunt's tone was less kind than it might have been

in the circumstances, but her aunt misunderstood her wilfully.

"Meaning that ye're free now, if Davy would have you? A'weel, he might do a great deal waur, if he's no' gaun to fix up wi' Meg Pringle. To gie ye your due, you're a good worker wi' your hands, and ye've enough to provide for your ain bairn wi'out making him a charge upon Davy."

Mary's anger at that had been so intense that she could say nothing, but taking up Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," the only volume left in the sitting-room in company with the Bible and "The Pilgrim's Progress," she sat reading through and through again an account of the torture and martrydom of some faithful Christian Protestant, without taking in a single word of the gruesome details.

The same volume lay in her lap this afternoon. Davy had gone to the hill again after the midday dinner, and all the other books were in his room, but after what Aunt Aggie had said Mary wouldn't for the world have her think she'd gone into Davy's bedroom even for a book.

"Davy couldn't mind," she told herself, "but Aunt Aggie would be sure to say something nasty." So she sat on in the dismal parlour, listening impatiently to the old man's snores, and studying the hard line of the old woman's mouth, and the contrast between her white hair and dun leathery skin. It was from Aunt Aggie that Davy had his dourness. She could picture him growing old and dried up into a withered old man, with the same contrast between hair and skin, and perhaps the same sourness of expression. For if he got so bitter about the loss of a score or so of sheep . . . Oh, when would the thaw come and set her free from this eternal thinking about Davy, and Davy's life, and these miserable sheep, that filled it so entirely? . . .

She got up softly and stood by the window. It was not snowing now, but the character of hill and valley was still lost under the covering of unbroken white that overspread the land. Where there should be hollows there were flat places; where she looked for sharp uncompromising steeps,

there were smooth unfamiliar gradients, sloping gently down till they slid into the filled-up valley. One hard outline cut across the landscape, the line of Loch Lallan, black against the whiteness of the hills.

She turned away from the window and went upstairs to see if John were sleeping. But on the landing she paused, defied Aunt Aggie, and quietly climbed the further flight which led to Davy's room in the attics. Once there, she looked round hurriedly, possessed by a kind of uneasy excitement, taking in the details; the truckle-bed, the bare chest of drawers, the old parlour bookcase, piled with more books than it could hold, and, on the mantelpiece, a little pincushion, covered in faded blue, which she had given Davy as a keepsake to commemorate the evening when she picked the wild thyme it was stuffed with. So he had kept that! Queerly upset by the discovery, she took it up and sat down on the bed, holding it in her hands, while once more she thought about the old Davy, wondering what was left of him in the farmer absorbed in his sheep, who would not talk to her, nor look at her more than need be. Then suddenly she heard his voice downstairs. She had plenty of time to escape, but she stayed where she was. In a few seconds the house was full of life again. A dog barked in the yard and wakened Johnny, who called for her.

"Mother! Mother, can I no' get up now?"

She heard Aunt Aggie come out of the sitting-room and go along to the kitchen, whence the sound of her voice rose querulous to Mary's ears. Then she heard Davy's steps on the stairs and got up, and went quickly to the door, where she met him.

"Oh, Davy," she said, not looking at him, "I just came up to get a book. I'm sorry, Davy; I didn't think ye'd be back so soon."

"Have you found a book, Mary?" said Davy gently, after a long pause, it seemed to her.

"No' yet. Ye're too learned for the likes o' me. I was wanting a story, and it's all history and poetry here." Then

she realized she still was holding the pincushion. She looked quickly at Davy, and saw that his coat was very wet, and that he was staring at her as he had stared long ago while she explained why she was going to marry the doctor.

"Davy, ye're soaking wet from the hill. Ye must change your things quick. I'll run away and not worry you."

"Aye, I'm wet. It's the thaw coming. The snow's getting soft again."

"Really," said Mary. "Well, it's high time too. I don't know what Andrew's doing all this time without Tibbie. How long will the road be in clearing?"

"I don't know. I don't know," said Davy slowly, and in a strange bewildered voice. "What's that ye've got in your hands, Mary?"

He was staring at the blue pincushion. And Mary stared at it too. What *was* it indeed? She had a quick vision of the snail crossing the stone. Was Davy going to . . . Oh, no, she must stop him . . . she couldn't let him say . . .

"Mary," said Davy, "I've been that tired and worried, I've no' been able to take ye in yet. Bother the sheep . . ."

"Bother the sheep!" Something in her brain echoed the words again and again. Now Davy was kissing her hair, and her eyes and her neck. The years between meant nothing. Like a sheep she had gone astray . . . Davy had found her again. He loved her more than ever!

That old ecstasy was nothing, now . . .

"Where on earth are ye, Mary?" came her aunt's voice from downstairs, but Mary didn't answer. She was looking at Davy, looking at him as if she had never rightly seen him before. He was tired, and *she* was his mother—not Aunt Aggie—his Mother! Yes, but how odd—Aunt Aggie's mother too—everybody's mother. They were all her children—the whole world was in her womb. Now, at last, she understood what life was, and love.

"Davy, oh, Davy!" She touched his head shyly, and then brought it down to her breast and held him tightly there. Suddenly her mood changed, and she broke from him.

"Davy, it's awful about the sheep. . . ."

He raised his head and for a minute stared out of the attic window at the silent land, thinking of the lambing.

"Aye, it's been a dear storm for Tichel, an' it's no' only the money, lass. It's ill knowin' the beasts are dead and a' yer work is to gang for naucht."

But the thaw was coming, and the sheep were dead and gone.

"Ye'll be a farmer's wife soon enough," said Davy to Mary. "We'll think o' other things to-night. Come awa' doon an' we'll tell ma mother."

THE EMPTIED SACK [1]

By DANIEL CORKERY

From *The Dial*

I

Prompted by his son, John Connole made up his mind to do as the other potters had done: to throw over the ancient methods, the antique gear, he had inherited from his fathers, as they from theirs, and to install—it was his son's word—to install instead a modern scientific furnace in which the heat could be regulated to the hundredth part of a degree. Old Tadhg Kinnane, that dwarf-like creature, stooped and venomous, more than eighty years of age, whose body some intensity of brain rather than warmth of heart kept alive—what would *he* do then? He would no more be seen in the streets of Youghal with his heaped-up donkey-load of withered furze branches piled high above his head, for furze was not the tinder used in the new-fashioned furnaces.

"And the poor creature," Jack Tattan, one of the potters, began, half smiling, his hands under his clay-white apron, "'tis little use he's now for anything else."

"He's eighty, he must be eighty-three," Fred Lincoln said, his eyes twinkling in the sun: he had just come from within.

"Why should he be working at all? What is he working for? What is he doing with all he earned his whole life long?"

"'Twill be worse for him than the Calliope."

"It will."

Forty years ago when the Calliope lay along the jetties all the windows of the hillside town gazed wide-eyed at her

[1] Copyright, 1926, by The Dial Publishing Company, Inc. Copyright, 1927, by Daniel Corkery.

bright shapeliness. Her whiteness, her gilded points and lines, her sparkle, her shining newness, had bespoken welcome from the townsfolk; her crew, from captain to cabin-boy, were given the run of the port. Tadhg Kinnane was then in the prime of life, forty years of age, yet nevertheless had already buried his household—parents, wife, children, all except one daughter—had buried them in Ardmore of the Saints across the water. That daughter he had taught to keep house for him—if house it could be called. In due course she had grown into the custom of accompanying him to the town with his load of furze; still later, whenever he was busy working for the neighbouring farmers at the harvest or ploughing, she had become venturesome enough to undertake herself the delivery of the furze branches at the potteries. She would start off before the sun had risen, would pilot the ass and cart down the rough mountainy paths, along the white roads, and, at last, through the cobbled streets of the town; would look, it seemed, neither to right at the sailormen nor left at the 'prentice potters, but make straight on for one or other of the yards—there were many of them then—would sedately receive the payment, would make her household purchases, always at the traditional shops and in the traditional way, and arrive, oftentimes late at night, at the lonely hut in the hills with a mouthful of gossip for the sun-burnt, sun-drowsed, exhausted man stretched along the settle patiently awaiting her, his pipe in his mouth. He was not sharp enough in eye or brain to notice that these visits were having more and more attraction for the rich-blooded ripening girl. Her lips were girlish, soft, and full; she had a tender grace and innocence about her, her brows were light, well-shaped; her eyes timid and as dark as berries. She could not speak without blushing. Reared apart from womenfolk, she felt awkward when alone with them. She feared their questionings.

Forty years ago, then, after a long day's threshing in Pierce Fielding's barn, Tadhg Kinnane lay stretched in that patient attitude on his lonely settle awaiting his daughter's

return from the town. He saw the dusk thicken, the bats make their own of the sky, the earth darken, grow heavy and cold after the going of the sun; and then, one by one, he watched the stars come into the heavens silently, silently. From the settle it was that he saw the night fall. At last he rose slowly, and slowly went out, sitting on a block of wood by the door. The pale wide glare of the afterlight startled him, so frank it was, so untender. Yet the coolness after the labour of the day was welcome to his limbs; he stretched out his legs, rested his back and head against the wall, and sleep fell on him. When he awoke, suddenly, as if a whirring bird, with a cry, had struck him, a dark-blue silent night, gemmed with stars, was standing upon the earth. His hands were cold, and a soundless wind was feeling softly at his features. It was some moments before he realized that the fear he felt all about him, like a chilly, invisible garment, was due to his daughter's delay in the distant town. He groped his way into the hut, making for where the last spark of fire was still visible among the ashes; this, with the fire-wheel, he fanned up vigorously, indeed passionately. As suddenly, he stopped and glared at the clock's face: it was ten minutes past one. It could not be so late, he thought; but from far away he heard a calf roaring, and the cry shook the heart in him, for it opened the spaces of the silent night, made it seem vast and lonely, vacant of any living soul to comfort one in trouble. No, it could not be so late, he reasoned with himself, yet again came that unrestrained cry of animal distress; and he felt he could not wait any longer. He plunged the candle into the fire and set it lighting on the dresser. He reached for his coat, it hung on a hook in a roof timber, and as he flung it on he suddenly stretched an ear for other sounds that he fancied he had caught—the jolting of the ass cart as it made up the difficult, rocky passage towards the house. "Ah!" he breathed, and the comfortable warmth of anger began to replace the chill of fear within him. Oh, he would speak to her, he would speak to her, and never again would she go

alone into that cursed town of tradesmen and sailors. He buttoned his coat hurriedly, it would show her what he had been about to do; and, waiting, he stood on the threshold, alert, stiffened up, filling the whole opening, the blue sky before him, the glowing interior behind. Again, and more clearly, he heard the homely, drowsy, unhurried rattling, and he drank comfort from it. Then it ceased. But, almost at once, again began. Once more stopped, for some time, too. Once more began, stopped once more. "God guide us, God guide us," he breathed, and made hurriedly down towards the rambling, uncertain noises. He found the cart dragged obliquely across the passage, the ass cropping the long, dew-cold herbage by the edge of the way. As for his daughter—she already was far on the sea in the arms of the wild young skipper of the Calliope.

Tim Tobin, then, had said the word that had opened for them the story of Kinnane's far-off day of trouble. Bitter and all as old Tadhg was he had suffered his share, and had, as they said, shrunk into himself, closing not only his mouth but his heart. For one who comes to such a pass, what is left except to bend upon the work of the day? And that he did. He would labour for the farmers round about, sometimes rising at dawn and travelling ten or fifteen miles to a harvesting or ploughing, and, come home, would be heard late in the night hacking and hewing in the furze thickets by the river bed or along the hills. He took on pottery after pottery and kept them going, and neither the driving sea winds nor mountain floods nor rains ever hindered him or even delayed his coming to them at the right time. It was they that failed him, one after another giving up the ancient ways. By this time however himself was getting old, was now more than eighty years; and for one so old the hacking out and the gathering and the piling of one load of furze branches was a full week's work.

"Do you know, I'm sorry for the old creature—in a way."

"Um—um, you needn't then. He won't starve."

"That's true. Still what'll he do with himself?"

"Lie down and die; and indeed 'twouldn't be much loss now if he went home to his people in Ardmore—so 'twouldn't."

"But he won't come to-day."

II

As if unaware of any change whatever, the old man dragged his little donkey, rather viciously, one thought, into the yard. Animal, tackling, cart, furze branches—and then the old man himself—face, beard, hair, hands, clothes—they were all of one texture and one hue—a rough, hodden grey upon which the dust of the long distance he had come was scarcely noticeable. As always, the animal made to swerve to the left where, it remembered, long tufts of bluish grass were to be cropped between the cobblestones; and, as ever, the old man snarled at it, "Come on, you!" "Whu-ee!" "Whu-ee!" his hard old lips blew out, and he threw the reins carelessly on its back. Then, however, he stopped, his head down, even more than usual, his brows bent, even more than usual, to that intensity of purpose by which he seemed to live. At last, fixing his thought, he hobbled forward quite briskly towards the open-air stairs which led to John Connole's office. But again he paused, hesitating for a moment; and, as precipitately as he had gone from it, made back to his cart, from which, hurriedly, he began to fling the furze branches off about the yard. John Connole, who must have seen him, came on to the wooden platform at the head of the stairs: "Take them up again, take them up, I say. And be off with you, be off with you, you old deceiver. You were told not to bring them."

The old man stopped as he pulled one from the pile; he held it awkwardly in his hand, like a defeated flag; he had heard such words before in other potters' yards. He put the branch on the ground, quietly, timidly. "Take them up, I tell ye. Didn't I tell you I was done with you? Be off with yourself."

John Connole turned his back and went into his office.

The old man raised his eyes towards where he had been speaking on the platform.

A little group were standing under a low wide archway: the autumn sun was playing about their feet, not on their heads or faces: "There you are, Tadhg. There you are," one of them called to him, not roughly. He could think of nothing else to say.

John Connole's son came across the yard. He was well-dressed, well-combed. He had some papers in his hand. He was puzzled for a moment to see the old man slowly replacing the branches on the cart: when he understood, he made a gesture with the papers towards the group in the archway: "Give him a hand with them," he said, and with the lightness of youth in his limbs bounded up the wooden stairs.

The men began quickly to fling the branches on to the cart, old Tadhg looking at them suspiciously. For them during the long, long years he had always been a butt; they would begin again at any moment, he felt; but no; they helped him to swing the cart about on the rough cobble-stones, to set it going, and all without one word of impatience. They then drew back, they had played their part. He peered at them, still suspicious, but, making sure they had no thought of gibing at him any more, he took a step towards them. "Whisper," he said, "did ye ever hear this?" and he hissed out an Irish saying, which, translated, is "Petting the dead and the dead laughing!" They could only keep their silence, staring at him. And he looked back at them, and smiled!

He grabbed the mouth-piece and led his swaying, carelessly built load through the gateway and out into the traffic of the Main Street.

III

It took him only a moment to make up his mind as to what he should do. He turned down a narrow sunless street of long-deserted warehouses. At the farther end was a glare

of light—the wide sky, the bright waters of the estuary. He made straight for the edge of the jetty, dragging the donkey after him with a callous vigour, its head screwed sideways up. He swung the cart about until its tail-piece was towards the waters. Then, muttering and growling, he began, still with something of a false strength in his limbs, to pitch the branches into the sea.

If he had drawn his cart in at any other point of those all too spacious jetties, he might have finished without interruption, but now, suddenly, he heard "Look out!" shouted at him in an un-Irish accent. A sailorman with a noose of stout new rope across his guernsey, around his shoulders, was coming towards him laboriously: pressed forward at a sharp angle, his thin and worn shoes showed the play of the feet within them. It was not he who had shouted; it was another, whose duty it was to lift the rope over whatever quayside debris lay about. Again this man shouted "Look out!" and failing to raise the cable high enough above the cart, about half the load was swept off on top of old Kinnane: when the rope had passed by, himself, too, had been thrown and was sprawling in the midst of the branches. He had to turn on his face and hands to rise up. He did so as if there were need for haste, as if he had no time to think of what had befallen, or of the wet rope, the labouring sailorman, or the ship that, like a dazzling vision, was being dragged to its moorings. He resumed, without a thought, it seemed, and with the same surly vigour, his task of pitching and kicking the branches into the water. The last he flung in with all his strength. "Take them with you, take them with you, me fine salt water," he snarled, and turned away. He at once began dragging his cart from the quayside. The men on the ship, some of them standing with mooring cables in their hands, thought doubtless that he had been fulfilling some daily task and was now making for home. He did not seem to have given one glance at the ship: her spars were bright against the rich blue of the sky; all about her were gleams, points of sun-fire, lines of light.

One glance perhaps he may have given her, no more, and, sitting into his cart, he made off for his lonely nest in the hills.

IV

How many, many hundred times he had thus in the gathering twilight made homewards! The falling night, the cool airs, the silent winding road, showing dimly before him, the rocky heathery hills now closing in on his path, now opening out again, all the time, however, rising higher and higher, growing darker and darker—it was easy for him in such surroundings to disremember that this was the very last of all such journeys; that he would never see the potteries again. And so, now wide awake, shouting and pulling at the little animal, and now drowsing into sleep, his head bobbing and his hands hanging limp, resting on his knees—on and on he journeyed, mile after mile. His voice was sometimes heard: "Go on, go on, can't ye?" and no change seemed to have overtaken it. But swinging around into that rising, stone-strewn, winding passage that led to his house, he suddenly felt afraid and cold and lonesome. Only a dismal empty hut lay before him—as if it had not been empty and dismal for more than forty years! A cold and empty hut! but as suddenly he saw out before him the ever-rising masts of a sailing ship, her spars, her cordage, shining in the sun! "Go on, can't ye!" he called out bravely, with a new ring in his voice, and from that until he threw the reins on its back, he gave the animal but little peace.

He removed the mouth-piece and left the ass to its haphazard grazing, the cart still tackled to it.

Meanwhile he had lit a candle, had closed the door, and was searching and poking in all the holes and corners of the room. Little cries broke from him. He climbed up on chairs and fumbled at the roof timbers. At last he satisfied himself that no more remained to be done. In the middle of the place half-a-loaf of bread was hanging from a rafter by a string: it was his way of baulking the rats of it. From this

he broke off some junks and began hastily to chew them, still moving about as if unable to rest. He suddenly quenched the light, locked the door behind him, and made once more for the cart. He restored the mouth-piece, sat in brightly, and vigorously urged the animal back towards the town. It wanted an hour to dawn. "Ah!" "Ah . . . h . . . h!" he shouted out, a cry that was full of sly triumph.

When he once more entered Youghal town, the pale morning was playing upon it, but, nevertheless, everything was still fast asleep: churches, shops, and houses were deep in their dreams. Not a sound, not a movement—no door opening, no window sash running, no blind raised. The noise of the wheels, even old Tadhg himself noticed how sharp and loud a clatter they were making. He was glad to turn once again into that deserted lane among the vacant warehouses. Again he made for the jetties. He tied his beast by the reins to some iron bars in a window frame. He hobbled forward, as with purpose, towards the dreaming ship. Silent she was, disdainful, yet his heart filled with warmth as he gazed up at her. Seagulls were flying about her topmasts, gliding and wheeling, crying out sharply their long notes. Her grey-painted iron side was high above his head: he had not foreseen the difficulty of waking so huge a mass into life. But soon he noticed that a young sailorman, smoking quietly, lazily, had been watching him all the time. He raised hand and stick to the sailor in greeting. Indeed he was afraid he might turn away or go below. He drew nearer, hobbling, "Whisper," he said, cautiously, beckoning the sailor to come closer—"Whisper, what's the name of her?"

"The name?"

"Yes, her name, what's on her, the ship?"

"The Hispaniola. 'Tis all along her."

"The Calliope?"

"No, The Hispaniola."

"Whisper, whisper now: are they after changing it? For why did they change it?"

"Change what?"

"The name of her?" He was whispering up, his left hand at his mouth.

"They haven't changed it. Hispaniola, that's the lady's name."

"Ah, ah, I'm telling ye now, whisper, 'tis the Calliope she is. Isn't it I that should know that? 'Tisn't so easy to deceive me. The Calliope—and the Master—Captain Hinchion—that's the name. Look now, like a good boy—go in and tell him there's one here would like to make speech with him—and, whisper, 'twould be no harm to tell him that he won't be sorry at all if he's said by me. Go on now."

"But he's not aboard, your Captain Hinchion; he never was." As he spoke in his somnolent voice the sailor raised his eyebrows, his two hands, the smoking pipe in the fingers of one of them, held loosely. "He never was," he repeated.

"Ah, he's not. He's not. You tell me that?" Perplexed, he stared piteously at the sailor.

"Calliope," he whispered again, in a sort of staring vacancy.

"No, Hispaniola, Portland, Maine."

The old man waved his hands with sudden joy.

"Portland, Maine—that's it. A hundred times they said it to me, 'tis there I'd find her."

"Was she from there?"

"Portland, Maine. Portland, Maine."

"Hold there a while now, will you?"

"No, no; stop! Come back."

"I'll be back presently."

"Ye will?"

"Certain."

He vanished from Tadhg's eyes; but the old eyes never shifted; they were fearful the sailor might not return. He did return. He was accompanied by an oldish, blear-eyed, scrubby-bearded seaman, vicious-looking, scowling. His limbs were twisted with rheumatism. He fastened his gaze on Tadhg:

"The Calliope?" he muttered huskily, absently, his weary,

wornout voice offending the freshness of the morning.

"Yes, yes."

"Portland, Maine?"

"Yes, yes."

"Captain Hinchion?"

"Hinchion—young. A bold lad. A bold lad."

"Right you are. I seen her often. I seen her in Portland, Maine. In Caleta Buena. In Sydney . . . She went . . ." He stretched his hand out over the ship's side, he lowered it slowly, the fingers wide apart one from another. "She foundered. Crew, Cap'n. Cargo. Cap'n's wife. All of 'em. All."

"They were drownded? All drownded, ye're saying?"

"You have it," he nodded affably.

The old man glared at him, his jaw hanging foolishly. The seaman took no notice; he raised his head: calculating how long ago it was since the Calliope had foundered, he was, unseeingly, staring into the windows of the little town, unseeingly although every one of them was a living torch against the sun.

"It's forty years ago."

"Forty," Tadhg repeated, in a dull and stupid voice.

"Forty, I said," the seaman rapped out at him. He was a chronicler of the seas. Tadhg's head swung up in answer:

"The Captain's wife . . . she was my daughter. Maybe now, ye wouldn't believe that?"

Their eyes were fixed on him. There was something like a snarl of victory in his way of saying the words; and something like disdain in his abrupt turning away from them.

The young man laughed quietly. "A queer old thing," he said; but the other flung a string of filthy words after the retreating figure.

V

The little spark of fire induced by the truculence of the sailor lived but a moment: in a sort of stupor Tadhg got into

his little cart and, almost without thinking, set out from the still dreaming town towards his home. He had lost a whole night's sleep and, bright morning though it was, he had gone only a little way when his head dropped on his breast. It did not matter. Often and often before it had happened to him. All those who travelled that road were acquainted with him; had known him even in their childhood. To see him pass with his head fallen on his breast gave them scarcely a thought. It was a little group of stranger tinkers that at last gathered about the cart, waking him up and telling him he should be more careful. Their wild faces, sun-dark, dirty, passionate, were about him in a ring. He stared at them stupidly. A middle-aged, bedraggled woman, with a child at her breast, folded into a shawl, was still shaking him, fearing that he would drop off to sleep again. "Good man," she was saying, "you'll come to misfortune, to misfortune. For the love of God mind yourself. 'Tis many a good man met his death like that."

He gathered his wits. Any one who had known him for the past forty years would, as answer to her words, have expected from him a snarl, nothing else: but no, his voice sounded weak, uncertain of itself:

"And, *a laogh,* 'twould be all one. 'Tis how, whisper, *a laogh,*"—he drew the woman towards him away from the others. " 'Tis how, they used to tell me they always come home in the end, and they broken, and every hand raised against them, and they dark in themselves, and like a dirty slut upon their father's floor." He raised his head and looked at her straight in the eyes: "Let me tell you, let me *inform* you, 'tisn't like that she'd be with me, 'tis not so, far from it, but in silks and satins, with bangles and ear-rings and—and—" Words failed him, and he gave up, with an impatient gesture, the attempt to find them. "Whisper, what a mistake they were making? 'Tis I could dress her out. 'Tis so. And, whisper, not a soul knew it, not a soul knew it—and I laughing at them! Laughing at them in my heart of hearts! All the years of my life, laughing at them

in my heart of hearts!" And he shook his head with satisfaction to think how he had been laughing at the world all the years of his life!

The tinker woman nodded to show she understood, but indeed all she understood was that the old man was simple and couldn't keep his thoughts to himself. Suddenly she saw all his strength go from him, saw him trembling and trying to control his tongue. "But 'tis all one now," he began to glawn his breast: "My heart," he said, "is a cage without a bird, a hearth without the seed of fire on it. I'm an empty sack! There is no spirit in me any more, nor strength nor life nor anything. But God's Will be done, the Will of God be done." He gathered up the reins wearedly. He did not care how long the road was nor how cold and lonely his cabin.

The tinkers drew away from him, moving quickly on. The woman began to speak: "He's very old, that poor creature is. I didn't notice it at first. But I'd say he was a firm man in his day. A firm man. And he had the look of a miser. He was laughing, he said, in his heart of hearts. Look at that now—his heart of hearts."

But even as she spoke she was racing ahead eager to catch a glimpse of the town they had been making for since the break of day. Her swift bare feet as they paddled along threw up clouds of dust from the sunny roadway.

The donkey cart meanwhile went, aimlessly, it seemed, towards the distant hills, straggling about the road. Every now and then the grey old head of the solitary figure in it would move from side to side and Vo! Vo! Vo! Vo—the traditional Irish cry of sorrow—would break from the lips. Sometimes the cry was loud and unrestrained; sometimes smothered, only a groaning.

THE INFORMER [1]

By SHAW DESMOND

From *Scribner's Magazine*

It was Dennis Coulahan had the beautiful way with him. A tall, proud boy was Dennis, with an eye of hard blue, a dazzling smile, and an easy way with the colleens. Sure, were not half the girls from Ballyduff to Lismore—and that is a good stretch—cracked after him!

You would hear him of an evening with the boys, coming down maybe from Lanty Sullivan's, the *Potheen* man, when perhaps he had two or three glasses taken, with a high note in the laugh of him, and a rich, throaty tone underneath that was a delight to the ear. It is easy to see him now as he came down the *boreen* with the dark curl on his forehead and a white turn of the eye, putting the *comether* on the boys, as the people used to be saying.

And maybe on a fine, moonlight night you might run across him taking a slant under the ould *rath* with one of the colleens. There was something very queer about Dennis, indeed, for although the most beautiful girl in Ireland, Kathleen O'Shea, was dying for the glance of him, he was never happy but when he was gallivanting with this one and that one, and it was a curious thing entirely how the good girls and the nice girls used to forget their duty to God, not to mention their duty to themselves, when they caught the careless look of his eye.

That was a queer story altogether of Kathleen and Dennis. It was the time when Patrick O'Donovan was courting the girl, just before the boys were "up" when the great rebellion

[1] Copyright, 1926, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1927, by Shaw Desmond.

of '98 broke out, and Kathleen, who was always a strange, wayward colleen, would go walking, walking with him, because she had the wish to love him. But by this and by that there was something contrary inside her that would not let her heart have the tender fancy, and the more she tried to care for him as a woman should care for her sweetheart, the less she looked like doing it. But at the long last she over-persuaded herself, if you understand me, and she said she would marry him. Sure, it is the way that the women have.

Patrick was a beautiful boy, with a clear, steady eye and brown hair, in which was a wave of the water where it curves over the Modeligo fall. It was he that had the great frame, and sure there was no man in the South could hurl the stone against him, and as for "lepping"—well, they used to be sayin' that after Jim Burke's horse, the "Phooka," saw him jump on the Carrickmacross race-course, he could never face the five-barred gate the same way again, for the conceit was destroyed in the heart of him.

Well, it was Kathleen had the great respect and fondness after him—but love him? No. Love is a queer thing—it is like a woman, the more you bid it the less biddable it is—but this is not the place to be discoursing on things of that sort.

The matter was soon settled, however, for Patrick and Kathleen. One fine morning the redcoats came marching up to O'Donovan's farm, knocked at the door, took him out under the dawn of the summer's sun, planting him with his back against the grey stone wall of his own farm, and put five pieces of lead into him, without "by your leave" or anything else. But it was given out by the general commanding the district that he was agin' the government.

That was the black night in the valley; the people were screaming mad with the rage and terror of it, but they could never find the man who tould on him, for there was not a man, woman, or child in the place that would stoop to the dirtiest work in the world.

Kathleen was the changed woman after that. Something

crept into her heart and turned it to ice, and with all the soft gentle ways of her there was a hardness lurking underneath which would come out now and again in the glint of the eye or a turn of the head. They said she would always be looking for the man that sent Patrick O'Donovan to his end, but if she was, she never found him nor any one else either. And as though fate would leave her nothing in the world, they took her father, gentle Michael O'Shea, the scholar, and swung him into eternity in the great square of Fermoy. "For fomenting rebellion," they said.

It was not until Dennis crossed her path that the roses stole back into her cheeks. But sure it was no wonder she would be liking the most beautiful young man in the valley, though when Patrick was alive she had neither the kind word nor the kind look for him. If you can understand that, you will be wiser than I, for I have given up trying to understand the pattern of a woman's mind.

But whether she liked him or not was all the same so far as her father was concerned, for he could never bear the sight of Dennis, do what he would, and it was he always had the black look for him.

But I would not be recounting the half of Dennis Coulahan if I was not tellin' ye about the power of the tongue he had. It was he that was forever dropping the spell on the people, and faith there was nothing strange that the name they put on him was "The Spellbinder." Sure he had the tongue so easy that the horses and dogs would come to him when he spoke to them. He was a horse "Whisperer," and there wasn't a wild baste in Ireland—and they are very wild there sometimes—that he could not tame. Since the days of the blessed Saint Patrick, the likes of him with the wild creatures was never seen.

Moscha! there was one night they used to tell of when under the shadow of the ould *rath,* by the light of a May moon, he put his magic on the young men, so that they were mad to have a crack at the English redcoats that were swarming in the country, for, as I said before, it was the

time of the Black Rebellion, a hundred years ago and all. And it was the mothers and the sisters and the sweethearts that used to be askin' him not to be settin' the boys wrong with his talk. Sure wasn't the gallows-tree ripe with the poor boys who had dared all and lost all for the cause? There was Michael Moriarty, and Tim Doolan, and Shawn O'Connor—all fine young men and all gone to their deaths by the running noose.

And, indeed, it was Dennis himself that had the narrow escapes. Once the soldiers took him and put him safe in Fermoy jail, but the evidence failed against him and he was released, and after he came out he was bolder than ever in the things that he said and the things that he did.

And it was Kathleen O'Shea that was the sufferer. Every time a patrol of red-coats marched down the Ballyduff village her heart was in her throat for Dennis, because it was for him at this time she had the great love entirely. But Dennis took the danger and her love easily enough. He would look down into her eyes, though she was a tall young woman itself, and would grip those soft, round shoulders of hers, and throw a laugh back for her sighs and tears.

One fine night in July, Kathleen was taking a breath of fresh air outside her cottage. From where she stood she could see the ribbon of the Blackwater as it wound velvety between its banks under the shadows of the falling night. Away to the west hung the star of night to show like a Jack-o'-Lantern through the rising river-mists. Peeping out along the valley were the lights of the little cabins that spotted the hillside.

The moist, earthy smell of the river came sweet to her nostrils. It was the earliest thing in her life she could remember. God be with the times when, as a little child, she used to be looking under the stones of the river for the "divileens," as the children called the baby eels. And the brown trout that used to swim down there under the old stone bridge, where the water ran so smoothly to-night. And the sullen leap of the salmon in the cool of the evening

—the cry of the wild duck—the haunting call of the plover. It all came back to her again.

Nestling under the hollow of a high bank was the little chapel. She could just see the ruined wall of the part that was said to have been built when the blessed Saint Patrick was making Ireland the Isle of Saints. There it stood, close by the bridge that was nearly as old as itself, like two old friends who had held together under the storms of a thousand winters. What queer sights the old place had seen. Sure usen't her father, who was a scholar, to be telling her maybe on a fine night like this, before he went to his death at the hands of the soldiers . . . Glory be to God! what was that!

There was the beating of men's footsteps—not the regular tramping of soldiers, but a scattering of feet as they came up the *boreen* which led to her house. There was a muttering and a tumblement—and every now and then a hoarse cry cutting the stillness.

A number of men walked out of the mouth of the *boreen,* straight up toward the house. They had something in the middle of them with a white bandage around the head of it.

Kathleen looked curiously at the men as they came laughing and talking toward the house, which stood away back by itself.

In front strutted little Larry O'Halloran, the cunningest charmer of the pipes in the South, who carried his pipes under his arms. A weazened little fellow, with a moist grey eye.

Sure it was Larry who could play the pipes or break your head with a loaded blackthorn with all the will in life. Faith it was he that took the light of day from one of Black Michael's eyes—and sure Michael was a giant. But he was no match for Larry with the stick. It was he that was so quick that you would only be after beating the empty air when you were looking for him with the *shillelagh.* But indeed, that is neither here nor there now.

In front, I say, strutted the little man. And it was he

that was busy giving directions about something. Every now and then, as they walked toward the house, you could hear the hoarse crackle of laughter come out of them. A queer kind of laughter—half choked as it came from the throat.

"Be careful of him, boys—sure we must take great care of him for his friends," urged the little man plaintively, with a queer cock of the head.

"What is it you have got?" said the girl, laughing, "and what devilment are you up to now?"

"Oh!" said Larry, "we have something that you'll be glad to see—for which the heart of you has been longing"—and he passed the sign to the men, who stood clear from the thing they were carrying.

The girl looked slowly round. No—she had the senses in her. It was all right. She could hear the rush of the water as it crept under the bridge. She could see the faces of the men she had known all her life.

What was it had come to them? What was it that lay on the ground, with ropes swathing it?

"God in Heaven!"

The scream of the girl rose on the air as she ran forward and threw herself on the ground by the side of the figure that lay so stiffly. She tore at the white bandage which lay strapped tightly across the face.

"Dennis—Dennis! what is it they are doin' to ye?"

"Arrah! don't be makin' yourself unaisy—can't ye see the poor boy is unconscious?" said the little piper—"he will be all right in a moment. Sure the poor creature is tired in himself and a drop of the right sort will make him all right again. Hand that bottle over."

A tall man came forward and handed him a greenish bottle. He forced it between the clinched teeth of the man on the ground, and poured a few drops gradually down his throat. After a moment, he moved his head slightly and opened his eyes, turning his face to look at the faces about him. He stared dully at Kathleen, but did not speak.

"Listen, girl," and the voice of the piper was low and soft, but with a hissing underneath like the snakes that Ireland hasn't. "Listen," says he—"that man you see there —that beautiful young man—that man with the heart of gold and the tongue of silver like the chiming of the bell at the holy Elevation"—and he crossed himself—"that is the man that sent Moriarty and Doolan and the rest to the gallows-tree.

"That man, the 'Whisperer,' the man with the voice that neither child, woman, nor dumb baste could resist—it is he that whispered away the lives of the boys at Aherlow—of the men who were shot with their backs to the stone wall at Ballineety. It was he that put the soldiers on to McCarthy's farm when they took the life of John McCarthy, and placed the black shadow on the virtue of his daughter Norah. And it was he that gave the word which sent your father to the noose.

"He, the poor man, without a penny in the world—the honest man, who could not be bought, he was so light with his talk under the shadow of the *rath* on the May night that sent five boys to the scaffold. Look at his hands—they are bloody, like those of Judas in the old time. Look at his face—white with the great fear.

"There is the brave man, the honest man, the good man —may God blast his soul forever and ever!"

And the little man smiled softly to himself.

Kathleen looked at him intently. The words came and went on her ears as unmeaning as the wind-shadows that sweep across the face of the Slieve Bloom Mountains.

Then she began to laugh quietly to herself. It was the queer little laugh, strangled at his birth.

"How do you know all this, Larry O'Halloran?" said she. "What proof have you?"

"Proof be damned! Look at him and ask him for the proof."

The girl turned and looked down at her lover, who lay there as though the thing did not concern him.

"Tell them they lie," she said quietly, under her breath. "Tell them they have put the bad word on my beautiful boy. Give them the lie in their throats. Do you hear me, *alannah?* It is Kathleen that is askin' you. The girl you swore to love all your life. Give them the lie!"

The man looked at her, but spoke never a word.

"Sure it is half dead that you are! You don't hear me, *asthore,*" said the girl. "Do ye hear me?"

Something rattled in the man's throat, but nothing came from him.

"Take those ropes off him," said the piper. The men unwound the ropes. "Now stand up and speak—do ye hear?" As the man made no effort to move—"Stand up!" One of the men kicked him heavily in the side. The blow sounded as though he had kicked a barrel. But the man still made no effort to move.

"Stand him up!"

Two men lifted him until he stood upright. Kathleen looked at him steadfastly. "Do ye understand me, *asthore,* or is it that your senses have left you under the treatment?"

Coulahan stood there white and sullen, a little froth, flecked with blood oozing from the corner of his mouth.

"Arrah, don't be wasting your breath," said the piper, "sure it is he that has his senses all the time, but he knows in his black devil's heart what is coming. Sure it is he that understands that words are now no more than the passing of the wind.

"Let him deny this if he can. Wasn't I and Mickey the Rat here making our devotions in the old chapel, praying for the soul of Patrick O'Donovan, as the boys have done every week since his murder, when who should come into the chapel in the darkness but *that,* with an agent from the castle, and didn't we see him take the blood-money from his hands? The money that was for the life of Con O'Reilly, who was found with the gun hid in his chimney, and who was hanged at the crossroads of Kilgobinet? I can hear

him now as he gave out the choking cry before they lifted him by his neck. Can he deny that?"

He went up to the man. "Blast you—will ye speak?" and he struck him heavily across the mouth.

A thin stream of blood trickled down the man's face and fell on to his white shirt. But he never spoke, though there was a look in his eyes which showed the tempest of passion and fear that was tearing him as though a mad dog were at work in his vitals.

The girl looked at him hard, her face setting white as she came close to him, speaking quickly.

"Ah," said she, "I have the sight clear now. So it was you who put the noose around Con O'Reilly—the pride of his mother. It was you that put the sod over my father, and it was you that put the soldiers on to Patrick. I wish you joy of your work, Dennis," and she laughed a little. "I wish you joy of their company on the road to hell—to the pit that's gaping to swallow you forever."

Still never a word.

"Boys," cried the girl, with a daft light in her eyes, as she stared at the river, "this is my business. It was *my* father and *my* Patrick. Bring him down to the bridge. I want to speak with him."

One of the men produced a lantern as she led the way down the *boreen,* which sloped to the banks of the river. Far below them they could hear the tearing of the water as it rushed over the stones. Now and then came to their ears a dull roar as a wave of extra volume from the hills ran over the stream.

The Blackwater River was at the beginning of flood, and its way, as you know, is to rise half a dozen feet in half as many hours. But at present it was nearly as low as it had ever been, and ran smoothly enough in and out of the dark arches—shallow and free.

The last few hundred yards of the way ran steeply down to the bank under the side of the old bridge. There was no

moon, but the stars showed faintly overhead through the misty veil which hung over the river.

The little body walked in silence, Dennis Coulahan in the middle of them. They scrambled down over the stones, which showed naked to the eye by the edge of the stream. Yawning near to them were the two arches, under the farther of which the main stream ran deep and swiftly, leaving the other dry.

From the centre of the bridge hung a pillar of stone, with other pillars lying darkly behind it, which supported the whole structure.

"What are ye going to do, *alannah?*" asked Larry gently; "sure, you are not going to drown him? That would be too easy a death for the likes of him."

The girl did not answer. There was a hard stare in the eye, a twitching of the muscles of the face which worked fearfully.

"Bring him here," said she, pointing to the front of the pillar. "Tie him there."

The men took Coulahan and placed him with his back against the pillar, passing the lengths of rope around and around his chest, arms, and waist, and tying his feet by the ankles to the pillar, to which he was laced as though he were a figure carved from the stone.

When they had finished, the girl motioned them back.

"Leave him to me now."

A light grew in the man's eyes.

"No, by God!" said the piper. "If you stay, we stay."

"Oh! is it thinkin' ye are that I would be afther lettin' him go? Well, then, it is little ye know of Kathleen O'Shea if ye think that. But you stay, Larry, if ye wish, but let the rest go, for the things I have to do cannot be done before others."

"All right, boys. Let you be goin' away. I will see to it that Dennis here is made nice and comfortable, and maybe I will rise him a tune on the pipes to lighten his road."

There was a crackle of laughter as the men moved off,

for none of them dared to give the wrong word to Larry.

Their voices came back from the *boreen* as they scrambled through the darkness, until they died away, and there was a great silence, save for the rush of the water, which had the queer note in it.

It was a terrible little place, the only house near being that of the O'Sheas' farm. A cry of the night came from a bed of reeds, and there was the sulky splash of a salmon as it rose to feed. The water swept down on them in a black mass, with the starshine gleaming like fairy silver on the face of it, and then, as by magic, when it was about to sweep over them, turned and ran into the channel at the side.

The piper walked in under the arch, and crouched against the wall, his elbow pipes cradled in his arms, as Kathleen sat on a big stone at the foot of Dennis.

"Listen, *alannah,*" said she—and her voice was crooning soft as though a mother were speaking to her child—"sure I want to have a talk with you. And we have the night before us, and as it will not be the top of the flood for some hours yet, you will have time to hear all.

"Do ye remember the day you came to me afther Patrick's death—and the beautiful things you said to me? Do ye remember how, when I cried for the first time since they put him against the wall, you gave me the soft word? Do ye remember how you told me you would have given your life for him to save him to me—how without me the light of your life would go out? How, with the summer's sun striking into your room over Slieve Bloom of a morning, it awakened you to another day of misery—because I had not the glance of love for ye?

"Do ye remember how you said you tried to save my father? How ye went to Fermoy to see the colonel about him? Do ye remember?"

Steady as death itself, the voice went on. "Do ye remember how you struck under me—how you told me you would take me away and make me an honest woman—

how you took away my pride? Do ye remember? Think." And the girl stared at him.

The man never opened his lips, but looked at her, the gleam of his eyes coming and going under the starlight.

The water began to leap uneasily under the arch like a young horse on the curb. Away through the dark curve the stars were framed. The silence hung over them like the cloth on a coffin.

All at once something rose on the night wind. It was like the struggle of a giant bee. It came and went soft and velvety to the ear.

It was the pipes. The darling pipes of Ireland.

Soft and low the strains stole on the air. In haunting cadence they rippled and swelled, and then died away, coming again and again, until from the tanglement of sounds crept the beautiful "Grierna of the Waters."

The notes echoed in the dark spaces of the bridge, and ever, as they echoed, the waters crept higher and higher, fretting now in their narrow channel as the flood rose.

Then the notes died away in the silence.

"Do ye remember little Con O'Reilly—with the child face and the beautiful blue eyes, who used to be mindin' his sheep by the side of the Brideen? Do ye remember Jim Dillon and Michael McGrath and James O'Leary? Do ye remember Norah O'Connor, that the madness struck afther they took her man from her? Do ye remember?"

The water was rising quickly. It commenced to overrun the stones of the dry arch, and almost reached the feet of Coulahan.

The man stared around him like a man on a cross. At last the voice came to him.

"Oh, Christ! what are you doin' to me! Sure you are not goin' to drown me here by inches. Cut the ropes from me quick. Don't let me die. I am too young—too young. I swear I had no hand in your father's death—nor in the

death of Patrick O'Donovan. I swear it by the Blessed Sacrament."

A shadow stood close by him. Larry had crept out of the arch, hearing the cries.

"Arrah! hould your whisht, darlin'," said he. "Don't be wastin' the breath of you—you'll want it all. Sure what is a little dyin' by the side of the others? I will play to lighten the heart of you. What will ye have? 'Modderideroo'? 'Sheela na guira'? 'The Pigs are in the Clover'? 'Planxty Kelly's Reel'? Give the word and I will rise it for you, my bouckaleen!"

The man's head had fallen a little forward, the death sweat glistening on his forehead.

"Well, by this and by that!" said Larry, "ye'll have to have a tune." And without another word he broke into "The Wild Tune," as it is called, which came down from the time of the Flood. The wildest tune, surely, that ever came from the heart of a mortal, with the sound of the wind, and the rushing of the waters, and the song of the birds, and the war-chant of the men of the old, ancient times —all running through it like the devil at the Quakers' meeting. Wildly its melody broke on the air and re-echoed under the arches, mingling with the cheep-cheep of the waters and the night winds in the reeds.

Madly it rose, Larry working the bellows as though possessed.

Higher and yet higher, until, with a note that wailed away into the black night, it ceased.

Without a breath, the piper went on into "The Tender Child." You know the tune—sweet and low—ever and again trembling, like the steps of a child that is learning to walk.

Something stirred in the girl's breast. She muttered to herself: "The tender child—the tender child."

"Yes"—and she went on as though she had never stopped speaking—"you hear it, 'The Tender Child.' The child that

is growing in me. The child that will have a murderer and informer for its father—that will be born with the crooked way on it. Yes—you hear, Larry, 'The Tender Child.' Play on—play on—Larry boy."

The water circled around the stone on which she was sitting, but she sat there, her feet dipping in the rising flood. The little piper took her by the wrist and dragged her away. She moved over the stones like a ghost of the night, looking back every few steps, and laughing softly to herself.

Dennis Coulahan fixed his eyes on her. Once again his screams tore the night: "God! you are not leaving me to die like a rat in a trap. For the love of Jesus, come back to me—as you hope for mercy, come back—come back—come . . ." His voice died away in the silence, his head sinking on his chest as though his neck were broken.

The girl crouched under the bank with the piper. In the darkness they felt the form of the man swathed to the hard stone. The waters were coming down now in waves which surged upward, ran and broke, showing white where they leaped at the foot of the man like hungry dogs. As he felt the cold fangs in his feet, he screamed once more. After that there was silence.

The dark waters mounted higher—ever higher. Upward they crept—now to his knee—now to his waist.

"We'll play him on his last passage," said the piper. He placed the pipes under his arm and started "The Dirge of Rhoderick Dhu." The notes in the minor stole onward to the man on the pillar—the *ullhone* for the dead. It ran sullenly under the arches over the flood of waters.

The girl crouched there motionless, her head sunk in her hands. She rose to her feet, the great change in the face of her.

"Dennis—Dennis," she screamed, "I am coming!"

She sprang into the flood, which carried her swiftly under the arch and into the darkness, as the waters kissed the lips of Dennis Coulahan.

GETTING EVEN [1]

By THOMAS KELLY

From *The Manchester Guardian*

Martin Deegan was usually rather a dry-as-dust sort of little man, with that slight leaning towards pomposity which at times affects those holding Government appointments. As post-master of Ardnaclune he seemed to enjoy his official position behind the wire grating that ran across the lower end of the counter in his shop. But he was businesslike, if somewhat curt, in dealing with the patrons of his office. His manner of saying "Yes?" to a waiting customer was not exactly a substitute for either "Next, please," or "What can I do for you?" or "Hurry along there!" Yet it succeeded in suggesting something of all three. And he dealt with his clients in a way that displayed his consciousness of the fact that at this end of the counter at least he was secure from trade rivals.

It was rather a surprise to see another side of his character in evidence as I entered the little office. A thin, frail-looking man waited with enforced patience while the postmaster stood inside the counter, holding a stamp between his thumb and forefinger. On his face was an almost malicious smile, as of one who actually enjoyed holding a bone just out of reach of a dog. "You're sure now there's nothing else you'll be needing, Mr. Twomey?" Martin was saying as I entered. "No other kind of stamps? No penny ones? A grand design there's on them penny ones now, much nicer than the blank map of Ireland that's on the tuppeny ones; not to mention the Celtic cross on the thrup-

[1] Copyright, 1927, by Thomas Kelly.

peny ones, if you wanted to send a small parcel or a heavy letther. But I think the flaming sword on the half-penny ones is the nicest of them all."

"The one stamp is all I need now, Mr. Deegan," said the frail man, fidgeting from one foot to the other.

"No postal ordhers, then? I have a great run on them these times, a great run entirely. But look at the range of them I have in stock, going higher be every tanner from the sixpence to the guinea, forby you being able to stick on the odd coppers by way of stamps. Look at them, now, with the green print of 'Post Ordú Eireann' across the red or the blue of 'British Postal Order.' The green above the red, Mr. Twomey."

"I'm not wanting any of them at all."

"Well, what about a money ordher, then? That's a grand sort of an ordher for you, and you to be able to get it filled up for the precise sum you require, barring the old half-penny. Aye, I think meself the money ordher was a great invention, and I'm saying that in spite of the extra work it manes for me. The filling up of forms and sending advices would scald the heart of you at times. And a lad from Dublin'd come down and ate the face off you if you med a slip of the pen with one of them. But they're grand things, and so fittable, if you know what I mane."

"I do so, but you know very well I'm not wanting a money ordher at all."

"Well, seeing that you're not sending your money away, then I can recommend our Saving Certificates to you. There's what you might call a gilt-edged security and no spots on it. You might get a higher rate of interest elsewhere, but nothing like the same security. And the more you lend the country the less you pay in taxes. Think of that, and buy Saving Certificates. Safe as a bank and sound as a thoroughbred."

"Yerra, where would I get the money to buy them sort of things?"

"Then can I remind you that I sell very good stamped

envelopes and postcards? Fine quality paper in them, cream-laid over best manila."

"The penny packets does all right for me."

"Oh, I nearly forgot our Savings Bank. That's a handy bank for your money. No charges for keeping your account, no stamp on a cheque when you want to draw out. No fear of an overdraft. Could you bate that?"

"Sure I don't want to bate it! What use is it to a man like meself who only gets two looks at his few coppers, as they say?"

"But every little helps to make the pile, Mr. Twomey. And isn't the Postmaster General, Mr. Walshe himself, great on the Savings Bank? He wants to see any amount of small accounts opened. He does so. And as I said, I can recommend it to you meself. . . . Well, not to-day, maybe. I suppose there's no licence you need. Dog, gun, game, wireless? No. What about our telegraph service? I could send off a wire for you red-hot be way of the telephone to the office in the town."

"Sure, I don't want the likes at all. Only the tuppeny stamp. That's all I want."

"Yes, yes, certainly. Two pence, please. Quite correct, Mr. Twomey. Quite correct. Thank you. Good day, Mr. Twomey. Good day."

The thin man went out, and the postmaster turned to me with a smiling apology.

"I thought you wouldn't mind waiting a minute or two," he said, a grim little smile flickering about his lips. "I wanted a bit of me own back off that lad gone out. . . . The last time he cut me hair he nearly talked the head off me as well. And I said to meself, 'I'll not be always in your chair, me lad!'"

THE BOMB-SHOP [1]

By SEÁN O FAOLÁIN

From *The Dial*

I

I have flung my shoes from off my feet, I have let my hair down around my shoulders—I swear there are streaks of grey, but I have not seen them, and I shall not search for them—and I write at my heart's ease under the golden glow of their old reading-lamp. If I wished to raise my eyes to the window I should see the fireflies of the city, footlights to the velvet night, and even as I stoop over this page I smell the hawthorn in full bloom. But I have no wish, God knows, to look down into the hole of a city or at its thousand blinking eyes, for no city but a single house I should begin to search for in the mass: a house in the centre of the markets, vegetable-refuse around it, dogs barking in the yards behind, and the one occupant we left there behind us. God have mercy on her soul.

I can pity her now more easily, be sorry for the parting now that she is under the clay. They are indeed the lights of that same city that held us in its grasp, but this, is not this, too, the quiet of the dark night outside, and that the strewn hay that I might if I wished drink in to intoxication by just standing in the dark on the threshold of the kitchen below? There are hundreds of fields and boreens and roads between us and that house: and the darkness and sunlight of a quarter of days and nights between as well.

God pity her, she was an extraordinary woman. I can think of no other word but that. Like a slender statue

[1] Copyright, 1927, by The Dial Publishing Company, Inc. Copyright, 1927, by Seán O Faoláin.

from a Middle-Ages porch—a spear carved into woman-shape. She used stare at me in a queer way, a merry sort of way. But as she looked at me her mouth was like a little pale daisy pursed in the centre of her grey face, and then who could tell whether it was merriness or bitterness that made her stare at you so? To look at the daisy—a hard brain, this: to look at the eyes—a great-hearted woman.

Och, I am glad to think of the space between us, to think that time between has demolished for ever that old-clothes shop in the centre of the markets below.

She used say she was praying God for us: that I needn't be worried that I couldn't go to Mass on Sunday—as if I minded much! She told the men that the hand of God was in the work—we were making rifle-grenades, bombs, incendiary and explosive, and filling cartridges—and she used bring us in her invalid-wine and fill it out slowly, laughing and saying, peering as she spoke—"for body and soul—Norah understands me. Doesn't she, Norah?" Daisy for the silence: grown to a poppy for the laughter. Every night she came to the door—oh, heart of mine listen to the wind in the pines outside—came with her oil-lamp in one hand, her glass of water in the other.

—Mind yourselves now, she'd say.

—Ah, we're fine, the three men would say. Except Tom who used not raise his head from his chess.

—And Norah?

—Cheerio, cheerio, I'd say, a good-night all to myself.

—King to knight's pawn, from Tom.

—Oho, would come from Seán like a cuckoo's cry in double note. And Liam would begin at some chant like Rolling Home to Merrie England, or Sally Brown, I Love Your Daughter.

—Liam! I would warn, then: and we used be quiet for a spell.

And anybody that went downstairs after that saw through the doorway her head over the top of her arm-chair, and

the lamp on the mantel shining down on it through the gloom.

Then . . . here is how it goes in my diary. I must have been daft.

April 22. Hair heavy with sweat: forgot to weave it before coming to bed. Sleep! Sleep! That binds up the ravelled sleave of care. Come, come. Housmanns says—and so on. Breath's a ware that will not keep. Writing away because I like the candlelight. She so quiet, and not a stir from her no more than if she were dead. I stretched out my hand in the dark, the lamp was out though the ashes glowed still, and down it came on the cold head, and the night so still, so still even as it is now, even if a dog would only bark, and the cat sleek against my calves in the dark. *Fonn ni thigeann am 'ghoire.* Damn Irish poetry! Then Liam came with light. Her jaw hung loose, her mouth white, bloodless, a single rib of hair lying on her cheek askew since I let my hand fall on her head in the dark. Oh, God have mercy on the souls of the dead.

April 22, still. And really it's the twenty-third past midnight. I can't sleep. A woman to my left and a woman right and they whispering, the grave, give me the grave. Am I to be like this till the morning from kerb to kerb of the bed? Whisper. Whisper.

The first cock-crow. There are the carts trundling into market beneath my window, and I am too weary to rise on my elbow and look at them. I do see that the planets have not yet scattered. The Plough was over here last night, now it's gone. Do the planets, stars move? The baths of all the western stars—yes! Listen to the sound of the carts below on the cobbles. Cartloads of cabbage, wet from the rain, and glistening. Cartloads of fish? Or two or three loads of high hay and the rain down on them as from a sieve. And the carters envying the drawn blinds around them: if they only knew! It's they are happy: they think

me happy in my warm bed. O! grass, tall, soft, wet, fragrant, cold, high grass! And the sun on its white nodding marguerites! Or the full moon!

April 23. Tom has just said that we cannot risk leaving here as long as they are depending on us for the incendiaries for the attack on B. Rain ceased.

II

Three months gone since that night and the months have *not* demolished the clothes-shop. I hate to think of it: I see nothing but that cold grate, the jaw of the dead woman, the linen cloth they laid on her face to hide her from—nothing. And the joy in me the time they told me I was to go to help the men at the bomb-shop. The welling-up of joy. Poor little chicken: good name for me, God knows. Chicken!

The very first night I went, Liam set his gramophone going specially to give me pleasure. It was a song in which a single line had hitherto defied them: I was to interpret for them. The needle was coarse with rust. The records lay higgledy-piggledy on the table.

—Now, listen carefully at the second line, said Liam.

> In the lag behind the hawlown
> Wheare the grath ith goldenn nred
> Awnd nthe . . .

—Listen, listen, cried Liam. The others looked up amused.

Awnd nthe lumar umnn ngaefal ncearal aaawnnn.

—Well what was it? Did you get it? eh?

Liam would have been disappointed if I had, I think, but I hadn't a notion what the first two lines had said not to mention the mysterious third. He stood looking at me in triumph, a hand on the regulator.

—Slowly, now, this time.
Clearly it was a rite.

Wheare the grath ith goldenn nred.
Awnd—nthe—lumgur—boom—themal—um—rur—oownnn.

—Did you get it? Liam stopped the machine and faced me again. Perpetually interested he was. He said it might be "And the grey grass blooming on the lawn" or "And the church bell booming in the dawn"?

—But wait. Twice as slow this time now.

Sean looked up from his chess-problem and said in a low voice of bitterness.

—Chuck it!

—Ah, one more little bouteen: one more, Sean boy. All listen with the utmost attention and devotion! And in all moments of danger, temptation, and affliction—he was quoting in blasphemous fashion from the Catechism.

Wheare nthe grth ith ngolden nred.

Sean was at the end of his patience it seemed—even then when I arrived—and that was months before the end. That very first night he fought with Liam.

—For God's sake give it a rest, he cried.

Liam sent his eyebrows up in mock surprise: Sean's eyebrows were curved tightly downwards: Tom was watching with mouth open ready for laughter if cause for laughter should be. I shiver to think of that gramophone and the obscenity that it pulled up out of Sean's heart. The poor kid!

It was on April the 24th that the sodium ran out: Tom could think of no alternative, and it left Liam idle. It was exasperating. I remember the day well, and the surprise with which I heard the noise of the traffic for the first time from within: the roar of the lamps held it at bay until that day when we suddenly silenced them at the dinner-hour. What a medley of noise: and it was a day of sunny parallelograms of light on the floor. Women's voices above

every other noise—"fine fresh fish—fine fresh fish" and in a torrent of words, "here's the herrings, here's the herrings, here's the herrings" screamed at the top of the voice. Liam began to imitate them, and I wondered at his good-humour at the time, and finally left us to go out to the front windows that we but rarely dared to approach, and when I followed him he was watching the kiddies playing in the sun around the pools of last night's rain. He at one side of the window, and I at the other, we peeped at them for a full half-hour. There I left him to prepare the dinner.

This was an old lumber-room, full of the most quaint lumber: trunks, hat-boxes, ornaments in glass and in marble stones, a pheasant under a glass case, piles of old books, books by Ouida, and Mrs. Radcliffe, and authors gone into the darkness of a just judgment, newspapers of the 'eighties, trash of all sorts. Liam discovered there a photograph album, brass-cornered, velvet-covered, latched, and each page as thick as forty of these I write on. Half of the book was not a book at all but a box holding a musical instrument that ping-ponged out, when the book was opened, like a kitten's meow a plaintive monosyllabic tune, "there—is —no—place—like—home." Liam made it play again and again, mouth gaping with delighted laughter.

At last he came to me in the kitchen, an old bonnet on his head, an old wrap around his shoulders, happy as a school-boy.

—But I haven't the wasp-waist you know. Nor the puffed shoulders. If I had the waist it would be only after a month of pulling on the laces, the maid with her leg on the edge of the bed for leverage. Eh? Do you think?

Sean left his incendiaries to see him.

—No, you haven't the waist.

Tom left his work to look at his capers.

—The corset wasn't made that would circle your belly, he said coarsely.

—Of course women have narrower waists than men by nature, said Sean, and then he blushed.

—God knows who wore them last, said Tom like a fool, and broke us up like the first heavy drops of a lowering sky on a merry party.

A line from my diary:
April 24, still. Liam singing after dinner.

Liam had a fine baritone voice. He reminded me always of a young fellow—shot dead a few days after—who sent his voice into every cranny of the high and huge old castle at Macroom the night we retreated from Cork; that was because Liam's favourite was the song he sang that night and hundreds of armed men around the courtyard and the moon flooding the countryside and the glorious mountains west. Liam used sing with passion:

Laugh! Pun—chin—ell—O, o, o!
For—the—love . . .
That—is—en—ded.

And that day after dinner, he stopped short in the middle of the song and his voice shaking. Turning to me he said: We'll go on till she begins to smell.

III

I never saw Tom since that night he went out and left us. All the evening he had been talking of the kids playing in the street, and the way he talked made us see the children racing and shouting around the lit lamps. And to make it the more mournful still some girls began to circle round the markets singing in harmony old sentimental numbers to the wail of a mouth-organ. Liam was all nerves. Sean stuck silent over a chess-problem: maybe the same one, for all I know, that held him the first night I came. He said chess-problems were very hard and that two men might often take a year to work one out. When Tom asked Liam if he ever saw a little baby lying in a cot there was a row, and foul language and the Saviour's name taken in vain. I never spent so miserable a night, and I went to lie in

bed with an aching tooth rather than sit listening to them bicker at one another. I wished it were a night for going on dispatches.

When I came down again to prepare supper Sean was alone, and he had a roaring fire in the grate and immediately began to talk about the proof of the love of God. I asked whether the others were gone to bed and hoped devoutly that they were and asleep, but Sean said that they were gone out, and when I looked at him in amazement he said Tom was gone to arrange for a shift to another house, and that Liam was gone to accompany him. I sat down and stared at him, my two hands like dead things in the lap of my apron. Sean leant forward and caught my hands and said it did not make any difference: we had the house to ourselves for a few hours until Liam returned. But I rose and stared the harder and by degrees only was it that I realized the cowardice of their desertion. I realized what Tom's talk of kids and mothers and red floors to kitchens and curly-haired children meant. Sean stood up beside me and talked of the beauty of the driving moon, and said that it was many a month, and more, many a year since he had the peace of mind to look up at the sky at night and marvel at its beauty. I asked in a rage if he were sure that Liam would return, and called them cowards, and wished Ireland better than to be served by such soldiers. Liam would return in a few hours. Liam was a good fellow, and would return. The four squares of moonlight on the landing beneath the lobby window were good to look upon, and better to stand upon, I in one square and he in another: face to face. There was beauty in an ideal yet, and the Republic was an ideal worth suffering for, and liberty worth a man's blood. God was the God of Freedom, not the God of Love. Man was the true God of Love. Let us talk, let us talk. I could have hit the poor kid in the face that night so much did I feel that the ugliness of things was become unbearable; but I just left him to hold my temper in, and went upstairs and wrote in my diary

for a few minutes, then leaning recklessly with arms akimbo on the moonlit windowsill thinking that the dead woman below was the happiest of all; wishing to the dead Christ—I swore in my rage and despair—that I was lying on my hands and face on the green field that I could see across the city in the light of the moon. I wrote:

April 24. 11.15 p. m. Am I to recall that "she was quick mettle when she went to school," and now? Sean on the stairs-top standing in the squares of light: how long is it since I looked at the face of the moon, he said. The bells at the quarter: doh, soh, la, te, doh. They are playing a piano next door. This great, empty house seems full of little sounds that terrify me. Supper.

Sean talked on and on while I prepared supper. He insisted on drinking the remains of a bottle of invalid-wine last handled by the dead woman. So I sat by the fire while he ate and told me of his walks one summer to a little stream somewhere up in County Clare, some insignificant sewer-stream I made no doubt and said so; but he flowed on in a greater torrent at that, seeking to explain that things really exist: exist, Norah! A mighty word, that word. The bullrushes waved in the wind: the stream was undoubtedly insignificant: but is it in so far as it exists insignificant? What did I mean by "insignificant"? He was, and I was, and without us the world was not, at any rate was not the same. Yet we might well be insignificant. Why did that stream exist? The quarters and the halves and the three quarters struck and I listened to them with sinking heart, thinking of the men on the hills. Sean talked on and on. I saw the quarter-master trudging through the rain to his dumps, marking up his smudgy note-book by the light of a farm-house fire, so few incendiary bombs, so few cartridges for the grenades, and cursing us and everyone else that we could do no better with the lives of men depending on our efforts, with the fate of Ireland in the scales. And,

Norah, if you and I find a nook in that great organization of life it will be by finding out ourselves first. I rose and went wearily to bed, and I cried before I slept, sobbing in the dark of that lonely house.

IV

The following morning ended everything. Liam did not return. Sean and I were alone, and on us alone depended the attack on B.

The carts rumbling into the markets awoke me, and I decided to go out and steal in the dawn across to the monks' chapel. I needed the consolation of a Mass to save me for the work that waited our four hands.

I had to light a candle so dark was it in the dawn: that reminded me of Christmas time when one lights the lights even in the daytime over the Christmas dinner. I stole past the dead woman's door, listening. The white frost was on the grass, and through the morning mist the little Gothic windows of the chapel showed like little yellow windows in a toy house: the chapel lay at the end of a great sweep of grazing land. When I reached the chapel a stream of folk were passing in from the incurables' hospital across the road: blind, crippled, lame, maimed, people whose disease was not for the eye to see. All around the city lay in quiet sleep. Nobody seemed to speak as they hurried in to Mass: it was cold, and silent as the grave but for our feet on the wet gravel-path. We were like a meeting of the dumb and sleepless ones of Cork. The sky was still black and the larger stars shining, and a wind seemed to sweep the higher regions of the air.

The chapel was full when I entered, and as if Death were never to be avoided, there was that which would have filled it if no living person sat in the pine-wood benches—there was a coffin under a black and silver shroud in the centre of the flags. I sat in a bench that faced the pall, and peeped around slowly from head to head, half nervous

for having ventured out. Two people attracted me for a long time, a young man and young woman who prayed so seriously for their youthful looks that I wondered at them in my heart. They seemed as if they had just been married, or not married for very long, but they were here at the earliest Mass in Cork, on a cold April morning, kneeling shoulder to shoulder and praying to what Sean had called a problematical God with an earnestness that frightened me. It was not beautiful to see in the body such young people so fanatically pious: it made one fear God. All this time the ceremony went on, the priest genuflecting as he passed the tabernacle, the acolyte tinkling his bell at the consecration of the Host. At last there was a general rising to approach the rails and I saw Sean among the rest.

He knelt at the rails and waited for the coming of the priest with the Host: then he raised his head and the old ceremony was performed: Christ the God descended on earth and lay on the boy's tongue. I forgot everything then, and it was the organ playing softly, as I guessed on the viol d'amour and the tremolo, that woke me to attention again. I heard the old priest say that our prayers were requested for the repose of the soul of Brother Senan who had died at the age of twenty-three, and heard him invoke the mercy of God for his soul and for the souls of all who had departed from this world. I thought it best to slip out before the end of the Mass, and when I stepped on the gravel again the sky was not black, for the sun had risen and had made the east red. The stars were all gone. I went to my room again, for I did not wish Sean to think that I had followed him, and lay fully dressed, except for my shoes, stretched on the bed, listening to the city wakening by slow degrees out of its night's sleep.

When I descended Sean was at work, the lamps roaring, the potassium smelling in my nostrils over the smell of the bacon I was frying for our breakfast. But I noticed a change in Sean. He refused to speak at all even when I

spoke to him, and when I asked a question or two, as for instance whether the incendiaries would be ready for B., he answered with a mere, no. Why not, I asked? How could they? He didn't care anyway. He was fed-up. He would do the grenade-cartridges. And when I protested that he had never done the grenade-cartridges before, he flared up and his tongue loosened and he became angry and argumentative.

—This is how you do it: I'll tell you. Empty the old Mausers first of all. Now listen!

As he spoke he jabbed his greasy fork in the air so that I had to draw back from his gestures: the poor kid was all on edge, I suppose. I wish now I knew better and had not fought as I did: but it doesn't matter any more.

—Weigh out the grains with the utmost care: I know what I am talking about. Clean the old cartridges in nitric, and when they are ready cut them round the top and file them down to a soft edge. Then he would punch little cardboard wads for them, and fashion little wads of cotton besides. After that you must coax in the little grains carefully, not losing a single one—one might make a difference of ten yards in the cast—ram down your wads of cotton and then of paper and use your tweezers on the case to close it tight. Then the caps. Listen. He knew. Damn it, was he a kid that had no eyes to see? Wasn't he at the tests in Ballyvourney? Listen. They put the wind up the farmer: thought his prize bull was killed. I know, I know it: you need shellac to hold the powder in the cap, and a trick to dry them quickly is to row them out on a hot plate over a Bunsen. Yes, well, now; the caps. The caps. Oh, yes, they must be impressed in the base of the cartridge. And mind that's not all. No. For fear you'd mix them with ordinary blanks . . .

There we sat, the two of us, facing one another across the breakfast-table: around us lay saucepans, scales, bags of chemicals, roughly fashioned ovens and heating-trays,

books of instructions, great jars of acid. Below us the dead. Without, the wakening city, and the risen sun. I rose and the quarrel began.

Knock, knock, knock-knock! Like cringing curs our tongues sank down in our throats, and we swallowed hard with fear, staring at one another and listening for the next bold knocking at the door below. Knock. And after it running a series of knock-knocks. I thought of "Here's the herrings, here's the herrings, here's the herrings," as the knocking took on the rhythm of the fishwives' cry. I thought of "Give me the grave, give me the grave, give me the grave." A silence was followed by a single knock.

We stole to the front window and looked out expecting to see scattered figures in uniform with rifles at the ready. A man passing to his work looked across at the door, and no more. After a while there was no more knocking and we turned and sat as before. Then Sean leaped up.

—This puts a finish to it, he said.

—I don't see that, said I.

—Are we to wait here to be surrounded? Who's that at the door?

—How can I tell you?

—Do you think they won't return? Do you think she hasn't any friends to come looking after her? Clear out quick. Come on, quick.

He caught up the sweeping-brush. He had some notion of leaving the house as we found it, the death lying below unexplained: heart-failure, perhaps?

—You are getting afraid, then, I taunted.

—Tom and Liam were right to go and leave you, with your bickering tongue.

—How soft the men leave their posts. Sean, are you thinking of the attack on B.? The men waiting for the stuff? Aren't we going to give them something to fight with? Sean, are you Irish at all?

—In the name of God . . .

I laid my hand on his shoulder softly.

—Sean, do you not love Ireland?

—Oh! he burst out, vomit on top of Ireland. Vomit on her. Vomit on her. Vomit on her.

Oh, how I contemned him as I turned to do my little part for the cause, do it even if I had to risk sleeping and working all alone in this house. I began to ready the lamps for a morning's work, but he followed me packing away the things I needed, and even brushing the floor around my feet. He put the match-box in his pockets because they were his, and when I returned from the kitchen with more he snatched them and said that they too were his. He swept the dust of the room towards me where I stood, even knocked the brush-end on my ankles, and when I changed over to the table by the window he followed me and flung open the shutters and chanted some song out to the back-yards that had never heard a man's voice from this house as long as they could remember. I raged and turned on him at last. He turned to face me there in the sunny window, his back to the white shutters, half-face in shadow, half in sun. I caught the shutter to close it, he caught it too. Then he calmed suddenly and laid his hand on my hair, it slipped down around my shoulders, his hand followed to my wrist, and all the while he looked at me in a kindly way, and finally left the room.

I saw a woman's head looking up at the house from a slum-house window behind us. I closed the shutters and began to work at the cartridge-caps, dropping into each one its single drop of shellac. I had about twenty finished and in a row when Sean returned, clean and shaved, a collar on his neck, a cigarette in his mouth. He went into the front room and I heard him only a little while, and then silence.

But I saw it was hopeless to think of doing any work alone, and I became weary and dispirited. I listened to the low drumming of the city's traffic rising in the distance: one great hum. The room grew warm and I felt the sweat gather on my brow, and I saw the room grow darker and

darker until my spirit-lamp was throwing leaping shadows on the benches. Sean was very silent, I thought, straining to hear a whisper. But I wheeled around in terror because I felt something rustle behind me. Between the room and the noise of the traffic there seemed to hang a heavy curtain dulling all sound: I then heard the ping-ponging of the music-box tinkling in the silence. It ceased, and I began to arrange the caps with my forefinger: but I felt as if I could shake something from my shoulders, and I kept looking around and glancing at the door.

Then I heard steps come up the stairs and I raced in to Sean and cried out in fear:

—She's coming, she's coming.

—Who's coming? Who's coming?

—The woman of the house. Sean, Sean, Sean!

—What do you say?

A frightful rattle of thunder crashed over the roof as if mighty billiard-balls were cannoning in the sky. I clasped him to me and I began to cry. The steps came to the door: I could see the jaw hanging since the night of her death, her fish's eyes staring through the linen cloth.

The soft rain outside changed into a downpour so that I heard it on the iron roof in the yard. Sean flung up the blind and we saw the sun shining through the falling water. He kissed me right on the lips and I did not stay him: he was whispering to me that this was the best end of all. I grew calm.

A line from my diary:

April 26. We have parted from her, thank God.

I am weary from so much writing, and I have no more to tell.

O dark night above, come, come, with the life that lies before me.

And now for a waltz in the kitchen!

REBELS THEY WERE CALLED [1]

By K. F. PURDON

From *Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine*

There's a part of Wicklow very backwards and lonesome, even more so than the rest of it. Though the dear knows, with its bare rough mountains and the sunk-down glens between them, the weight of that country is very deserted and forgotten-looking. A beautiful appearance no doubt there is upon it, when the furze and heather are blooming out and the sunshine lying like a veil of smiles over the hillsides with their little farms scattered here and there. There's plenty of Quality ready to come there at such times and to admire it all. And evenly they will draw out the grandest of pictures of it and say it's what they would like well to be living there themselves, and how that them that do should be very pleasant and joyful and they with so many lovely things to look at all about them.

But it's always in the summer season that that class of persons comes to Wicklow. They never see the place they let on to think so much about in the hard weather. Then the winter winds and the rain and storm come sweeping across the hills and down the glens, that wild and strong that it would give a grown man his best to stand up against them. Or maybe the snow will be falling, soft and silent, and following on steadfast till it will be piled up on the roads and around the little cabins to the thatch. And then a sudden thaw may come that will fill the very little streams that the strangers would have been painting or making songs

[1] Copyright, 1927, by the executors of the late K F. Purdon.

about. In a short time they would be changed from the sparkling gay little rivers that they were then, into roaring floods of muddy brown waters able to carry all before them. And down into the valleys they will wash stones and trees, turf and earth, and maybe an odd mountainy sheep or so.

The people that live in the farthest off of those valleys always call it The Glen. And forsaken-looking and all as it is, they are of the opinion that there isn't another place within the walls of the world fit to hold a candle to it. In fact they'll not leave it, ever, if only they can get to stop there at all. You would wonder, the love they have for the queer far-off Glen.

If there was one place there more than another that you might imagine you would feel that way about, it was MacDermott's at the very head of the valley. For it was as neat a little place as you could find from that to this, thriving and well-kept inside and out, very nice and complete in every particular. There was an upstairs to it and all as snug and warm as a scutty-wren's nest.

And still the frightened dead sort of a look there was about the place that same Hallow Eve! Small blame indeed to the little house for that, seeing there wasn't a living soul to be seen next nor near it barring the Vanithee herself and her little child that she was giving his supper to and he sitting on her knee beside the kitchen fire.

A widdy-woman she was, this young Mrs. MacDermott and only a twelve-month after burying her husband. And that was the only child she had, a little son, that she had there with her in the fire-light.

The way it happened that the two of them were all to themselves that night was, Judy, the girl, was in, and it beginning to get dusk, "I'd wish to be going out awhile to-night, if it would be pleasing to you, ma'am . . ."

"A-why this night of all nights?" said Mrs. MacDermott.

For it was gone out of her mind what night that was.

Judy got a bit red in the face.

"It's a cousin of mine . . . leastways my mother's third

cousin . . . and she's after sending word for I to go over there to-night, the way her and me can be . . . it's what she wants. . . . Och, isn't it Hallow Eve!"

"Oh ay, so it is!" said the Widdah MacDermott, "Hallow Eve. But surely to goodness and you're not wanting to be going with any of that foolish work!"

"Why shouldn't I, the same as any other girl?" said Judy.

"Troth I dunno!" said the Vanithee and said no more at that time. But when Judy was gone racing off and by the time the turf and water was left in and she had the place regulated for the night, it was middling late. . . . Says Mrs. MacDermott to herself, "It's often I heard it said, there's no fool like an old fool! To see Judy going off out into the dark night that-a-way and she pushing forty if she's a day! Time for the likes of her to leave off things of the sort! But sure after all, why wouldn't she, if she has the heart for it?"

And she gave a sigh out of her then as if she herself was done with it all, young as she was—not five and twenty years of age at this time. Or it might be that she began thinking over some Hallow Eve gone by and not so long ago either. And the thoughts of all that would go on and the little fun herself and her comrade girls would be making out for themselves, was leaving her more lonesome than before.

In troth and it was a bad time for anyone to be left as desolate as she was then, and in particular there just where she was living. For it was in '98 all this occurred, and in that part of Wicklow the times were very frightful and queer, so much so that the young Widdah got the name of being the best-plucked woman in the Glen or she surely would have run away out of it altogether. For the Boys were out all around her, hiding among the hills, waiting the time to come that they would have a chance to get their blow in for Ireland. Rebels they were called then. But it's another name might be put upon them now, if it was this

present was in it then. But of course that's only the height of folly to say such things. What's past is gone, and still, like last year's floods, it makes changes that will last.

The day they were waiting for never came for them, God help them! All the hardship and hunting down they had to stand went for nothing in their time. Great punishment they met, but so did many another that had never a word to say to it. A lone woman the like of young Mrs. MacDermott stood no chance because when men are weak and spent with want, it's not thinking they'll be, "Whose cow is this?" or "Who does this pit of potatoes belong to . . . or such a bag of meal?" No in troth! And you would learn to let them take what you could not keep from them and say nothing. For ill dare you complain! You soon found out that the best of your plan was keep a smooth face no matter what happened and shut your eyes to what you could neither help nor hinder.

And so by the Widdah MacDermott. She held her whisht all through. But what left her worse was, that she stood to lose what she married for, and then what had she? It wasn't for love she agreed to take Mickey MacDermott, indeed, nor couldn't. But she was without one only herself when she married him, and he had a good farm of land and the comfortable little place I'm after describing to bring her into. Full and plenty there was in it. And now what was she to do? If she quit out of it and went to live in some town leaving all behind, a thing she was often advised to do, likely enough there would be nothing left for herself and the child when she would come back. And she hadn't one to stand to her. They were all as fearful of what might be going to happen as she was herself. So there was nothing to be done only suffer on as she was.

Now it was a thing that never was rightly understood, how Mollie O'Byrne came to marry Mickey MacDermott. Not but the man was well enough in his way. A rock of sense he was considered to be. A fine able man too and

minded his business as well as he could and the best can do no more. Mollie had nothing against him in all that. But he was twice her age, and no great things in looks or manners and besides he was apt to be as cross betimes as a bag of cats.

But what account was all that! There's plenty puts up with worse and has no complaints. The real demur was Mollie having no right *goo* for the man, so much so that she had to be tied upon the side-car and she going to the chapel to be married or she would have been off across the bog like a red-shank."

Some said it was that she was caught on the rebound, because the boy she had been pulling a cord with for long enough, hadn't acted too well by her, only fired off with himself and left her there without a word. It was then she took old Mickey of the Glen as he was called; or was made to take him more likely. And no girl would wish to be forced into a thing of the kind.

Of course she may only have been letting on that she didn't want him. Or it could be that she just gave in at the chapel door and was comforting herself with the idea that then she could be showing the people how little she cared about that boy, Con Daly by name, that had disappeared from her and the Glen the same as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. But however it had come to pass, there she was now, that Hallow Eve, the Widdah MacDermott, in her own place, and she with a child to stand up for, and no more nor a girl in years herself, and nothing only strife and annoyance all round her.

The kitchen she was sitting in looked very strange and forsaken. You could nearly guess by just looking round it that there was queer work going on, such a curious appearance as everything in it had. The bacon-hooks were there among the rafters, but the sorra taste of meat was hanging from them now. The lid of the meal-bin was thrown back against the wall as much as to say, "Let you not be expecting anything from me!" And signs on it, the floor of that

bin was as bare as the palm of your hand. What left it worse-appearing was the great size of it. A couple or three little children could get into it, ready, if they wanted to out of tricks. And to see it now empty of everything!

I'm not saying but there might be an odd little grain of meal or a weeny of meat hid away here or there. But there was none to be seen. In those days the poorer you appeared the safer you were. You might churn your butter then or dig the dinner or bake a cake of bread upon the griddle, but what comfort had you? As like as not, you never got the eating of any of them!

So there's how all was in the place was a small little *tayscaun* of milk a neighbour was after leaving in with Mrs. MacDermott, sharing what God gave her the way people mostly does. And that was being warmed beside the fire at that time for the child's supper. As soon as it was ready, the mother commenced to feed him and he was chattering and laughing out of him the same as if nothing was astray in this earthly world and the foolish little chat of him was rising the load off of the mother's heart, when she thought to hear a soft low sound. . . . Where did it come from! She couldn't think! Was it behind the door that was half open? But that couldn't be! No! it should be from outside the window, level with the ground . . . and what great odds where it was! Whoever it was was there for no good; and she with no one only herself and the child. . . .

Then, her heart stopped beating. She turned cold and weak in herself. A little stealthy sound like what she was after hearing is far more frightful to a person sitting alone the way she was, than if a whole cart-load of stones was to come rattling down beside you. For the loud noise might be only an accident. Or you would feel that whoever made it didn't want to do it annonst. But you'll have to think a thing must be terrible bad if you're meant to not hear it. This sound was no more than a whisper. It's not for nothing you live in times like those. She soon recovered

herself and—what did she do?—only as quick as a flash when the child had the last bit down and wasn't noticing, only flings the silver spoon she had been feeding him with in anunder the turf ashes on the hearth. There's families has spoons blackened yet by that means. It was the last spoon the woman had left. The Boys had got all the others, one night they paid her a visit and they in masks. She had no money at that time so they took the spoons and said they would do for that offer. So she was aware of what might happen. But she tried to put a good face on the thing, and above all to not let on to the child that she was afeared. A young thing is timersome and it's easy giving them a fright that they may never get over. So she played with the baby a while there as well as she could by the fire, and she listening, listening to see would she hear that noise again.

She wished in her heart that Judy was back.

And then says she to the child, "Look-at-here! I'm going to make a grand little nest for you there beyant in the settle-bed, and you can go to sleep there the way me and you will be company for one another till we have Judy in again."

For of course she should wait up for Judy whether or which. And she did not like the thoughts of the child to be above in his little crib, and she below in the kitchen with only herself.

So she did that and covered him up close and warm with her big blue cloak. And the stirring about and the feel of the little soft hands letting go their hold of her neck as she laid him down and the look of the rosy little face of him and he snuggling down into the settle-bed, left her then that she wasn't in too bad a heart at all.

"There now," says she, "not a word out of you, only smiling!"

And the little child laughed and she began to think maybe it was a mistake she was after making and there hadn't been any noise at all outside. So she readied over the place and swept up the hearth and then she sits down again

by the fire and begins to knit. The wheel was there beside her too, with the wool upon it asking to be spun. But she thought she wouldn't be able to stand the humming of it, because it would keep her from getting any warning of what might be happening. It's not that a body like her wants to hear noises they know will frighten them. But neither would you wish to be short-taken.

There she sat then and the only sound she heard was the clicking of the needles; and now and then she thought to perceive the soft whisper of ashes falling from the turf as it burned away.

The child lay very quiet, and after a while says she to him, "Are you asleep yet, alanna?"

"I am," said the little fellow very fretted, "and I wish I worn't!"

"Why, what at all is on you, pulse of my heart?" she said, "and you lying there warm and snug! Why won't you shut up your little eyes and go off to sleep, the way you'll be growing into a big man able to mind your poor Mammy that hasn't one only yourself!"

"I'm not able to," said the child, "I do be thinking of horrible things!" and he gave a sob.

"Och, what at all!" she said, "that's only more of Judy's work, talking ould *rameis* and filling your head as full as her own with foolish nonsense! Sure what horrible things have you to be annoying yourself with!"

But all the whole time and she speaking up to him stiff, her heart was melting to the child, so much so that she was hard-set not to go over to him in the settle and begin sloothering him and husho-ing him off to sleep the way a mother can. What stopped her was always hearing it said that a lone woman can never rear a child manly, only have him no good; and how that a pet lamb makes a cross ram, and all to that. So all she said was, quite cool and severe, "Let you get up then if you won't go to sleep the way I bid you. It could be your feet that got cold . . . that might be

keeping you from your sleep. Come over here to me, and let you warm them here on my lap by the fire."

As she said the word she turned towards him. The settle was on a line with the window. It was barred with iron but no shutters. The fashion she had was herself or Judy would fasten up an old skirt for a blind at dusk. What did she see now only that the skirt had fallen down! Judy that was in too great a hurry to leave it right. And there she was, with the window bare and open to whoever might be outside. No one could get in through it, she knew that. But wasn't the whole kitchen in full view! Every turn she made, every look she gave around her and she felt was being watched. . . .

And here was the child creeping out from under the cloak. . . . She had a mind to hoosh him back where he would be safer. . . . But her voice was dry in her throat. He ran, light and handy in the little bare feet, across the cold flagged floor and climbed into her lap. And when he had himself well croodled down between her soft arms, and she hugging him close, says he, "Mammy, who's that standing there outside the kitchen door?" For in crossing from the settle to the hearth he could have a full view out into the passage beyond, whereas she could see nothing there, beyond the door that lay open.

She turned sick with fear. And he said it that innocent! So there had been a noise! It wasn't her fancy! Oh, wasn't it a fright! To say there should be someone there. And not outside at all! That would have been bad enough! But in the very house itself. . . . And how had he got in? It should be the wild and wicked weather that had riz in the Glen while she was sitting there had kept her from hearing. She heard the wind roaring and an odd dash of rain against the window . . . ay, that had smothered any other sound. But wasn't the door locked! But could Judy have . . . What matter anyway, how it had come to pass! Someone was in her house that had no call there. And

what was she to do! What at all was she to do! And the child. . . . She hugged him up very close to her, and said, as loud and courageous as she could, though indeed her voice was shaking as she could hear herself, "What at all! There's no one in it! How could there, till Judy comes home to us? . . ."

"There is, there is," said the child, beginning to cry because she wouldn't believe him. So just to humour him, she said, "Very well then, there *is* someone there. But sure, what odds if there is! Let them stop there, agradh! Who is it, eh? It could be Judy herself, that's came back and is wanting to play off some of her Hallow Eve tricks on us. Och, that's what it is! Just Judy! Come on in here out of that, Judy, and let me have no more of your playacting nonsense!"

"It's not Judy is in it at all," said the child, "it's someone twice as big as what she is, and twice as thin . . . and you can't see the face at all, the way there's some long black thing hanging down all round him . . . and . . ."

And then the little voice dwindled away and the child that was really dead with the sleep, drowsed off in the mother's arms.

And hard-set she was to hold him there, she was shaking all over so much. Small blame to her either! And she there with ne'er a one in this living world only herself to come between the sleeping child upon her knee and whatever it might be was outside the door.

"Maybe it was only his fancy!" she'd think . . . and then she'd long to go to the door and see for herself was there really anyone there . . . and then again, "If only I could get to hide him somewhere. . . . And he that little . . . !"

But the room was bright with the blazing turf. Anything she'd go to do and it would be seen through the window, let alone by whoever was at the door.

"If only I could get out of the house and run away down the Glen . . . !"

But how could she! With that Thing waiting there. . . .

And if she stirred the child would awaken. She wasn't too sure was he asleep right yet or no. If he was to get a fright . . . ! Whatever happened she'd strive her living best not to let him see anything he would be in dread of. . . . . And then, "What at all do they think there's left about the house for them to get . . . only. . . . And sure there's not a one only myself to know about that . . . to be sure, Judy. . . . But what with has she! Not a know she knows, no more nor the dead. . . . And I hid it away when I brought it back from the fair, the very minute she was gone to her bed. . . . Och, if only They'd come in and have done with it!" the same as if it was a tooth waiting to be pulled because it was aching.

It seemed to her she sat there half a life-time with the child asleep on her knee, and her eyes very wide open watching the door, when she became aware of a kind of tall shadow and it creeping, creeping gradually in on the door, with the very black veil to its middle that the child had said. In, in it came and not a sound, no more than if it was an owl or a bat flying. . . .

Well, with that Mrs. MacDermott felt that the worst of her terror was over. Bad and all as the thing may be that you see, it's never one-half so bad as the thing you don't see, only keep imagining what it's like! There's an old saying and a true one, "Better the devil you know than the devil you don't know!" And so by that lonely girl now. . . . To be sure, the veil had her cowed still. And yet when once the Thing whatever it might be stood there foreninst her in the firelight, she forgot that ever she had felt fear.

That was because she was a woman of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, a fine old fighting family always and ever. Their hot blood riz in her now, when she felt she was back against the wall, and ne'er a one to look to, herself nor the child, only whatever she could make an offer to do herself.

Their spirit was flushing her cheeks and shining out of her eyes now.

"What do you mean, coming in here on me!" she said, quite hardy and courageous by the way of . . . "and now, not a word out of your head . . . is it to wake the child you want!"

She spoke nearly in a whisper herself.

"Mean . . . and what do you think brings me!" said a voice from behind the veil.

At the sound of it she nigh-hand lepped off the stool. It was no rough speech like what you might expect from a robber, but a voice nearly like her own, soft and gentle, she thought.

"How would I be to know what brings you!" she made answer, still speaking very low, "all I know is that it's little yous have left to me, and I a lone woman here, striving to keep buckle and tongue together for the orphan child that hasn't one to look to now only myself."

"We'd not meddle you nor the likes of you," said the voice, "and it's not for ourselves, only for them that's sick and weak for want of nourishment and . . ."

"It's the way yous will have us here too at this gait of going," she said, "but let yous help yourselves to what you find. . . . God knows there's not much left to me. . . . Even the fine milch cow to be druv off on me, and only for the goodness of God and the neighbours the poor child here would be famished. . . ."

The voice answered nothing for a full minute, then it said, "A dying man that had a wish for a sup of milk. . . ."

"Ay! do you tell me that! And what about the bacon and the corn beef I had buried without there in the garden? And yous came and dug it up . . . howsumever yous knew it was there it was hid. . . ."

On the minute as she said that word she bethought her of Judy! It was Judy had said to her to bury the meat, had helped to carry it out in a clothesbasket by the way of that they were putting out things to bleach. The two of them had buried the meat very early one morning, Judy said she knew there wasn't one within miles of them to see what they

were at . . . Judy indeed! And now, who but Judy had instructed this Thing behind the veil how to come in on her!

The anger rose in her against Judy and indeed it was a sneaking act. She said, "Ora, what matter how you knew, but isn't it the fine manly turn yous done, to rob the widdah and her orphan child and leave them in hunger and want!"

"Sure . . . but tell me now, is that what has yourself so poor-looking and thin in the face?" said the stranger.

"And why not? What other way could you expect me to look, and I harished the way I am, and everything worth while that ever himself, the Heavens be his bed, left for me and the child, being took of us."

At that word, whoever was behind the veil gave a shake of the head, as if wanting to get away from something that had him annoyed. In the doing of that, he moved his hands too, and one of them struck against something hard was in a pocket of the cloak he was wearing. He pulled it out. It was a bottle of wine.

"Take that," he says, "and see to nourish yourself something better with it. It would ill become me to see you at a short for anything."

He stopped dead at that as if he was afraid of saying too much. But she took no notice, only, "Where did the bottle come from?"

"Where do you think?" says he.

"Is it what it's stole?" she asked.

"Never you mind, is it or isn't it," he said, putting the bottle down beside her; "don't ask and then you'll be told nothing that's wrong . . . supposen itself that there was anything wrong to tell! . . . But if you don't know, you can use it in any case and not sin. Och! you may call it stealing that we do, if you wish. But what are we doing only seeing to get back some of what was stole from us and our fathers, years upon the top of years ago. . . . A bottle of wine! Pshat! Much about the like!"

"I'll have none of it at anyhow!" she said and flings it

against the far wall of the kitchen. It fell there with a crash and the wine flowed out. But the stranger took no notice and she bowed herself again over the child, to husho him off to sleep for fear the noise would waken him.

The stranger was looking at her hard. She knew it before she raised her look to him. She could feel his burning eyes upon her through the veil.

"The same little spit-fire as ever!" he said, half in to himself, "always early with the quick word . . . and sure, well became her whatever she said!"

At that, she started and looked at him harder than ever, as if she had nearly a mind to bore through the veil. And he turned away his face, though he mightn't. For she could see nothing but the brightness of his eyes, shining through that covering.

He shook himself, a bit impatient.

"Here now," he says, "let there be no more delay! There's no sense in this kind of work! It's the money I want, more nor all else. . . ."

"Want it, do you? Well, and let you be who you may, want must be your master! You'll get no money from me!"

"Och, there's no two ways about it! Mind now what I'm saying to you! Let me have what's in the house. Believe me or not as you please, but it's not for meself I'm asking it."

"I don't care who it's for. I'll not do it!"

"You must!"

"'Must'! And there's a word for an O'Byrne to hear!"

Any fear ever she felt and it was passing from her now and anger was rising in her heart. And all this time, mind you, they were talking to one another as easy and quiet as if it was passing the time of day they were. So there you have them, the robber and the woman he was laying out to rob and not a loud word out of their heads, and all, the way they wouldn't waken a little child from his sleep!

"Sure I know where you have it well!" he said.

"Go get it then! For give it to you meself I never will!" she said. "No, not the value of a thraneen!"

Her eyes flashed fire at him.

He waited a minute, standing as if he was looking down at her and she looking back up at him, real hardy and proud.

Then he went over straight to a corner where there was a small little old chest of drawers with a sloping lid that opened down into a desk.

"You appear to know your way!" said Mollie.

"Where's the key?" he said, after trying was it locked.

"What you want here and let you go look for it!" she said. Well she knew there was no such a thing to be got. Michael had never opened that desk to her certain knowledge from she had come into the place. And now in spite of all she scarce could keep from laughing when she saw how intent the man behind the veil was to get that lid raised. Indeed, where else would he or anyone go look for money, only there?

He searched here and he searched there, most patient—in the salt-box, on top of the dresser—in fact every mortal place you could think of. But the sorra key he could find.

At long last, or so it seemed to Mollie, though he really made no delay he took the tongs from the hearth beside her.

"It's what I'll have to break it open," he said, "but sure that's as easy as kiss-hands."

"It'll come easy to you at anyhow," she said, "if practice does it."

The lock and the hinges were rusted into the wood. It was only by the pure dint of strength that he got the thing open. And with that, the whole desk gave way and fell to pieces.

"Now you can satisfy yourself!" she said, "what a fool I'd be to put money there! Troth I'll make you kindly welcome to all you'll find in it!"

That minute the burning sods fell asunder on the hearth.

A fresh flame shot up the chimney. And by its light Mollie saw what brought the heart into her mouth. The black veil fell to one side. The face was exposed and re-

flected in the looking-glass. It was one she knew well and had thought never to lay eyes on again.

"And so it's yourself, Con Daly, of all people, that's after coming in here to rob me and the orphan child! Well becomes you to do a dirty turn the like of that!"

He stopped short.

"I thought to baffle you, Mollie, and that I'd go off and you'd never guess. . . ."

"Why wouldn't I know you! And had it partly guessed from ever the first word you spoke crossed your lips . . . only I couldn't make myself believe that ever you could even yourself to be a common thief . . . and to rob me. . . ."

"And do you think it was my wish to come in here? . . ."

"What do I know about your wishes . . . or care either!"

"That's what you've learned me since last I saw you," he said, a bit bitter, "and . . . but now that you know me, will you give me a promise? . . . but sure, where would be the use!" he said, very sorrowful.

"What promise do you want? If *I* give my word, I hold to it!" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say!"

He stared at her hard as if he wondered what she meant.

Then he said, "I can't be losing my time here! Promise me now that you'll never let on to man nor mortal that ever you saw me here. Sure that'll be no trouble . . ."

"None in life! Only I won't!"

"You won't? Then I'll let a clear shout that will rise the roof off the house and frighten the child there out of his seven senses!"

That humbled her.

"Well, take off that black ugly thing from your face altogether, and I'll promise what you want."

So he did that. And there were the two of them and they staring at each other as if they were black strangers and enemies. And all the whole time, each of them was wondering what was in the heart of the other.

At last, "I'd never have known you scarce!" she cried.

"Why so?" he said.

Well see now she wasn't able to answer him for a while, because something rose up in her throat when she called to mind the appearance there used to be upon Con, so much so that you'd hear it said, at a dance or a wake or any pleasuring of that kind, how that if only he had his head out through a hole in the bottom of a sack, Con Daly would cap the whole of the boys would be in it.

And to look at him now! He wasn't half the Con he was, not the quarter; as long and thin as a rake, and not as much fat upon his bones as would bait a mouse-trap. And the eyes of him like holes burnt in a blanket; and cheeks as yellow as a kite's claw and the grand lovely curly head of brown hair looking as if he had been rolling it in the ashes. For it was beginning to turn grey. And itself and a comb hadn't said Good-morrow to one another for a month of Sundays, God help him! And still in all, Mollie thought to get a sketch of the old Con she used to be going on with, when he said, with the comical sideways look she remembered well, out from under his eyelashes at her, "Well, I'd know your skin on a bush! And would if it was in Jerusalem I saw you! Ay, or at the Well of the World's End, Mollie Bawn!"

Her heart softened more at that. And still all she could find to say was, "Take what you come for and take it and yourself out of this!"

He looked hard at her.

"I always heard it said, when you're down, down with you! But anyway it's easy for them that's in comfort. . . ."

"Will you leave the house, I'm bidding you!" she said, getting hot again and the temper rising on her with every fresh word he said.

"Leave the house! Ay, I will so, only first I'll have to get what I came for. . . ."

"Och, I wouldn't doubt ye!"

"Ah, you may think how you like about me now, and . . ."

"Worse nor I thought since last I laid eyes on you, and I couldn't!"

"Arrah, why so?"

"Why so! And well you know why so!"

"As sure as God's in Heaven and I don't!"

"Well, take what you please and quit out. What odds that it's the rent I had ready; sold the few head of stock I had left only yesterday. . . . God knows but I was the fine fool to let it stop here even that length. . . . But sure what matter for all even if meself and the child here is to be thrown out upon the side of the road for the want of it! Take it and go!"

"I'd not take a penny of your money, only I must. I have to do as I'm bid. And if I hadn't come here to-night there's them ready to come in my place that might be worse itself and there's why I agreed to do this job. For there's times when men won't be so very pleasant in their way of going on. . . ."

"You're learning me to be used to that!" she said.

Con made her no answer. He was getting cowed. When it comes to words, a woman will be ready to continue on with her tongue-thrashing till the crows come home sooner than give in that she could be wrong. And so by Mollie now, and with every word she said, it was angrier she was getting.

And still, when she heard no back-talk from Con, and got a good look at him, as he just stood there foreninst her in the firelight and saw how gashly in the face he was, and the clothes hanging in flitters like a scarecrow upon him and he shaking in them like a dog in a wet sack! And outside, the night that rough and wild, with the wind and rain beating harder than ever against the window. . . . But all she said was, "Do what you choose, I can't hinder you."

He never made a move.

"Mollie," he began, "sure it can't be that you forget the

old times altogether! The great old times they were! When we'd put in the length of a long day together, and short it would be to me. Don't you remember the harvest time that I'd be reaping and you binding after me? . . . And the night we set the hill a-fire and we burning the furze? . . . And the Hallow Eve, the same night that's in it at this present, and we were all trying *strogues* and old witchery charms? . . . You'd never let on to me whose face it was you saw in the well. . . ."

"It wasn't in the well I seen it, only a looking-glass . . . and . . ." Mollie stopped. It was a changed face she had seen that same way a few minutes ago and still it was the one face all through.

"Why can't you let me alone!" she said and she ready to cry.

"Little I thought then to see you next in another man's house, and his child upon your knee!" said Con.

"Quit talking foolishness!" she said, "what call have you to be talking that-a-way! And supposen that Hallow Eve was the last time we spoke together, why was that? Answer me if you can!"

"Because," said Con, with the big hollow eyes blazing out of his head, "because there's things a man has to do, even if that's to mean he's to give up all he cares for most. . . . And there's what you were to me, Mollie Bawn! I never was near a furze blossom since and we lying out upon a hill-side, but I thought of your breath upon my cheek . . . and the shining little darling yellow head of you. . . . And to say you never sent me one word of a message!"

"Message! Sure why would I? I never was that sort, a rag on every bush. . . . But I have enough of it now! Take the money and be off. It's in a under the meal-bin, even Judy doesn't know the loose board in the floor of it. It's easy riz. . . ."

Con did as she bid him and drew out a small weighty leather bag full of gold. He came back to the hearth and says he, "I'll go now, but before I do. . . . I did send you

a message. I explained the whole thing, and how that I was sent off to foreign parts by them I took the oath to obey. And it's not long since they called me back. And here I find you, married on the very man I gave the letter to and that promised to hand it to you!"

"Is that the way of it now?"

"It's God's truth I'm telling you! And do you look me in the face and tell me you never got it!"

"I will look you in the face and say I never got it!"

"It was the trick of a black-hearted cur, and let him be dead or not!" said Con.

". . . and what's more, I don't believe ever he done the like!" she said very hot.

Con said nothing and she began to cool. Then he turned himself about towards the desk. Something white lying on the ground among the rubbish of broken wood caught his eye. He picked it up and looked closely at it. Mollie heard him give a little cry to himself. With one step he was back beside her again and he with a folded letter and it sealed in his hand.

"Now, will you believe me or not! There's what I wrote for you to read . . . and it too late now, for good or mischief."

He held it out to her and Mollie got as red as scarlet when she saw her own name "Miss Mary O'Byrne" wrote on the letter he was holding out to her in the fire-light.

"And it never opened!" she said.

"Why would he open it, and knew what was in it! Evenly wrote it out for me himself . . . sure I could never write like that!"

"Maybe it's what he was intended to give it to me and forgot. . . ."

"Ay! and maybe the sky will fall and we'll be catching larks! Don't talk foolishness!" he said roughly; "it was a mean turn he done on me, and how could he expect luck or grace after it?"

"Done on you! And what about me!" said Mollie think-

ing of the long nights she spent lying awake and crying Con. But she said that in to herself, so as that Con did not rightly hear her speaking, he was that excited.

He stood staring down at her, and she looked at the ground, and says she twisting her fingers, "He's gone now, and speak no evil of them that are. . . . And he was good to me too in his own way of going on. And if I was on my dying bed this minute, and I couldn't say less!" How could she! To think the man had done the like! It showed the great wish he had for her, that he'd commit that sin to put between her and Con.

"And moreover, all is fair in love and war. . . ."

"Do you mean that in earnest?" said Con.

She grew red again the way he said it, and he went on, "For if so, why wouldn't you forgive me coming in here the way I did? I couldn't help it! And it wasn't the money altogether, but the thoughts of maybe getting a word with you, even though you mightn't know me. . . . And . . . can't the both of us forgive the old man about the letter. . . ."

"Och, much about it!" she said, and snatches it from Con and flings it behind the fire.

"There's more foolishness! Now you'll never know what I wrote!"

"Sure what matter! And anyway, can't you be explaining it all to me the next time!"

"Och, Mollie . . . ! And sure you won't be out with me any more! If only the ructions was over. . . ."

"Whisht!" she said, "I hear the back gate creaking. Judy it should be coming in on it! After stealing cabbage she is and burning nuts . . . a great bachelor of a girl she is!"

"Is she, in troth! There isn't one in the Glen fit to pull Mollie Bawn out of the kail-garden this minute! Nor never was!"

"Whisht with your talk! Quick now, and off with you before Judy comes in!"

Con laughed.

"The sorra surprise that would be to me brave Judy! Herself that planned this with me, the way as she said it wouldn't be some black stranger coming in on you, to frighten the wits out of you. . . ."

"Let you be off now, Con!"

As he slipped out, she put the child down from her, and ran to pick up something she caught sight of that minute, off the floor. She laughed out.

"The same poor Con! A poor nut! A real playboy of a fellow! Went off and left what he came for behind him!" she said to herself, and the eyes jumping out of her head with delight that he forgot all.

Sure she couldn't but know why.

There was a little tap on the window from without. She ran over and opened it.

"What at all has you here yet, that you're not gone?"

"Well you know what has me here!"

She was holding the bag of money behind her the way he couldn't see it.

"Well I don't! I know what you *said* you came for!"

"Och, ay! the money . . . where at all did I drop it!"

He looked as if he had been wakened out of some sweet dream. He was turning to look for it, when she held the bag out to him through the window.

"Here it's for you. . . ."

"And so you're giving it to me yourself, after!"

She stood back and laughed, as he put it in a under his cloak and made to go off.

"It's you that's in the big hurry, now that you've got what you wanted!"

"Have I got that, Mollie asthore!" he said, with his eyes very big and longing-looking, and he standing without in the thin, wet wind and the darkness.

"There's all you spoke over to me," she said, "the money and the Cause, and you have them both. . . ."

"Ay so; but is that all you have to say to me, Mollie?" and when she made him no answer, "but sure what call

have I to be talking! What am I only a thief, robbing the widow and her child . . . and still Mollie I can swear my hands are clean . . ."

"Yes, yes!" she said, and the next minute he vanished from her the same as if the night had swallowed him.

"Oh, Con! Come back! Come back to me!" she called after him. But nothing came to her, only a dash of rain was blown into her face by a sudden gust of wind. She rubbed it away and stood there, sobbing and peering into the storm.

"But he'll come back! Surely he'll come back!"

Ah, well! it's long ago that all happened. Who minds about them things now!

THE QUEST [1]

By LENNOX ROBINSON

From *The Dial*

I

He had refused coffee, and the waiter, at the far end of the little dining-room, hovered, mutely begging to be allowed to present the bill. Hugh obstinately refused to give the signal and lit his third cigarette. Exasperated, he was trying to recall the word for "bill." He had been in this hateful country for six weeks, three times a day—four times, five times—he had occasion to use the phrase "Give me my bill," and it was amazing, it was maddening that the word continued to elude him. Hugo's All You Want in Spain was in his pocket; he knew the number of the page on which the phrase was to be found, he knew the exact part of the page, but he held out, he racked his brain, he fumbled in his memory. What you forgot was, nowadays, considered more significant than what you remembered, and he thought what hay the psychoanalysts would make of him; but he had always paid his bills, he wasn't like poor Charlie, and these bills, besides, would be punctually "met" by his mother. By the way, he must write to her to-night; his stock of Charlie's photographs was reduced to a bare ten.

He surrendered at last and groped for Hugo, and brought it out of his pocket together with Charlie's photograph and the typewritten series of questions. He had grown tired of the photograph, though he had liked it so much when it had been taken in the spring. Poor old Charlie seemed just a little to simper, his good looks seemed to have grown a shade common. Six weeks ago he could hardly bear to look the

[1] Copyright, 1926, by The Dial Publishing Company, Inc. Copyright, 1927, by Lennox Robinson.

photograph in the eyes; he met them now without any shrinking; he met them, in fact, with a little amusement at the thought that, given time, they—the whole face—would become (after the King's, of course) the best-known face in Spain. The time was surely coming when this photograph would hang in every restaurant, in every office of the police, when newspapers would print it—that last had not yet happened, for his mother still clung to the hope that Charlie would be found without resorting to the most blatant kind of hue-and-cry. A very discreet advertisement appeared every day in El Sol; that was as much as she could bring herself at present to permit.

The word was found and the waiter was summoned, the bill was paid, and the tip, purposely lavish, was proffered. Hugh stopped the little waiter's voluble thanks by saying, "I wonder whether you can help me," and then plunged into the series of questions. By this time, after six weeks of recitation, he knew them by heart and he rattled them off without a glance at the paper, almost as though the whole Spanish dictionary was at the tip of his tongue. "I am looking for my brother. I wonder whether you have chanced to see him. This is his picture. He is twenty-five years old and very tall. He spoke no Spanish six weeks ago, but probably by this time speaks a little. He came into Spain on the twelfth of August. He is interested in art. . . ." It was soon obvious that the waiter was not going to prove of any assistance, but Hugh doggedly went through the whole catechism. He was terribly tired, the day had been confoundedly hot, and Burgos seemed shadeless. He had arrived there very early in the morning and had done the usual, obvious things. First the police, then the Cathedral, then out of the town to the Carthusian convent, back again to Burgos for lunch, after lunch to a church or two, the Cathedral again, finally dinner. Now he must go and sit in a popular café till midnight—Charlie would be likely to haunt cafés—and to-morrow. . . ? To-morrow, heat or no heat, he must definitely start southward.

The whole thing was far-fetched and ridiculous; it was like something read in childhood, a romantic fairy-story. His mother was the ogre, evil giantess, the setter of impossible Augean tasks and, by George, thinking her over, there was something monstrous in the fact that she had lain in that great bed in Liverpool for eleven years, day and night, inert in body but dreadfully active in mind, the telephone to her hand, every detail of the great business still under her personal control. That she would never see it again, that she would never walk through the shop, that it would never be more to her than a matter of auditors' reports, columns of figures, the heading on note-paper, gave her a terrible Olympian apartness, made her monstrously inhuman. The youngest messenger-boy was strangely, terrifiedly aware of her, and her sons—though she did see them daily—were scarcely less so.

That was why Hugh had stood almost mute while she laid upon him the entire blame for Charlie's downfall and why he accepted with but the feeblest protest her judgment and his punishment. The latter indeed was deferred and vague, this rush to Spain was the loop-hole she gave him through which he might escape scot-free. She gave him a year. If he stood at her bed within a year with Charlie at his side, no more would be said on the matter.

In the whole miserable affair the only satisfactory thing had been Anne's superb common-sense. There had been times during their five years of marriage when Hugh had come near hating her for that very quality, but now he gladly admitted its magnificence. He didn't have to explain anything, she instantly saw that for the sake of the poor suffering woman (for he mustn't forget that she suffered acutely) and for his own future this ridiculous quest must be undertaken, and she instantly saw that she herself and the two babies couldn't be dragged round the continent of Europe. He must go alone, and go at once; and she immediately set herself to pack his suit-case.

After all, it wasn't a question of the continent of Europe; it quickly narrowed itself down to the Iberian Peninsula. By the greatest good luck a friend had met Charlie in Paris outside the Quai d'Orsay, descending from a taxi, a suitcase in his hand. Charlie had got red and mumbled something about going south, but the friend had refused to be shaken off, had seen him to his train, and seen that his ticket was a single one for San Sebastián. The friend had said, "Why San Sebastián, when Trouville is so much nearer?" and Charlie had said something vague about pictures and that he would only stop at the sea for a day's rest after the train. Of course Charlie was known to be tremendously fond of pictures, and it was all perfectly natural except the time of year. Did one go to Spain in August? the friend wondered. But Charlie's beastly office probably could not manage his leave at any other time.

The day Charlie travelled south must have been the very day there was all the coming to and fro between the office and his mother's bedside. Charlie hadn't been put into the family business—he could come into it later on if he wanted to—he had gone into a friend's firm, so real a friend that when it all came out, his disappearance and the irregularity about the hundred and fifty pounds, the matter was settled up without any fuss or unpleasantness. What an idiot Charlie was not to know that it would be so settled, what a donkey to cut and run for a trifling racing debt; but he never had a head. He had no head for whisky and he had no head for racing.

That was what his mother blamed Hugh for—dragging Charlie after him into extravagance and dissipation. Hugh, if he had protested, would have said that he was neither extravagant nor dissipated, that he betted occasionally with discretion and, on the whole, won as much as he lost, and that he had never been drunk in his life; but he supposed that there was something in the force of example, and his mother, with her sick woman's logic, easily forced him to accept the onus of responsibility.

II

He drank his coffee and a fiery cognac in a little café facing the river. He had taken off his hat and, for the first time in six weeks it seemed, a cool wind fanned him. He had read in the evening paper that the great heat in Castile had broken, there had been thunder in Madrid, the thermometer had come tumbling down. Since he had crossed the frontier the weather had been exceptionally hot even for Spain—that country of extremes—it had knocked him up for a day or two at San Sebastián; and remembering how Charlie used to wilt in a Liverpool summer, he had decided that his brother would not have dreamed of venturing south. So he had hugged the northern coast and pushed on to Bilbao, to Santander, to Oviedo, and then by a devious route to Burgos. He had thought that from a waiter in Santander he had got evidence of Charlie having been there a week previously, but thinking it over now, he felt that the evidence was somewhat dubious—waiters were so anxious to please. At any rate, north Spain was, comparatively speaking, pictureless, and he knew that the sooner he got south to Madrid and Toledo and Seville the better.

It added to the complexity of his task that though he knew that Charlie was fond of pictures, he was ignorant of the direction in which his taste lay. It had always been accepted in the family that Charlie was the "artistic" brother and Hugh the barbarian, and Hugh had not bothered to contradict. Besides, it was true, he never looked at a picture, cared nothing for music. Passing through London, he had stopped long enough to visit one or two large bookshops, declare that he was going to Spain to look at pictures, and accept most of the books that were thrust upon him. They made an imposing and a very weighty collection, they filled a small suit-case, and in the hot hours of the early afternoon, when it was impossible to pursue his search, he used to lie, half-naked, on his hotel bed and read them. He soon realized how comparatively simple things would be

for him if he had known that Charlie admired El Greco, or Velásquez, or Murillo. He gathered from his books that there were rooms in the vast Prado entirely devoted to the works of these masters; all he had to do, therefore, was to sit in the favourite's room hour after hour, and sooner or later, inevitably, the meeting must take place. But he had never listened to Charlie's talk about art, nor could he remember a single picture that hung in Charlie's bedroom except a certain water-colour of Liverpool, which he remembered just because it was Liverpool. He ventured to imagine that Charlie would be modern, would be for El Greco and Goya rather than for Velásquez and Murillo, but you never could be sure; maybe El Greco was already being deserted by the very young, maybe they were all now for Murillo or Zurbarán. Anyway, he had learned enough from the books to know what he had to see and where he had to go to see it.

But that was only pictures. There remained architecture, there remained glass. Architecture, of course, primarily meant cathedrals, and he learned from his guide-books that cathedrals always implied a certain amount of pictures, therefore he could not afford to ignore the great examples which lay between him and Madrid. Oviedo had been the first great cathedral in his life that he had seen, and the result had been frank bewilderment. There was so much in it to see, but everything seen seemed to make exactly the same kind of impression upon him, and everything seen was instantly forgotten. One heard of people who by some inherent physical virtue were able to "shake off" immediately pernicious microbes; similarily he seemed to shake off architecture, capitol, column, buttress, and all the medley of objects that his books and the insistent guides assured him were costly, curious, and beautiful. He had devoted to that first cathedral the best part of two days, and had sat in it for hours at a time, his eye cocked for Charlie's long figure, but part of his mind puzzling out what this conglomeration of line and colour could mean to the "artistic." He was a practical person, he was intelligent, he hated to find himself in the

presence of a mystery just as he hated to be surrounded by a people chattering in a language he could not understand. Oviedo had kept its secret close, but this morning, in Burgos Cathedral, some word had suddenly passed between him and it. After Oviedo, he was, of course, prepared for Burgos, prepared for what a great cathedral could be, but it wasn't entirely a matter of preparedness, a matter of comparison of choir and cloister, the word breathed had little to do with sense or with period. The great "Golden Staircase" was in his line of vision when the word reached him, but he couldn't be sure that its renaissance beauty (he supposed it was beautiful) had anything to do with the hint of initiation. What reached him was vague and inarticulate, was something that caught his heart, something that almost made his eyes a-dazzle; it was, he supposed, what the "artistic" commonly felt.

Well, there would be opportunities enough within the next ten days of listening for the word again; Segovia and Avila must be "done" before he set foot in Madrid, and a perusal of his guide-book led him to think that Valladolid should be visited. The cathedral there seemed of small account, but there was a museum which Charlie might be interested in; at any rate, it made an easy break on the southern journey.

III

Hugh "did" these places with precision and punctuality, but without succeeding in finding any traces of his brother, and more and more he came to feel that Charlie must be in Madrid. He abandoned the idea of visiting Salamanca, and from Avila pushed straight through to the capital. He arrived there on a Saturday night, and determined to devote the next morning to the Prado—it closed early on Sunday—and to wait until Monday before going to the police. When he woke the next morning, his heart beat high with excitement, and for an instant, sleepily, he wondered what could be the reason. Then he remembered that perhaps that

night he might be boarding a train for Paris, for London, for home, leaving for ever this detestable country and this detestable language. He drank his coffee quickly, and as he climbed the steps to the Prado the attendants were only opening its doors.

He had been lately in so many little shabby provincial galleries, had gazed at so many dirty old pictures, all "school of" or "attributed to" this and that famous artist, that the cleanness of the great gallery, the high polish of floor and glass and picture-frame seemed at first positively to blaze at him. Literally and physically he closed his eyes for some seconds, thinking that when he opened them the effect of great brilliance would have passed away. Passed it had from polished wood and bright gilt and glass, but it had passed into the pictures themselves which swaggered and shouted from the walls. It was no question here of peering through the stout bars of some locked gate at a dusky Madonna or a dark Crucifixion hanging above the altar in some neglected side-chapel of a cathedral; it was no question—as it had been in that queer *Museo Provincial* in Segovia—of warped and torn canvases hanging one above the other, twenty feet up the wall. These pictures were not dusky or warped. They blazed, they triumphed, they were sure of themselves in a way the poor "attributed" pictures had never dared to be. They seemed all to have been painted for kings, and to have lived in palaces, and though they now hung in a public gallery, they but hung there to receive the greater homage, the adoration of the multitude.

Bewildered, Hugh hardly saw them as individual pictures, they seemed all to blend into a triumphant pageant, and he felt stunned; he felt as he had felt in that high belfry somewhere or other when the bells suddenly clashed out all round him. The morning passed like some feverish dream.

The authorities the next day were almost certain that they had seen Charlie, and this time the evidence seemed fairly reliable, so for the present he gave up the thought of shifting quarters. The Prado in the daytime and the Puerto

del Sol cafés at night seemed to be the most likely hunting-grounds, and with some of the attendants at the former place he soon struck up a friendship. They had, each one of them, Charlie's photograph, they had Hugh's address in Madrid, and if Charlie chanced to drop into the Gallery when Hugh had left it for lunch, they could be depended on to detain Charlie almost by main force until his return. They were optimistic, they had ideas. There were days when they were sure that Charlie would make his way downstairs to the Goyas, there were days when they were certain that he would be found in the small El Greco room; every gentleman sooner or later sat on the sofa facing the portrait of a *Maja Nuda;* if the *Señor* would remain sitting there for two days, his brother would be sure to join him.

"I sit in that blasted gallery hour after hour," he wrote to Anne. "I'm even beginning to recognize some of the blessed things by sight! There's a long gallery and smaller rooms opening off it. I exercise in the gallery, walk my three miles in it, and then rest in one of the smaller rooms. One room reminds me of the nursery at home, for the little chap on the rearing horse is there—you remember Charlie hanging it in the nursery?—but I sometimes sit amongst the El Grecos" (he crossed out these four words and wrote instead) "in a room full of pictures by a man called El Greco; they're very ugly, uncomfortable pictures, but I think Charlie might like them. It's quite cool here now, but, oh, for England!" Anne wrote back sweetly and sympathetically; she could understand his sufferings; she also hated foreigners and all their ways.

IV

Hugh paced the Prado daily for a fortnight, and then felt that he must have at least one day's relief. It could be found, he surmised, in a visit to the Escorial, and there need be no question of squaring his conscience. There were famous pictures there, and, who knows? he might chance on Charlie, or on news of him. He didn't, but in the great

cold church a hand was laid on his sleeve. He swung round as nervously as if he had been a criminal in fear of arrest, but it was only to look into a pair of mild blue eyes. They belonged, as he realized immediately, to Mr. Simcox, a little American whom he had met in the museum of Valladolid, and with whom he had travelled as far as Medina del Campo. Hugh had confided to him (it was part of the hateful business that he had to confide in strangers) the strange story of his quest; Mr. Simcox had been sympathetic, and his hand on Hugh's arm now was an enquiry as to his success. His comment on Hugh's narrative was only a series of little noises, but they were friendly noises, and Hugh was so weary of his own company that he stayed by him, and they saw everything there was to see together. They lunched together afterwards, and travelled back to Madrid in the same carriage.

At lunch Mr. Simcox had given confidence for confidence. He knew Spain well; he had spent his marriage trip there, and crept back every few years, as often as he could afford time and money. His wife was dead and he was not very rich; he was a quiet little man. He liked what he called "poking about," he liked pictures and fine buildings, but he admitted that he had a bad memory for them; he had to refresh it very often. That day he had been rubbing up his memory of the pictures in the Escorial. The El Grecos were finer than his memory of them had led him to expect.

"I don't like the bare bulging calves on their legs," declared Hugh. "I'm talking of the Saint Maurice picture—of course it is a stunner, but I don't think it's up to the best in Madrid. I haven't seen the Toledo ones yet."

"Ah, Toledo!" Mr. Simcox breathed.

Mr. Simcox had been tired at lunch, and declared that Hugh looked worn out, and he had insisted on ordering a bottle of very old sherry. The wine and the American's sympathetic presence loosened Hugh's tongue. Mr. Simcox listened humbly. He asked questions about this and that artist, about this picture and that, about Murillo.

"Murillo? Not a word until I've seen the great ones in Seville. But already I like him more than is fashionable."

"I've seen the Seville ones, but not for ten years; they're blurred in my mind. I wish I could have the pleasure of seeing them with you; you'd make me see them, for good or ill, as I've never seen them before."

Hugh shouted with laughter.

"I? I know nothing about pictures."

"I think, sir, you know a great deal."

After that they fell a little silent, but parted at the station in Madrid engaging themselves to meet again at midnight. Mr. Simcox had a ticket for a theatre, but he would drink his chocolate afterwards in a café in the Puerto del Sol with Hugh, and they were to go together the next day to Toledo. "Wherever I go, I always go there," Mr. Simcox gently admitted. "I almost know my way about its streets, and that's no mean feat, I can assure you. There's a moment in the afternoon when the cathedral's great south door is opened; it's—it's—I can't explain it. I sat there one May afternoon with my wife."

Hugh quoted Mr. Roger Fry.

"A junk shop!"

"Yes, I remember. I've read the book. He seemed to miss so much. Segovia, for instance."

"Segovia is a poem," Hugh declared.

Mr. Simcox agreed. "A lyric poem, and Avila is an epic."

V

This was what, at half past eleven that evening, Hugh was still somewhat bemusedly puzzling over. The effect of the old sherry had long ago passed off, and he had drunk nothing since, nevertheless he was in the state of pinching himself, of looking at himself in the café's great mirrors. "Segovia is a poem, Segovia is a poem." Could it be possible that, all spontaneously, he had used these words? Could it be possible that little Simcox had declared in all seriousness, "I think, sir, you know a great deal about pictures?" Almost

for his own peace of mind he tried to believe that Simcox and he had been blind roaring drunk that afternoon. But, even so, *in vino veritas*, and the truth was what poor Hugh was now trying rather blinkingly to face.

He adored pictures. There it was in three words. His prowlings in provincial galleries, his constitutionals in the Prado, the books studied during long hot afternoons had taught him not only to distinguish artist from artist, but had taught him to relate picture to picture, school to school, had taught him to see pictures, to criticize, to judge, on occasion to differ—and to know clearly why he differed—from these critics and their heavy expensive books. He realized now that the tremor of excitement which had shaken him as he lay in bed that first morning in Madrid had not come from the anticipation that that day would bring him face to face with Charlie; it had come because subconsciously he was agog with excitement at the thought that he was about to visit the Prado. He realized now that his letters to Anne had consisted of one lie piled on another. He remembered that he had never allowed himself to admit more than that he knew some of the blessed (oh, in what a different sense of the word they *were* blessed!) things by sight. Why, he knew almost exactly where every picture hung, he knew to a nicety the double curve that angel's arm and child's arm make in the big picture of Philip the Second, he knew exactly the droop of the Christ in the Entombment, exactly the deep tint of the blue. Nothing would ever be the same to him again after that gallery, nothing the same after the terror and wonder of El Greco, nothing the same after majestic Velásquez. Gazing in the mirror, he saw the café as *he* might have painted it, mirror behind mirror as in Las Meninas, or hazy with smoke, in the manner of Las Hilanderas. The word whispered at Burgos was shouted in his ears; for weeks he had understood it, but he had not known that he understood; it was written in his consciousness in gold and in fire.

Well, hang it all, it was astounding, but it was nothing to

be ashamed of. He had never been so crude as to sneer at Charlie and his artistic tastes and his artistic friends; he had never gloried in being a Philistine. Once the first shock of understanding that he understood was over, he could brag, he could glory in initiate, he could let himself go, he could deliciously anticipate. His mind at the moment didn't run beyond Seville and dwelt there, indeed, but for a moment. The immediate excitement, the thing which almost made him physically tremble, was the knowledge that to-morrow—actually to-morrow—he was going to Toledo with little Simcox, that he was going to look on the great Burial of the Count. He knew the picture well; he laughed with delight to realize how well he knew it, but he knew how much better the reality would be than any photograph. And he knew that in the cathedral Simcox would find him no unsympathetic companion. What was it the American had quoted to him? Something about "the hot smell of the incense smoke" and how "God is made and eaten all day long?" Burgos and Oviedo and Segovia and Avila rolled back into his memory. Beauty on beauty, majesty on majesty. Height and depth and line and colour, glory of glass, wrought-iron and wrought-wood. He didn't so clearly remember, he didn't so intelligently criticize as he did in the case of pictures, but they were there *for* him, saints and angels and the Crucified. An organ vaguely booming, something gabbled—it seemed a mile away, a procession, a crucifix, an altar all starry with candles, a working-man kneeling, poor women, their heads vague with mantillas. . . .

His coffee grew cold beside him. He stared, dreaming, into the mirror. Out of the dream Charlie's face detached itself, took on a strange reality. He seemed to see him sitting with three or four Spanish men of a middle-class, business type, and that all were talking in the eager Spanish way. It puzzled thim that in the dream Charlie should seem so much at home, so much part of his company and its setting. He seemed to see him get up from the little table and shake two of the men by the hand.

Then, as if by a dash of cold water, the dream quality of what he saw was swept away. He was perfectly conscious, perfectly normal, and gazing into a mirror in one of the large cafés in the Puerto del Sol. In the mirror, as clear as could be, he saw his brother rising from a table at the farther end of the room, saw him bidding good-night to a couple of men, and in company with two others making towards the door. He was stouter than he had been, but there was no mistaking him; he was exactly like the photograph Hugh had been handing about Spain for the last four months.

He had found his brother. His table lay between Charlie and the door; he only had to rise and face him, to lay his hand on his arm. The absurd quest was over.

He stared and stared. How well he knew it, the gay tilt of the head, the easy, graceful walk. Mesmerized, he watched his brother's passage down the crowded room, appraised his word of apology to the lady he brushed against. He was talking and he was laughing, and the door swung behind him.

The closing of the door brought him to his senses. Hugh could have struck himself. Was there no certainty in life? Was there no means of knowing oneself? It was too much to discover all in the one evening that he was artistic and that, having found his brother, he had deliberately allowed him to slip through his fingers. Did truth always come like that—in an instant, a matter of a chance phrase, a figure seen in a mirror? It seemed that one could lie to oneself unconsciously for years and years, and be faced, blindingly, by truth in thirty seconds. He had seen Charlie, and he had let him go. Not unconscious of what letting him go meant; on the contrary, with the deepest consciousness of what it would entail if he rose, intercepted his passage to the door, said the one necessary word. He hated Charlie; he didn't want to find him; he never wanted to go back to England.

Desperate, he ordered the strongest drink he could think of; it might serve to pull him together. It brought sanity, it brought common-sense, it brought his mother, it brought

Anne. Five minutes later, he was able to smile grimly at the idea of himself remaining in Spain, devising every possible means of avoiding a meeting with his brother. Common-sense told him that if he had lost Charlie he had only lost him for the moment. His brother and his Spanish friends had the air of being *habitués* of the café. Hugh, if he cared to take it, would be given a second chance.

There was, after all, no question of a second chance; it was taken out of his hand. He was fated never to find Charlie; Charlie found him. For a moment later he was beside him, had dropped into a chair, was all exclamations and astonishment and delight. His stick had been forgotten; he had come back for it, he had seen his brother. "Dear old man! What a piece of luck!"

Hugh lamely told his story. What was Charlie's? "Oh, I came straight through to Madrid, only spent one night in San Sebastián. The heat was awful. I went to bed for a week, I was so frightened, thought the 'tecs must be after me. Then I got up; it was so damned hot in bed, and my money was running out. I came here for a meal, and, fancy, the very first thing, I fell in with some business people—wine merchants—the chap who looked after their English correspondence had got ill, gone back to England in a hurry; they took me on as a stop-gap. But they seem to like me; they've offered me a job here, but no, thanks. Now they want me to help them look after the London end of the business."

(It was all so characteristic of Charlie. People did like him, did take to him on the instant.)

"By that time I had come to my senses, I saw what a fool I was to run away for a measly hundred and fifty; I was sure the mater had squared old Watson. I wired her. She wired All serene. I'm going back to-morrow; not to Liverpool—I've accepted the dago offer; I'm going to London."

Hugh remembered that he had changed his hotel and that his mother would hardly yet have received his letter

telling her of his new address. Doubtless at the old hotel a telegram from her was awaiting him.

"Anyway," Charlie continued, "wire or no wire, I'd have gone back and faced the music. God, I'd rather do five years in gaol than stay in this damned country. It was splendid of you to stick it for so long; but we'll get away to-morrow. First thing in the morning I'll get a sleeper for you."

"The Prado," Hugh muttered. "I used to go there; I thought I'd find you there."

"Oh, yes, isn't it jolly? I went there one Sunday morning, but there was such a crowd of those awful Spanish young men. I've always meant to go again, but I never seem to get time. We might pop in there for a bit to-morrow, only I suppose you're sick of the place."

"I was going to Toledo to-morrow, to look for you there."

"Well, I've saved you that, anyway. What on earth did you think might bring me to Toledo?"

Hugh didn't bother to answer. It was all part of the devastating revelation. He sat silent. Things faded and died in his mind. Seville, Toledo, the Alhambra, that festival in the cathedral at Elche—no, that was in August or July, the——

Charlie was talking about Spaniards.

"They're dirty, they're unpunctual, they talk by the hour and smoke awful cigars and drink impossible sweet drinks. They're liars and treacherous, they—" He talked on like the commonest kind of guide-book. Hugh could have contradicted every facile statement he made. "It's a God-forsaken country, isn't it?" Charlie concluded.

Through the open windows of the café the Puerto roared in. It was close on midnight, but the streets were crowded and would be, Hugh knew, for the next two hours. The trams incessantly clanged their bells, ceaselessly the motors blew their high-pitched horns, people endlessly streamed in and out of the café. It wasn't beautiful, it wasn't even

tremendously foreign in an obvious, picturesque way. Hugh drank it all in for an instant.

"I adore it," he said at last. He knew it was all he would ever allow himself to say. Something in his tone pierced even Charlie's egoism. He stared at his brother; he got up to go.

"I'll roll off," he said. "You say you've got to wait for this American chap. I used to think that I liked late hours, but Spanish hours have me beaten to the ropes. I have your address. I'll call round about ten, and we'll go to the *wagon-lit* place and try for a berth for you to-morrow night. I know the chap there; he'll be sure to fix you. So long."

VI

Five minutes later Mr. Simcox was sitting at the opposite side of the table, gazing concernedly at him.

"Something has happened," he said. "You have had news of your brother. He is dead."

"On the contrary, very much alive. We go home to-morrow."

"I see."

"So I can't go to Toledo. I mean, there's no occasion for me to go."

"Of course."

Except for a brief order to a waiter the little American was silent, and Hugh said no word. He stared in the great mirror, drank in the Spanish world.

Stirring his chocolate, Mr. Simcox spoke.

"I think I understand. . . . I am so sorry. I don't think there is anything for you to do except decently go home. I was thinking of you this evening, while I was at the theatre; you were so different from that time in Valladolid, but you didn't seem to know how different, and I wondered what would happen when you found out. I had made up my mind that you wouldn't succeed in finding your brother, and the bad moment would come at the end of your year;

you would be tempted to stay here—for ever. I am glad you found him; it is easier for you to go now than in eight months' time."

"Easy!" Hugh muttered.

"Easier, I said. And it's not as if you could never come to Spain again; and there are picture-galleries in England, and cathedrals . . ."

"Anne—my wife—" Hugh began, and stopped.

"I know. But you didn't know yourself a few months ago. Can you be sure that you know her? Try her."

It was reasonable, Hugh knew, and it was ever so kindly meant, but it was absurd, impossible. To avoid answering, to stem the rush of hatred of wife and mother and Liverpool and business, which he felt sweeping over him, he rose to go. Simcox, having glanced at his face, rose too, threw down enough money to pay for both, and had overtaken him by the time he had reached the door. Guided by his arm, Hugh found himself in a taxi; the American was speaking, he had some friendly plan, something that would make everything all right; but his amiable words were lost, were swallowed up and added to the great roar of the Puerto del Sol.

THE YEARBOOK OF THE BRITISH AND IRISH SHORT STORY JUNE, 1926, TO MAY, 1927

THE BEST BRITISH AND IRISH SHORT STORIES

JUNE 1, 1926, TO MAY 31, 1927.

NOTE. *Only stories by British and Irish authors are listed. American as well as British and Irish periodicals have been reviewed.*

ALLISON, J. MURRAY.
Hero Worship. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 4, '26.

ARDEN, MARY.
Button. Adelphi. Dec., '26.
Idealist. Adelphi. Aug., '26.

"ARLEN, MICHAEL."
Eyes of the Blind. Royal Magazine. Dec., '26.
Red Book Magazine. Sept., '26.
Portrait of a Gentleman. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Oct., '26.
Why Men Belong to Clubs. Royal Magazine. Aug., '26.
Red Book Magazine. Aug., '26.

ARMSTRONG, MARTIN.
Matchmaker. Harper's Magazine. June, '26.
Sea View. Yale Review. Jan., '27.

ARMSTRONG, OLIVE.
Fat Sam. Irish Statesman. July 24, '26.
Highty. Irish Statesman. July 10, '26.
Jimmy. Irish Statesman. July 17, '26.

AUMONIER, STACY.
Arpeggio. London Magazine. May.
George. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 31, '26.
Halt. Woman. Dec., '26.
One-Pound Note. Strand Magazine. Aug., '26.
Perfect Murder. Strand Magazine. Oct., '26.
Spoil-Sport. Pearson's Magazine. Sept., '26.
Forum. Sept., '26.

AUSTIN, F. BRITTEN.
Drama Unrehearsed. Strand Magazine. Aug., '26.
Red Book Magazine. Aug., '26.

B., E.
Portrait of an Unknown Lady. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 29, '26.

BARTON, MICHAEL H.
Beneath the Soil. Oxford Outlook. Nov., '26.

BASHFORD, HENRY HOWARTH.
Hate. Grand Magazine. Nov., '26.
BATES, H. E.
Baker's Wife. Humanist. Apr.
Birthday. Nation (London). Oct. 30, '26.
Easter Blessing. Bermondsey Book. Mar.–May.
Fear. Nation (London). Mar., '26.
Holiday. New Statesman. Jan. 1, '27.
Idiot. New Statesman. Oct. 23, '26.
Laugh. New Leader. July 16, '26.
Lesson. Manchester Guardian. June 1, '26.
Mother. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 17, '26.
"Never." New Statesman. June 26, '26.
Two Candles. Now and Then. Summer, '26.
BEERBOHM, MAX.
Not That I Would Boast. London Mercury. May, '27.
BENNETT, ARNOLD.
Place in Venice. Story-Teller. Mar., '27.
Saturday Evening Post. Jan. 8, '27.
Time to Think. Strand Magazine. Aug., '26.
BENSON, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER.
Uttermost Farthing. Hutchinson's Magazine. Oct.–Nov., '26.
BENSON, EDWARD FREDERIC.
"And No Bird Sings." Woman. Dec., '26.
BENSON, STELLA.
End of the Party. Time and Tide. Mar. 11, '27.
BERESFORD, JOHN DAVYS.
Indomitable Mrs. Garthorne. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Feb., '27.
BICKNELL, FRANKLIN.
"Yes, But . . ." Oxford Outlook. Nov., '26.
BLACKWOOD, ALGERNON.
Crossword Alien. Time and Tide. Jan. 7, '27.
Second Generation. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Aug. 7, '26.
BOTTOME, PHYLLIS.
Second Time. Harper's Bazar. Apr., '27.
Waiting Room. Virginia Quarterly Review. July, '26.
BOWEN, ELIZABETH.
Aunt Tatty. Queen. Christmas No., '26.
"Just Imagine . . ." Eve. Christmas No., '26.
White House. Royal Magazine. Nov., '26
BOWEN, MARJORIE.
Content. Home Magazine. June, '26.
BOYD, DONALD.
Hungry Sheep. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 24.

BRERETON, GEOFFREY.
Forest. Oxford Outlook. Feb., '27.
Te Deum. Oxford Outlook. Nov., '26.
BROOME, DORA M.
Duet with Variations. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 24.
BRUNLEES, A. M.
Prescription. Queen. Sept. 15, '26.
BUCHANAN, GEORGE HENRY PERROTT.
In Course of Time. Queen. Feb. 23, '27
BULLETT, GERALD.
Grasshopper. New Coterie. Autumn, '26.
BURDETT, OSBERT.
Three Scholars. New Criterion. Jan., '27.
BURKE, THOMAS.
Adventurer. Red Book Magazine. May.
Hôtel Côte d'Azur. Hutchinson's Magazine. Apr., '27.
Vanity Fair. Jan., '27.
"CAROL, RICHARD."
Autosuggestion. Daily News. May 23.
Biography. Gaiety. Sept., '26.
Cure. Daily News. June 16, '26.
Division. Daily News. Sept. 13, '26.
Rules Daily News. July 27, '26.
Waiting Game. Gaiety. Jan., '27.
"CAVANAGH, KIT."
Tale of Two Frogs. Irish Statesman. Aug. 28, '26.
CHADWICK, PHILIP GEORGE.
Ransom in the City. Empire Review. Aug., '26.
CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH.
Actor and the Alibi. Harper's Magazine. Mar., '26.
Red Moon of Meru. Story-Teller. Arp.
Harper's Magazine. Mar., '27.
Vanishing of Vaudrey. Story-Teller. Jan., '27.
Harper's Magazine. Jan., '27.
CHURCH, RICHARD.
Tryst. New Age. Feb. 10, '27.
COLUM, MARY MAGUIRE.
Portrait of a Philosopher. New Republic. Feb. 16.
COLUM, PADRAIC.
Herd's House. Dial. Dec., '26.
COPPARD, ALFRED EDGAR.
Old Venerable. London Mercury. Sept., '26.
Rifki. English Review. Jan.
Silver Circus. London Mercury. Apr. Harper's Magazine.
Feb.

CORKERY, DANIEL.
Carrig-an-afrinn. Columbia. Mar., '27.
Emptied Sack. Dial. Aug., '26.
Eyes of the Dead. Columbia. May, '27.
Looter of the Hills. Columbia. Nov., '26.
CROFT-COOKE, RUPERT.
Appointed Key. Graphic. May 21, '27.
CROMPTON, RICHMAL. (MRS. R. C. LAMBURN.)
Mrs. Lillie. Good Housekeeping. Dec., '26.
COULDREY, OSWALD JENNINGS.
Vision of the River. Atlantic Monthly. June, '26.
"DALE, HARRISON."
Two of Eve's Family. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 23, '26.
DATALLER, ROGER.
Cottage Night. Methodist Recorder. September. 16, '26.
Cripple. Methodist Recorder. Dec. 30, '26.
Disaster. Methodist Recorder. Nov. 4, '26.
Flotsam. Methodist Recorder. Sept. 2, '26.
God's Adjustment. Methodist Recorder. Jan. 27, '27.
"Methody." Methodist Recorder. Aug. 5, '26.
Prizes. Methodist Recorder. Dec. 2, '26.
Watchman. Bermondsey Book. Dec., '26.
DAVIES, RHYS.
Mrs. Evans Number Six. New Coterie. Autumn, '26.
Sisters. New Coterie. Summer, '26.
DELAFIELD, E. M.
Devoted Cousin Winnie. Windsor Magazine. Feb., '27.
Philistine. Cornhill Magazine. June, '26.
Harper's Magazine. May, '26.
Step-Daughter. London Magazine. Nov., '26.
DE LA MARE, WALTER.
Creatures. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Aug. 21, '26.
DESMOND, SHAW.
Informer. Scribner's Magazine. Jan., '27.
DIGBY, MARGARET.
Journey to Ask a Question. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 14, '26.
"DORSET, F. H."
Mrs. Murdoch's Man. Cornhill Magazine. Jan., '27.
"DOYLE, LYNN."
Short Suit. Strand Magazine. Apr., '27.
"Smoke." Strand Magazine. June, '26.
Munsey's Magazine. Oct., '26.
Wine of the Country. Strand Magazine. Sept., '26.
DUKE, WINIFRED.
Bonfire. Scots Magazine. Sept., '26.

DUNSANY, LORD.
Abu Laheeb. Graphic. Christmas No., '26.
Atlantic Monthly. July, '26.
King of Sarahb. Graphic. Christmas No., '26.
Atlantic Monthly. Sept., '26.
ELWELL-SUTTON, A. S.
East and West. Cornhill Magazine. Apr., '27.
ERTZ, SUSAN.
"And then Face to Face. . . ." Premier. Dec., '26.
McClure's Magazine. Nov., '26.
ERVINE, ST. JOHN GREER.
Mountain. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Dec., '26.
Yale Review. Oct., '26.
FARJEON, ELEANOR.
Dormer Bells. Illustrated London News. Christmas No., '26.
Herb of Fear. Time and Tide. Oct. 8, '26.
Oranges and Lemons. Time and Tide. Sept. 24, '26.
FINDLATER, JANE HELEN.
Task of Happiness. Cornhill Magazine. Dec., '26.
GALLAGHER, FRANK.
Honeymoon. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 15.
GALSWORTHY, JOHN.
Black Coat. Saturday Evening Post. Sept. 11, '26.
Passing By. Story-Teller. Dec., '26.
Scribner's Magazine. Dec., '26.
Told by the Schoolmaster. Forum. Dec., '26.
GARNETT, DAVID.
Purl and Plain. Vogue (London). Late July, '26.
G.-A., T. G.
'Cello. Adelphi. Nov., '26.
GEORGE, WALTER LIONEL.
Another Man's Home. Sovereign Magazine. Aug., '26.
Day in the Life of Mankind. Story-Teller. Mar., '27.
GIBBON, PERCIVAL.
Doctor. Royal Magazine. July, '26.
Forward the Camp Followers! Royal Magazine. Feb.
Married Man. Cassell's Magazine. June, '26.
GIBSON, GLADYS L.
Lighting a Fire. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 2, '27.
Three on a Housetop. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 1, '27.
GUNN, WINIFRED ELEANOR.
Expiation. Hutchinson's Mystery Story Magazine. Oct., '26.
Salvation of David Brown. Cornhill Magazine. July, '26.
HACKETT, FRANCIS.
Cinder. Century Magazine. Nov., '26.

HAMILTON, COSMO.
No, No, Murgatroyd! Graphic. Christmas No., '26.
HAYTHORNE, WINIFRED.
Corner Shop. New Leader. Sept. 17, '26.
HEALY, CAHIR.
Travelling People. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 27, '26.
HESELTINE, OLIVE.
Writing. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 16, '27
HOBSON, CORALIE.
"This Little Piggie Went to Market." New Coterie. Summer, '26.
HOLLAND, EDWARD SCOTT.
Flying Dutchman. Sydney Bulletin. Oct. 7, '26.
HOWE, BEA.
Kiss. Queen. June 16, '26.
HUTCHINSON, VERE.
Hoax. Century Magazine. July, '26.
INCE, MABEL.
Mrs. Barnstable's Holiday. Manchester Guardian. June 3, '26.
IRONS, EVELYN.
Road. Queen. Aug. 11, '26.
JACOBS, WILLIAM WYMARK.
Money Box. New Magazine. Jan., '27.
JESSE, F. TENNYSON.
Love-Letters. London Magazine. Mar., '27.
Night Out. London Magazine. Sept., '26.
Poison. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Sept., '26.
Two Helens. London Magazine. Apr.
KAHAN, HERBERT LEON.
Sentimental Round. New Statesman. Apr. 30.
Suburban Incident. Calendar. July, '26.
KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA.
Praises of Obscurity. Windsor Magazine. Sept., '26.
KELLY, THOMAS.
Getting Even. Manchester Guardian. May 10.
Travelling Man. Irish Statesman. May 28.
KIPLING, RUDYARD.
Eye of Allah. Strand Magazine. Sept., '26.
McCall's Magazine. Sept., '26.
Gate. McCall's Magazine. June, '26.
"KIRK, LAURENCE." (E. A. SIMSON.)
Brighter London. Cornhill Magazine. June, '26.
Lobb's Farm. English Review. Nov., '26.
Lumber Room. Cornhill Magazine. Jan., '27

LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT.
Glad Ghosts. Dial. July and Aug., '26.
Mercury. Nation (London). Feb. 5.
Atlantic Monthly. Feb.
Rocking-Horse Winner. Harper's Bazar. July, '26.
Smile. Nation (London). June 19, '26.
New Masses. June, '26.
Sun. New Coterie. Autumn, '26.
Two Blue Birds. Dial. Apr.
LEE, E. G.
Acquittal. New Statesman. May 28.
LEWIS, CECIL DAY.
Still Life. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 10, '26.
LIMEBEER, ENA.
Blue Rug. New Leader. Sept. 24, '26.
Student and the Feather. Nation (London). Apr. 30.
LOVELL, DOROTHY A.
Pavement Artist. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 8.
LUSBY, REGINALD HERBERT.
Driftwood. Manchester Guardian. July 27, '26.
LYND, SYLVIA.
Broken Ditches. New Magazine. Oct., '26.
"LYSTER, M."
Hammer. Irish Statesman. Sept. 25, '26.
Tokayo—1914. Irish Statesman. June 26, '26.
MAC CARTHY, DESMOND.
Harby and Pargiton. Empire Review. Aug. and Sept., '26.
"Lady with the Umbrella." Empire Review. June, '26.
"Most Miserable of Men." Empire Review. May, '26.
MCFEE, WILLIAM.
Untarnished Shield. American Mercury. Nov., '26.
MACK, LOVEL.
Storm. Adelphi. Apr.
MACMANUS, L.
Two Aristocrats. Dublin Magazine. July-Sept., '26.
MANNIN, ETHEL.
Michael's Mother. Pictorial Review. Mar.
Wild Thyme. Graphic. Apr. 30.
MANNING-SANDERS, GEORGE.
Poacher's Daughter. Blue Magazine. Dec., '26.
Stroke. Dublin Magazine. July-Sept., '26.
Tamer. Colour. Aug., '26.
Wrestler. Manchester Guardian. July 22, '26.
"MANSFIELD, KATHERINE."
Apple Tree. Time and Tide. May 20.

Woman's Home Companion. May.
Evening. Adelphi. Oct., '26.

MARTIN, C. I.
Orpheus. Colour. Jan.

MASON, ALFRED EDWARD WOODLEY.
Strange Case of Joan. Harper's Bazar. Dec., '26.

MAUGHAM, WILLIAM SOMERSET.
Closed Shop. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Jan.
Creative Impulse. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Nov., '26.
Harper's Bazar. Aug., '26.

METCALFE, JOHN.
Crimson Dragon. Forum. July, '26.
Funeral March of a Marionette. Independent. Jan. 1.

MILLIN, SARAH GERTRUDE.
Purple Dress. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Sept., '26.

MITTON, G. E.
Test and the Jest. Cornhill Magazine. Dec., '26.

MONKHOUSE, ALLAN N.
Cup of Tea. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 10, '26.

MONTAGUE, CHARLES EDWARD.
Cock-and-Bull Story. London Mercury. Sept., '26.
Saturday Evening Post. Aug. 28, '26.
Why Mrs. Mellery Won't Come. Saturday Evening Post. Oct. 30, '26.

MORDAUNT, ELINOR.
Missionary's Wife. London Mercury. Mar.
Century Magazine. Nov., '26.

MOTTRAM, R. H.
Garden of Eden. London Mercury. Jan.
Lost Property. English Review. Jan.
Stranger Takes a Look. Century Magazine. Jan.
Valentine. Bermondsey Book. Sept., '26.
Virginia. Atlantic Monthly. Sept., '26.
Winner. English Review. Mar.
Century Magazine. Mar.

NORMAN-SMITH, DOROTHY E.
Joke. Century Magazine. Apr.
Pinnacle. Pearson's Magazine. Feb.
Return. Century Magazine. Aug., '26.

O'CONNOR, FRANK.
War. Irish Statesman. Aug. 7, '26.

O FAOLÁIN, SEÁN.
Bomb-Shop. Dial. Mar.
Under the Roof. Dial. Sept., '26.

O'FLAHERTY, LIAM.
Child of God. New Coterie. Spring.

Good Samaritan. New Leader. Aug. 27, '26.
Mackerel for Sale. London Mercury. Feb.

ORMEROD, J. C.
Dream. Manchester Guardian. May 15, '26.

PANTIN, AMY MOIR.
In the Forest. Cornhill Magazine. Oct., '26.

PAVEY, L. A.
Bill. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 7.
Bookshop. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 18.
Failure. Colour. Apr., '26.
Tale that Was Told. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 19.
Test. Spectator. Jan. 29.

PEAKE, C. M. A.
On a Berkshire Farm. Queen. June 30, '26.

PEEL, MRS. C. S.
Reverberation. Queen. Jan. 12.

PHILLIPS, W. BURNARD.
Victors. Humanist. May.

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.
Brother George. Pearson's Magazine. Oct., '26.
Courting Connie Woodland. Windsor Magazine. July, '26.
Legacy. Sovereign Magazine. Oct., '26.
Mystery. Hutchinson's Magazine. May.
Price of Milly Bassett. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Sept., '26.
Rash Act. Pearson's Magazine. July, '26.
Silas and Anthony. Windsor Magazine. Oct., '26.
Silver Bullet. Hutchinson's Magazine. Sept., '26.
Twins. London Magazine. May.
Two Sea Captains. Sovereign Magazine. Sept., '26.

PICKTHALL, MARMADUKE WILLIAM.
Student and the Tower. Cornhill Magazine. June, '26.

POWYS, THEODORE FRANCIS.
Aunt Julia. Nation (London). Aug. 7, '26.
Baked Mole. Calendar. Jan.
Bride. New Coterie. Autumn, '26.
Christ in the Cupboard. New Leader. Oct. 15, '26.
Dumb Animal. New Leader. July 2, '26.
Feed My Swine. New Coterie. June, '26.
What Lack I Yet? New Coterie. Spring.

PRITCHETT, V. S.
Tragedy in a Greek Theatre. Cornhill Magazine. Jan.

PRYCE, RICHARD.
Bell. London Mercury. Nov., '26.

PURDON, K. F.
Living or Dead. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Apr.
Mary of Many Mothers. Nash's Magazine. May.
Rebels They Were Called. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Mar.
REYNARDSON, H. BIRCH.
Sahib's Sword. Empire Review. June, '26.
RICHARDSON, ANTHONY.
Kind of Freedom. Royal Magazine. Oct., '26.
Pictorial Review. Aug., '26. *under title* Force of Habit.
Little Window. New Magazine. Oct., '26.
Miracle. Hutchinson's Magazine. Oct., '26.
Son of Elsa. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Apr., '27.
Truth about Sidney Wells. New Magazine. June, '26.
Unforgiveable. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. June, '26.
RITCHIE, ALICE.
At Kelly's. Nation (London). Feb. 12.
ROBINSON, LENNOX.
Quest. Dial. Oct., '26.
SACKVILLE-WEST, EDWARD.
Lock. Forum. Jan.
SCHREINER, OLIVE.
Child's Day. Harper's Magazine. Dec., '26.
SHANN, RENÉE.
Mademoiselle Sans Peur. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 15, '26.
SIMPSON, VIOLET A.
Point of Honour. Fortnightly Review. May.
Atlantic Monthly. May.
SOMERVILLE, MARY.
Sheep. Century Magazine. Apr.
THICKNESSE-WOODINGTON, F.
"Pyper." Cornhill Magazine. Aug., '26.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE
Thing in Itself. Windsor Magazine. Aug., '26.
TOWNEND, W.
Ship in the Swamp. Strand Magazine. Dec., '26.
Adventure. Jan. 15.
"TRAIL, PETER," (GUY MORTON.)
Black Magic. Outlook (London). Apr. 9.
Noblesse Oblige. Outlook (London). Sept. 18, '26.
Sportsmen. Outlook (London). June 5, '26.
TURNER, J. C.
Old Josephs. Adelphi. Sept., '26.
TURNER, JOHN HASTINGS.
Blackmail. Sovereign Magazine. Oct., '26.
Miss Alice and Miss Anne. Graphic. Christmas No., '26.

W., V.
Saint's Day Journey. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 5, '26.
WALPOLE, HUGH.
Absalom Jay. Sovereign Magazine. Sept., '26.
Fanny Close. Sovereign Magazine. Nov., '26.
Golden Dust. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. Dec., '26.
Harmless Flirt. Cosmopolitan. July, '26
Little Ghost. London Magazine. Dec., '26.
Picture. Good Housekeeping. Mar.
WARNER, SYLVIA TOWNSEND.
I am Come into my Garden. Time and Tide. Jan. 28.
WARREN, C. HENRY.
Ring. Outlook (London). Apr. 2.
WELLS, HERBERT GEORGE.
Pollock and the Porroh Man. Sovereign Magazine. Feb.
WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD.
Captain. Story-Teller. May.
Collier's Weekly. Mar., '26.
Command. Cassell's Magazine. Oct., '26.
Covenant of the Craddocks. Cassell's Magazine. May.
Adventure. Feb. 1.
Fog. Saturday Evening Post. Sept. 18, '26.
Judgment. Cassell's Magazine. Dec., '26.
Everybody's Magazine. Oct., '26.
Strange Adventure of Tommy Lawn. Adventure. Mar. 15.
Women and Children First. Collier's Weekly. June 5, '26.
WILLIAMS, ORLO.
Capitaine Ensorceleur. New Criterion. Oct., '26.
"WILLIAMS, PATRY." (M. PATRY *and* D. WILLIAMS.)
Way You Look At Things. Queen. Mar. 2.
WILLIAMS, REGINALD STEPHEN.
Personal Touch. Manchester Guardian. June 16, '26.
WILLIAMS, THOMAS.
Phantom Bride. Blackwood's Magazine. May.
WITHEROW, JAMES MILLING.
Test. Atlantic Monthly. Oct., '26.
WOOLF, VIRGINIA.
New Dress. Forum. May.
WYLIE, IDA ALENA ROSS.
Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters. Cassell's Magazine. Oct., '26.
Saturday Evening Post. Sept. 11, '26.
YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT.
East Is East. Cassell's Magazine. Nov., '26.
Medina Reef. Everybody's Magazine. July, '26.
Pearl and the Oyster. Cassell's Magazine. Mar.

ARTICLES ON THE SHORT STORY IN BRITISH AND IRISH PERIODICALS

JUNE 1, 1926, TO MAY 31, 1927.

NOTE. *Capital letters are employed to indicate the author of an article.*

AAS, L.
Johannes V. Jensen. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:192.)

Adams, Herbert.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Feb. 11. (13.)

"AFFABLE HAWK."
Joseph Conrad. New Statesman. Jan. 8. (28:390.)
Anatole France. New Statesman. Dec. 18, '26. (28:311.)
Henry James. New Statesman. Feb. 26. (28:604.)
Rudyard Kipling. New Statesman. Oct. 16, '26. (28:15.)
Guy de Maupassant. New Statesman. Sept. 4, '26. (27:583.) Jan. 15. (28:419.)
Herman Melville. New Statesman. Mar. 5. (28:635.)

AIKEN, CONRAD.
F. Scott Fitzgerald. Criterion. Oct., '26. (4:773.)
Ring Lardner. Criterion. Oct., '26. (4:773.)

ALDANOV, M. A.
Count Lyof Tolstoi. Slavonic Review. Dec., '26. (5:305.)

ALDINGTON, RICHARD.
Stanislas Jean de Boufflers. Vogue. (London). Early and Late June, '26. (74.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Nation (London). Sept. 25, '26. (39:736.)
Short Stories. Vogue. (London). Dec., '26. (81.)

AMERICAN SHORT STORY.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 4. (9.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). Mar. 19. (40:862.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Mar. 12. (452.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 24. (25:429.)
By T. B. Time and Tide. Apr. 8. (8:338.)
By Henry Baerlein. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:192.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 10. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review. (London) Mar. '26. (143: 477.)

By P. S. O'H. Irish Statesman. Apr. 23. (8:168.)
By R. H. S. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 10, '26. (9.)
Andersen, Hans Christian.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Feb. 4. (5.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). Feb. 19. (40:700.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Apr. 23. (29:50.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review. (London). Jan. 29. (143:165.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Feb. 6. (10.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 10. (26:153.)
By Richard Church. Spectator. Jan. 29. (158.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Mar. 23. (4.)
By Geoffrey West. Outlook (London). Feb. 5. (59:133.)
Arden, Mary.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Apr. 8. (5.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Apr. 2. (608.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 7. (26:248.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Mar. 27. (6.) Daily News. Mar. 28. (4.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). Apr. 9. (41:19.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Apr. (15:655.)
Assier, A.
Henri Poulaille. Bermondsey Book. Dec., '26. (4:61.)
Armstrong, Martin.
Anonymous. Adelphi. May. (4:712.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 4. (15.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Feb. 27. (9.)
Anonymous. Time and Tide. July, 2, '26. (7:594.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Mar. 6. (8.) Daily News. Mar. 7. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 5. (143: 360.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Mar. 5. (59:231.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Mar. 23. (4.)
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 18. (9.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London. Mar. 26. (40:898.)
By Noami Royde-Smith. Time and Tide. Mar. 11. (8:238.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Apr. (15:655.)
By Barbara Euphan Todd. Spectator. Mar. 5. (385.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Vogue. (London). Early May. (74.)
Asquith, Margot.
Henry James. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 12, '26. (6:223.)
Aumonier, Stacy.
Stacy Aumonier. Strand. Apr. (73:399.)
Aumonier, Stacy.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Sept. 7, '26. (5.)

Anonymous. Observer. Aug. 22, '26. (4.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 28, '26. (25:742.)
By Stacy Aumonier. Strand. Apr. (73:399.)
By L. P. Hartley. Bookman (London). Oct. '26. (71:51.) Saturday Review (London). Sept. 25, '26. (142:350.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Aug. 21, '26. (58:178.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. Sept. 25, '26. (27:676.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 13, '26. (7.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Aug. 28, '26. (106:273.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Aug. 25, '26. (8.)

Austin, F. Britten.
F. Britten Austin. Strand. Apr. (73:392.)

Austin, F. Britten.
By F. Britten Austin. Strand. Apr. (73:392.)

B., H.
Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Manchester Guardian. July 30, '26. (7.)
Edith O'Shaughnessy. Manchester Guardian. July 2, '26. (7.)

B., T.
American Short Story. Time and Tide. Apr. 8. (8:338.)
British Short Story. Time and Tide. Apr. 8. (8:338.)
Anatole France. Time and Tide. Oct. 1, '26. (7:880.)

Babel, I.
By Alec Brown. Calendar. Apr. (4:4.)
By Z. Vengerova. Bermondsey Book. June, '26. (3:69.)

Baerlein, Henry.
American Short Story. Bookman. (London). Dec., '26. (71:192.)
British Short Story. Bookman (London). Aug., '26. (70:268.)

Balzac, Honoré de.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 19. (26:354.)
By Henry Devon. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly Nov. 6, '26. (7:42.)
By "John o'London." John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 19. (16:709.) 709.)

Barbey d'Aurévilly, Jules-Amédée.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Sept. 11, '26. (27:613.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Aug. 7, '26. (142:153.)
By H. B. C. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 30, '26. (5.)
By "Oliver Scribe." T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 31, '26. (6:451.)

Baring, Maurice.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). June, '26. (70:183.)

Barker, Helen Granville-.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 1. (15.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 10. (26:90.)
By B. E. T. Spectator. Feb. 12. (253.)

By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Mar. 7. (4.) Observer. Mar. 13. (8.)
By Noami Royde-Smith. Time and Tide. Mar. 11. (8:238.)
"Barrington, E."
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:88.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 1. (15.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). Mar. 26. (40:902.)
Anonymous. New Age. Mar. 10. (40:226.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 5. (143:358.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Feb. 5. (202.) Mar, 12. (452.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jan. 30. (8.)
By E. B. Osborn. Morning Post. Feb. 8. (5.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Feb. 2. (8.)
Beerbohm, Max.
By A. S. Frere-Reeves. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 25, '26. (142:799.)
Bell, Robert.
Robert Louis Stevenson. Observer. Oct. 24, '26. (7.)
Benson, Arthur Christopher.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 8. (15.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 20. (26:42.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Jan. 31. (4.)
By L. O. Bookman (London). Mar. (71:323.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Jan. 29. (108:185.)
Benson, Stella.
Anonymous. Time and Tide. Nov. 12, '26. (7:1028.)
Bensusan, S. L.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:228.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. July 6, '26. (15.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. July 13. (9.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Aug. 21, '26. (27:531.)
Anonymous. Observer. Aug. 8, '26. (4.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 3, '26. (25:369.)
By T. Michael Pope. London Mercury. Sept., '26. (14:543.)
Bercovici, Konrad.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Apr. 8. (5.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review. (London). Mar. 19. (143:442.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). Apr. 9. (41:19.)
Besterman, Theodore.
Guy de Maupassant. Nation (London). Feb. 12. (40:658.)
Bettany, F. G.
Anatole France. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:36.)
Bierce, Ambrose.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. June 4, '26. (5.)

By E. B. Osborn. Morning Post. June 4, '26. (5.)

BIRON, SIR CHARTRES.

Joseph Conrad. London Mercury. Nov., '26. (15:105.)

George Gissing. London Mercury. Mar. (15:555.)

BIRRELL, FRANCIS.

Prosper Mérimée. Nation (London). Jan. 8. (40:514.)

BLAKE, GEORGE.

George Gissing. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 5. (16:616.)

Bone, Florence.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 18, '26. (25: 821.)

BOOTHBY, ROBERT.

Ivan Turgenev. Spectator. May 14. (853.)

Borden, Mary.

Anonymous. Morning Post. Nov. 30, '26. (15.)

Anonymous. Spectator. Nov. 20, '26. (930.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 11, '26. (25: 792.)

By Austin Clarke. Nation (London.) Dec. 11, '26. (40:392.)

By F. F. Irish Statesman. Mar. 5. (7:627.)

By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Nov. 22, '26. (4.)

By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 27, '26. (142:652.)

By Olive Heseltine. Time and Tide. Jan. 7. (8:12.)

By P. C. Kennedy, New Statesman. Nov. 20, '26. (28:177.)

By Louis J. McQuilland. Bookman (London). Feb. (71:286.)

BOSANQUET, THEODORA.

Henry James. Time and Tide. Jan. 14. (8:36.)

Russian Short Story. Time and Tide. May 13. (8:452.)

Boufflers, Stanislas Jean de.

By Richard Aldington. Vogue (London). Early and Late. June, '26. (74.)

Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). June 26, '26. (141: 783.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 17, '26. (25: 408.)

Bowen, Elizabeth.

Anonymous. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:229.)

Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. June 18, '26. (15.)

By Gerald Gould. Observer. June 6, '26. (8.)

By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). June, 5, '26. (141:686.)

By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. July 17. (27:388.)

By V. Sackville-West. Vogue (London). Late July '26. (47.)

BRAILSFORD, H. N.
Rabindranath Tagore. New Leader. Aug. 27, '26. (9.)
Bramah, Ernest.
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Jan. 8. (59:30.)
British Short Story.
Anonymous. Calendar. Apr. (4:87.)
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 28. (9.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). Dec. 4, '26. (40:346.)
Anonymous. Observer. Nov. 7, '26. (8.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Jan. 22. (124.)
By T. B. Time and Tide. Apr. 8. (8:338.)
By Henry Baerlein. Bookman (London). Aug. '26. (70:268.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Jan. 10. (4.) Observer. Feb. 6. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 27, '26. (142:652.) Feb. 12. (143:240.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Jan. 22. (59:87.)
By Walter Jerrold. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:187.)
By P. S. O'H. Irish Statesman. Apr. 23. (8:168.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Nov. 13, '26. (107:283.) Feb. 19. (108:314.)
By R. H. S. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 10, '26. (9.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Dec., '26. (15:197.)
By C. H. W. New Leader. Jnly 2, '26. (13.)
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)
BROOKS, GRAHAM.
Edgar Allan Poe. John o'London's Weekly. Apr. 30. (17:70.)
BROWN, ALEC.
I. Babel. Calendar. Apr. (4:4.)
Alexey Remizab. Calendar. Apr. (4:4.)
BURDETT, OSBERT.
Joseph Conrad. London Mercury. Feb. (15:435.) Outlook (London). Sept. 11, '26. (58:251.)
Nikolai Gogol. London Mercury. June, '26. (14:216.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Outlook (London). Sept. 4, '26. (58:217.)
Alexander Pushkin. London Mercury. June, '26. (14:216.)
Osbert Sitwell. London Mercury. Mar. (15:515.)
Burke, Kenneth.
By Gorham B. Munson. Calendar. July, '26. (3:129.)
BURNS, SHIRLEY.
Robert Louis Stevenson. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Dec. 11, '26. (7:256.)
Byrne, Donn.
By Cranstoun Metcalfe. Bookman (London). Nov., '26. (71: 101.)

C., E.
Short Stories. Irish Statesman. Nov. 20, '26. (7:260.)
C., H. B.
Jules—Amédée Barbey d'Aurévilly. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 30, '26. (5.)
Rudyard Kipling. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 15, '26. (5.)
Guy de Maupassant. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 13, '26. (5.)
C., W. P.
Anatole France. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 27, '26. (5.)
Cabell, James Branch.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 27. (26:55.)
Caine, William.
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). May 28. (143:833.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Apr. 9. (59:384.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Apr. 30. (109:190.)
Candler, Edmund.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Oct. 19, '26. (7.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). Nov. 20, '26. (40:274.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Oct. 23, '26. (713.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement Oct. 28, '26. (25:742.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 17, '26. (9.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jan. 9. (7.)
By Winifred Holtby. Time and Tide. Dec. 31, '26. (7:1206.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Nov. 24, '26. (4.)
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)
Canfield, Dorothy.
By J. M. Irish Statesman. Feb. 19. (7:579.)
Carew, Dudley.
Joseph Conrad. London Mercury. Aug., '26. (14:440.)
D. H. Lawrence. London Mercury. Aug., '26. (14:440.)
André Maurois. London Mercury. Aug., '26. (14:440.)
Caylus, Anne—Claude—Philippe de Tubières, Counte de. Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 26. (26:374.)
Chapman, J. B.
A. E. Coppard. Bookman (London). Feb. (71:267.)
Chekhov, Anton.
Life Is Wonderful. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 11, '26. (6:639.)
Sketches from His Childhood. New Age. July 8, '26. (39:109.)
Chekhov, Anton.
Anonymous. John o'London's Weekly. May 7. (17:120.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Apr. 19. (4.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 9. (143:565.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Apr. 10. (10.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 21. (26:277.)
By Michael Chekhov. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Aug. 28, '26. (6:572.)
By R. M. Fox. Irish Statesman. Apr. 23. (8:161.)
By Barrington Gates. Nation (London). Apr. 30. (41:116.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. Apr. (121:575.)
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. London Mercury., Sept., '26. (14:540.)
Observer. May 15. (6.)
By H. L. Morrow. Daily News. Mar. 31. (4.)
By Peter Quennell. New Statesman. May 14. (29:152.)
By M. Robinson. Adelphi. May. (4:683.)

CHEKHOV, MICHAEL.
Anton Chekhov. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Aug. 28, '26. (6:572.)

Chesterton, G. K.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. June 25, '26. (5.)
Anonymous. Observer. July 4, '26. (6.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. July 9, '26. (7:620.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). July 3, '26. (142:18.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. June 25, '26. (7.)
By H. L. Morrow. Daily News. July 1, '26. (4.)
By H. C. O'N. Westminster Gazette. July 10, '26. (5.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. July 10, '26. (106:540.)
By M. A. S. Bookman (London). Aug., '26. (70:263.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Aug. 4, '26. (8.)

Chinese Short Stories.
By J. M. H. Irish Statesman. Apr. 16. (8:142.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). May 21. (41:220.)

CHURCH, RICHARD.
Hans Christian Andersen. Spectator. Jan. 29. (158.)
Fyodor Dostoevsky. New Leader. July 9, '26. (12.)
Nikolai Gogol. New Leader. July 9, '26. (12.)
Maurice Hewlett. Spectator. June 12, '26. (993.)
George Moore. Spectator. Feb. 12. (249.)
Alexander Pushkin. New Leader. July 9, '26. (12.)

CLARKE, AUSTIN.
Mary Borden. Nation (London). Dec. 11, '26. (40:392.)
Susan Ertz. Nation (London). Jan. 29. (40:598.)
D. H. Lawrence. Nation (London). Dec. 11, '26. (40:392.)
Paul Morand. Nation (London). Dec. 11, '26. (40:392.)

Clifford, Sir Hugh.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Dec. 31, '26. (15.)

By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Jan. 17. (4.)

Cobb, Irvin S.

Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 1. (5.)

Anonymous. Sunday Times. Mar. 6. (9.)

By Gerald Gould. Observer. Mar. 6. (8.) Daily News. Mar. 7. (4.)

By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 2. (143: 527.)

Colerus, Egmont.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 17. (26:178.)

Colvin, Ian.

Rudyard Kipling. Morning Post. Sept. 15, '26. (9.)

Conrad, Joseph.

By "Affable Hawk." New Statesman. Jan. 8. (28:390.)

Anonymous. Colour. Jan. (25.)

Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Nov. 2, '26. (4.) Aug. 20, '26. (13.)

Anonymous. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 19. (16:714.)

Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 18. (7.)

Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 6, '26. (7.)

Anonymous. Morning Post. Aug. 24, '26. (5.) Sept. 3, '26. (11.) Feb. 18. (10.)

Anonymous. Nation (London). Oct. 16, '26. (40:90.)

Anonymous. New Age. Dec. 16, '26. (82.)

Anonymous. New Criterion. Jan. (5:159.)

Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 11, '26. (142: 289.) Nov. 20, '26. (142:624.)

Anonymous. Spectator. Sept. 11, '26. (387.)

Anonymous. Sunday Times. Aug. 22, '26. (3.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 26, '26. (25: 557.) Sept. 9, '26. (25:594.)

By Sir Chartres Biron. London Mercury. Nov. '26. (15:105.)

By Osbert Burdett. London Mercury. Feb. (15:435.) Outlook (London.) Sept. 11, '26. (58:251.)

By Dudley Carew. London Mercury. Aug., '26. (14:440.)

By Mrs. Joseph Conrad. John o'London's Weekly. Oct. 23, '26. (16:48.)

By Marie Dabrowska. New Age. Mar. 3. (40:208.)

By B. H. F. Empire Review. July, '26. (44:76.)

By H. G. Daily Express. Sept. 9, '26. (11.)

By Stuart Hodgson. Daily News. Aug. 21, '26. (4.)

By A. K. English Review. Dec., '26. (43:736.)

By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. July, '26. (120:140.)

By Robert Lynd. Daily News. Sept. 2, '26. (4.)

By R. L. Mégroz. Bookman (London). Aug., '26. (70:238.)

By H. L. Minchin. Sunday Times. Sept. 5, '26. (7.)
By J. P. O'R. Irish Statesman. Dec. 11, '26. (7:334.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Jan. 8. (108:64.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Bookman (London). June, '26. (70:172.)
By George Sampson. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:191.)
By John Shand. Criterion. Oct., '26. (4:782.)
By J. C. Squire. Observer. Sept. 5, '26. (4.)
By "Stet." Saturday Review (London). Jan. 29. (143:157.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Sept. 15, '26. (8.)
By Stefan Zeromski. Nineteenth Century. Mar. (101:406.)

CONRAD, MRS. JOSEPH.

Joseph Conrad. John o'London's Weekly. Oct. 23, '26. (16:48.)

COPPARD, A. E.

Edmund Candler. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 17, '26. (9.)
Olive Tilford Dargan. Manchester Guardian. July 2, '26. (7.)
W. W. Jacobs. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 17, '26. (7.)

Coppard, A. E.

Anonymous. Adelphi. Feb. (4:526.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Dec. 3, '26. (15.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Dec. 31, '26. (12.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). Nov. 27, '26. (40:308.)
Anonymous. New Criterion. Jan. (5:162.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Dec. 18, '26. (1125.)
Anonymous. Time and Tide. July 2, '26. (7:595.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 18, '26. (25: 816.)
By J. B. Chapman. Bookman (London). Feb. (71:267.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Nov. 29, '26. (4.)
By H. C. H. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 26, '26. (9.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 11, '26. (142:737.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Sattesman. Dec. 4, '26. (28:241.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Time and Tide. Jan. 14. (8:37.)
By Edwin Muir. Vogue (London). Late Jan. (57.)
By L. R. Irish Statesman. June 19, '26. (6:414.)
By John Sydenham. Empire Review. Feb. (45:164.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Dec. 29, '26. (4.)
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)

Corvo, Frederick Rolfe, Baron.

By "Mark Over." Outlook (London). Apr. 9. (59:385.)
By "Ocellus." Outlook (London). Apr. 16. (59:399.)

COURTNEY, W. L.

Anatole France. Daily Telegraph. July 2, '26. (15.)
Henry James. Daily Telegraph. Dec. 17, '26. (15.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Daily Telegraph. Oct. 5, '26. (6.)

Robert Louis Stevenson. Daily Telegraph. Oct. 26, '26. (17.)
Ivan Turgenev. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 25. (17.)

CROFT-COOKE, RUPERT.

Anatole France. G. K.'s Weekly. Oct. 30, '26. (4:110.)
John Galsworthy. Humanist. Apr. (4:190.) Adelphi. Apr. 4:627.)

"D., H."

Anonymous. New Criterion. Jan. (5:160.)
By P. J. M. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 3, '26. (5.)
By L. R. Irish Statesman. Sept. 25, '26. (7:69.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. Dec. 9, '26. (4.)

DABROWSKA, MARIE.

Joseph Conrad. New Age. Mar. 3. (40:208.)

DALGLISH, D. N.

C. E. Montague. Adelphi. Oct., '26. (4:214.)

D'Annunzio, Gabriele.

By Camillo Pellizzi. Time and Tide. Feb. 4. (8:111.)

Dargan, Olive Tilford.

By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. July 2, '26. (7.)
By F. F. Irish Statesman. Aug. 28, '26. (6:689.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. July 11, '26. (8.) Daily News. Aug. 2, '26. (7.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. Aug. 20, '26. (7: 754.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. Aug. 28, '26. (27:555.)

DARK, SIDNEY.

Israel Zangwill. John o'London's Weekly. Aug. 21, '26. (15: 609.)

Davies, Rhys.

By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Feb. 19. (59:191.)

Deane, Peter.

By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Dec. 18, '26. (58:610.)

Delafield, E. M.

Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 25. (17.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Feb. 11. (13.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 3. (26:74.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jan. 30. (8.) Daily News. Jan. 31. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 22. (143: 127.)
By Olive Heseltine. Time and Tide. Feb. 25. (8:186.)

De La Mare, Walter.

Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. June 18, '26. (15.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. June 11, '26. (7.)

By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. June 11, '26. (7: 523.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. July 3, '26. (27:328.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. Jan. (121:142.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. June 3, '26. (4.)
By Kathleen McCloy. Queen. June 30, '26. (31.)
By R. L. Mégroz. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:211.)
Colour. Aug., '26. (26.) T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 3, '26. (6:333.)
By Forrest Reid. Irish Statesman. June 26, '26. (6:442.)
By George Rylands. Criterion. Oct., '26. (4:785.)
By F. S. Manchester Guardian. June 18, '26. (7.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Aug., '26. (14:431.)
Saturday Review (London). July 3, '26. (142:14.)
By Ralph Straus. Sunday Times. June 13, '26. (10.)
By Humbert. Wolfe. Observer. July 18, '26. (5.)
By Leonard Woolf. Nation (London). July 3, '26. (39:386.)

Dell, Ethel M.
Anonymous. Spectator. Apr. 23. (734.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Apr. 11. (4.) Observer. Apr. 24. (8.)

Detective Stories.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 12, '26. (25: 529.)
By J. C. Squire. Observer. Sept. 12, '26. (6.)

Devanny, Jean.
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Mar. 21. (4.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Apr. 9. (109:60.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Apr. (15:655.)

Devon, Henry.
Honoré de Balzac. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Nov. 6, '26. (7:42.)

Disraeli, Benjamin.
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Jan. 8. (59:30.)

Dobrée, Bonamy.
Rudyard Kipling. New Criterion. Jan. (5:149.)
Count Lyof Tolstoy. Nation (London). Jan. 8. (40:512.)

Dostoevsky, Fyodor.
"Brothers Karamazov." New Criterion. June, '26. (4:552.)
Letter. Spectator. Sept. 4, '26. (338.)

Dostoevsky, Fyodor.
By Richard Church. New Leader. July 9, '26. (12.)
By Hugh I'A. Fausset. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:220.)

By Janko Lavrin. Slavonic Review. Mar. (5:609.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. July, '26. (120:141).
By Prince D. S. Mirsky London Mercury. Sept., '26. (14:540.)
By C. Nabokoff. Spectator. Sept. 4, '26. (338.)
By M. S. Dublin Magazine. Apr.–June. (71.)
Downey, Alan.
By L. MacM. Dublin Magazine. July–Sept., '26. (70.)
Dowson, Ernest.
By Newman Flower. Bookman (London). Sept., '26. 70: 284.)
Draoi, Cian.
Kenneth Morris. Dublin Magazine. Apr.–Jun. (79.)
Dreiser, Theodore.
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Dec. 24, '26. (58:636.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:138.)
By G. R. Stirling Taylor. Outlook (London). Dec. 18, '26. (58:607.)
Dudeney, Mrs Henry.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Sept. 7, '26. (5.)
By H. B. Manchester Guardian. July 30, '26. (7.)
By F. F. Irish Statesman. Oct. 23, '26. (7:162.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Aug. 9, '26. (4.) Observer. Aug. 8, '26 (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 11, '26. (142:292.)
H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Aug. 21, '26. (58:178.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Aug. 21, '26. (106:237.)
"E., A." (George W. Russell.)
Kenneth Morris. Irish Statesman. Apr. 23. (8:164.)
Edwards, Dorothy.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Apr. 29. (5.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 24. (8.)
By Rose Macaulay. Daily News. May 25. (4.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 22. (9.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. May 4. (39.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. May 7. (109:227.)
Eliot, T. S.
Edgar Allan Poe. Nation (London). May 21. (41:219.)
Ellis, S. M.
Ghost Stories. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:176.)
Ertz, Susan.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Feb. 11. (13.)
Anonymous. New Age. Mar. 10. (40:226.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Jan. 15. (88.)
By Austin Clarke. Nation (London). Jan. 29. (40:598.)

By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jan. 23. (7.) Daily News. Jan. 31. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 15. (143:92.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Jan. 15. (59:67.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Jan. 26. (8.)
By Gilbert Thomas. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:92.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Mar. 5. (115:377.)

F.
R. Murray Gilchrist. Irish Statesman. July 17, '26. (6:524.)
Nikolay Gogol. Irish Statesman. Nov. 20, '26. (7:255.)
Lorna Moon. Irish Statesman. Feb. 26. (7:602.)
Edith O'Shaughnessy. Irish Statesman. Sept. 4, '26. (6:715.)

F., B. H.
Joseph Conrad. Empire Review. July, '26. (44:76.)

F., F.
Mary Borden. Irish Statesman. Mar. 5. (7:627.)
Olive Tilford Dargan. Irish Statesman. Aug. 28, '26. (6:689.)
Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Irish Statesman. Oct. 23, '26. (7:162.)
Manuel Komroff. Irish Statesman. Aug. 7, '26. (6:614.)
C. L. Martin. Irish Statesman. Aug. 7, '26. (6:614.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Irish Statesman. Sept. 25, '26. (7:64.)

F., K.
Liam O'Flaherty. Irish Statesman. June 26, '26. (6:445.)

"Falconer, Lanoë." (Marie Elizabeth Hawker.)
By G. H. Stevenson. Bookman's Journal. May–June, '26. (14:43.)

Fausset, Hugh I'A.
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:220.)

Ferber, Edna.
Anonymous. Daily News. Aug. 31, '26. (4.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Aug. 29, '26. (5.) Daily News. May 30. (4.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Aug. 28, '26. (106:273.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Aug. 25, '26. (8.)

Fitzgerald, F. Scott.
By Conrad Aiken. Criterion. Oct., '26. (4:773.)

Flower, Newman.
Ernest Dowson. Bookman (London). Sept., '26. (70:284.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:16.)

Footner, Hulbert.
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 22. (143:128.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Dec. 18, '26. (58:610.)

Fox, R. M.
Anton Chekhov. Irish Statesman. Apr. 23. (8:161.)

Maxim Gorky. Fortnightly Review. Oct., '26. (120:504.)

France, Anatole.

By "Affable Hawk." New Statesman. Dec. 18, '26. (28:311.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 1. (5.) Mar. 4. (15.) Apr. 5. (16.)
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 27. (7.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Sept. 3, '26. (11.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). Oct. 9, '26. (40:32.)
Anonymous. New Age. Mar. 3. (40:216.)
Anonymous. Outlook (London). May 7. (59:548.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 19. (143:282.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Sept. 4, '26. (352.) Mar. 12. (440.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement July 15, '26. (25:476.)
By T. B. Time and Tide. Oct. 1, '26. (7:880.)
By F. G. Bettany. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:36.)
By W. P. C. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 27, '26. (5.)
By W. L. Courtney. Daily Telegraph. July 2, '26. (15.)
By Rupert Croft-Cooke. G. K.'s Weekly. Oct. 30, '26. (4:110.)
By H. G. Daily Express. Sept. 9, '26. (11.)
By Francis Gribble. English Review. Sept., '26. (43:288.)
By Stephen Gwynn. Observer. Mar. 27. (5.)
By Robert Herring. London Mercury. Nov., '26. (15:102.)
By J. D. Millard. John o'London's Weekly. July 31, '26.
By Henry Murray. Sunday Times. Sept. 12, '26. (8.) Feb. 13. (9.) Mar. 13. (9.)
By T. P. O'Connor. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Oct. 9, '26. (6:750.)
By E. B. Osborn. Morning Post. Mar. 4. (15.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Sept. 18, '26. (106:354.) Mar. 12. (108:435.)
By Edwin Pugh. Bookman (London). Nov., '26. (71:127.)
By Peter Traill. Outlook (London). Sept. 11, '26. (58:252.)

Frank, Bruno.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 17. (26:178.)

Frankau, Gilbert.

Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 25. (14.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Mar. 14. (4.) Observer. Mar. 20. (8.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Mar. 12. (451.)
By Gilbert Thomas. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:92.)

Freeman, John.

Aldous Huxley. London Mercury. Feb. (15:391.)
Guy de Maupassant. London Mercury. Apr. (15:661.)
Edgar Allan Poe. London Mercury. Oct., '26. (14:652.)

Freeman, Kathleen.
Anonymous. Time and Tide. Dec. 31, '26. (7:1208.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jan. 9. (7.)
By M. A. L. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 3, '26. (7.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. Dec. 9, '26. (4.)
Freeman, R. Austin.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. May 17. (15.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 24. (26:212.)
By Rose Macaulay. Daily News. Mar. 31. (4.)
FRERE-REEVES. A. S.
Max Beerbohm. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 25, '26. (142:799.)
G., E.
Count Lyof Tolstoy. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 4. (7.)
Ivan Turgenev. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 18. (5.)
G., H.
Joseph Conrad. Daily Express. Sept. 9, '26. (11.)
Anatole France. Daily Express. Sept. 9, '26. (11.)
W. W. Jacobs. Daily Express. Sept. 9, '26. (11.)
Rudyard Kipling. Daily Express. Sept. 15, '26. (11.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Daily Express. Sept. 2, '26. (7.)
G., O.
R. B. Ince. Irish Statesman. Nov. 27, '26. (7:284.)
Galsworthy, John.
By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Humanist. Apr. (4:190.) Adelphi. Apr. (4:627.)
GARNETT, EDWARD.
Arthur Schnitzler. Nation (London). Mar. 5. (40:761.)
Garvin, Mrs. J. L.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Nov. 19, '26. (13.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). Dec. 4, '26. (40:341.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Nov. 21, '26. (10.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 11, '26. (25:793.)
By M. H. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 19, '26. (7.)
By Rose Macaulay. Observer. Nov. 7, '26. (6.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Dec. 8, '26. (8.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Dec. 25, '26. (107:574.)
By T. Michael Pope. London Mercury. Apr. (15:658.)
GATES, BARRINGTON.
Anton Chekhov. Nation (London). Apr. 30. (41:116.)
Gerhardi, William.
Anonymous. New Age. Nov. 25, '26. (40:47.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Feb. 19. (299.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 17. (26:105.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Feb. 20. (6.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Sept. 11, '26. (58:249.) Feb. 19. (59:191.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). Oct. 16, '26. (40:88.) Mar. 12. (40:802.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Oct. 9, '26. (107:69.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. Sept. 2, '26. (4.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Mar. (15:546.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Feb. 26. (115:328.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Vogue (London). Early April. (71.)

German Short Story.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Aug. 21., '26. (27:530.)
Anyonmous. Times Literary Supplement. July 22, '26. (25:493.)

Ghost Stories.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Oct. 12, '26. (6.)
Anonymous. English Review. Nov., '26. (43:612.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 25, '26. (25:836.)
By S. M. Ellis. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:176.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 26, '26. (4.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Oct. 16, '26. (58:371.)
By Winifred Holtby. Time and Tide. Dec. 31, '26. (7:1206.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Vogue (London). Late Dec., '26. (45.)

Gibbon, Perceval.
Anonymous. Morning Post. June 4, '26. (5.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. June 21, '26. (4.) Observer. June 20, '26. (8.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). June 12, '26. (57:422.)
By Ward Muir. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:198.)

Gibson, Wilfrid.
Rabindranath Tagore. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:156.)

Gilchrist, R. Murray.
By F. Irish Statesman. July 17, '26. (6:524.)
By Thomas Moult. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:7.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). June 12, '26. (39:284.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. June 5, '26. (105:230.)

Gipsy Stories.
By A. M. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 7. (7.)

Gissing, George.
Anonymous. London Weekly. Feb. 12. (1:210.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Feb. 22. (5.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 29. (143:159.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 27. (26:57.)

By Sir Chartres Biron. London Mercury. Mar. (15:555.)
By George Blake. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 5. (16:616).
By Sir Edmund Gosse. Sunday Times. Feb. 6. (8.)
By Winifred Holtby. Time and Tide. Feb. 25. (8:185.)
By Desmond MacCarthy. Empire Review. Feb. (45:147.)
By H. L. Morrow. Daily News. Jan. 13. (4.) Queen. Jan. 26. (8.)
By Con O'Leary. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Feb. 5. (7:497.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Feb. 5. (108:231.)
By Edwin Pugh. Bookman (London). Mar. (71:319.)
By E. R. Dublin Review. Apr. (180:304.)
By F. S. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 27. (7.)
By J. C. Squire. Observer. Jan. 30. (6.)
By J. St. Loe Strachey. Spectator. Jan. 15. (83.)
By Arthur Waugh. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 1. (15.)
By Virginia Woolf. Nation (London). Feb. 26. (40:722.)

Glass, Montague.

By Gerald Gould. Observer. Mar. 20. (8.) Daily News. Mar. 21. (4.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 1. (9.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. Apr. 9. (8:119.)
By B. E. T. Spectator. Mar. 19. (512.)

Gobineau, Comte Arthur de.

Anonymous. New Statesman. Apr. 23. (29:45.)

Gogol, Nikolai.

Anonymous. Adelphi. Nov., '26. (4:338.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Aug. 21, '26. (27:532.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). June 12, '26. (141:720.)
By Osbert Burdett. London Mercury. June, '26. (14:216.)
By Richard Church. New Leader. July 9, '26. (12.)
By F. Irish Statesman. Nov. 20, '26. (7:255.)
By Hamish Miles. New Statesman. July 17, '26. (27:389.)
By Edwin Muir. Vogue (London). Early July, '26. (39.)
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)

Golding, Louis.

Israel Zangwill. Fortnightly Review. Apr. (121:519.)

Gordon, W. R.

Rudyard Kipling. Daily News. Sept. 15, '26. (4.)

Gorky, Maxim.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 19. (26:353.)
By R. M. Fox. Fortnightly Review. Oct., '26. (120:504.)
By Beatrice Marshall. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Apr. 9. (7:823.)

By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 25. (9.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). Apr. 23. (41:85.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Apr. 9. (109:60.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. May 3. (4.)

GOSSE, SIR EDMUND.

George Gissing. Sunday Times. Feb. 6. (8.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. Sunday Times. Oct. 17, '26. (8.)

GOULD, GERALD.

American Short Story. Observer. Apr. 10. (8.)
Mary Arden. Daily News. Mar. 28. (4.) Observer. Mar. 27. (6.)
Martin Armstrong. Observer. Mar. 6. (8.) Daily News. Mar. 7. (4.)
"E. Barrington." Observer. Jan. 30. (8.)
Arthur Christopher Benson. Daily News. Jan. 31. (4.)
Mary Borden. Daily News. Nov. 22, '26. (4.) Observer. Nov. 14, '26. (9.)
Elizabeth Bowen. Observer. June 6, '26. (8.)
British Short Story. Daily News. Jan. 10. (4.) Observer. Feb. 6. (8.)
Edmund Candler. Observer. Jan. 9. (7.)
Sir Hugh Clifford. Daily News. Jan. 17. (4.)
Irvin S. Cobb. Observer. Mar. 6. (8.) Daily News. Mar. 7. (4.)
A. E. Coppard. Daily News. Nov. 29, '26. (4.)
Olive Tilford Dargan. Observer. July 11, '26. (8.) Daily News. Aug. 2, '26. (7.)
E. M. Delafield. Daily News. Jan. 31. (4.) Observer. Jan. 30. (8.)
Ethel M. Dell. Daily News. Apr. 11. (4.) Observer. Apr. 24. (8.)
Jean Devanny. Daily News. Mar. 21. (4.)
Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Daily News. Aug. 9, '26. (4.) Observer. Aug. 8, '26. (4.)
Dorothy Edwards. Observer. Apr. 24. (8.)
Susan Ertz. Daily News. Jan. 31. (4.) Observer. Jan. 23. (7.)
Edna Ferber. Observer. Aug. 29, '26. (5.) Daily News. May 30. (4.)
Gilbert Frankau. Daily News. Mar. 14. (4.) Observer. Mar. 20. (8.)
Kathleen Freeman. Observer. Jan. 9. (7.)
William Gerhardi. Observer. Feb. 20. (6.)
Ghost Stories. Observer. Dec. 26, '26. (4.)

Perceval Gibbon. Daily News. June 21, '26. (4.) Observer. June 20, '26. (8.)
Montague Glass. Observer. Mar. 20. (8.) Daily News. Mar. 21. (4.)
Helen Granville-Barker. Daily News. Mar. 7. (4.) Observer. Mar. 13. (8.)
Ernest Hemingway. Observer. Nov. 7, '26. (8.)
Laurence Housman. Daily News. Nov. 29, '26. (4.)
Baroness von Hutten. Observer. May 29. (8.) Daily News. May 30. (4.)
Alexander Irvine. Daily News. Sept. 6, '26. (6.)
L. P. Jacks. Daily News. July 12, '26. (4.)
W. W. Jacobs. Observer. Sept. 19, '26. (8.)
B. L. Jacot. Daily News. Aug. 2, '26. (7.)
Aino Kallas. Observer. May 29. (8.)
Sheila Kaye-Smith. Observer. Oct. 17, '26. (8.)
Manuel Komroff. Observer. July 18, '26. (6.)
Ring W. Lardner. Observer. June 13, '26. (8.)
D. H. Lawrence. Observer. Dec. 26, '26. (4.)
Janet Ling. Observer. Dec. 26, '26. (4.)
William J. Locke. Daily News. July 5, '26. (4.) Observer. July 11, '26. (8.)
W. S. Maugham. Observer. Sept. 5, '26. (6.)
Guy de Maupassant. Observer. Sept. 19, '26. (7.)
Lorna Moon. Observer. Oct. 17, '26. (8.)
Edith O'Shaughnessy. Observer. July. 25, '26. (5.) Daily News. July 26, '26. (4.)
Eden Phillpotts. Observer. July 4, '26. (7.) Daily News. June 14, '26. (4.)
"Sapper." Observer. Aug. 1, '26. (4.)
Short Stories. Observer. Oct. 24, '26. (8.)
H. De Vere Stacpoole. Daily News. Jan. 17. (4.)
Ruth Suckow. Observer. Apr. 24. (8.)
E. Temple Thurston. Daily News. July 15, '26. (4.)
Edith Wharton. Daily News. June 7, '26. (4.)
M. P. Willcocks. Daily News. Feb. 21. (4.)

GRANT, JAMES R.

Guy de Maupassant. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 26. (143:303.)

Granville-Barker, Helen. *See* Barker, Helen Granville-.

GREEN, MARGARET M.

Aldous Huxley. New Leader. July 9, '26. (13.)
Liam O'Flaherty. New Leader. July 9, '26. (13.)

"GREENJADE."

W. W. Jacobs. Sunday Express. Sept. 26, '26. (8.)

Rudyard Kipling. Sunday Express. Sept. 19, '26. (18.)

GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.

Anatole France. English Review. Sept., '26. (43:288.)

GWYNN, STEPHEN.

Anatole France. Observer. Mar. 27. (5.)

H., F. W.

Prosper Mérimée. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 24. (9.)

H., H. C.

A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 26, '26. (9.)
Laurence Housman. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 3, '26. (7.)
Liam O'Flaherty. Manchester Guardian. June 11, '26. (7.)
Eden Phillpotts. Manchester Guardian. June 11, '26. (7.)

H., J. M.

Chinese Short Stories. Irish Statesman. Apr. 16. (8:142.)

H., M.

Mrs. J. L. Garvin. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 19, '26. (7.)

Habib, Muhammad.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 1, '26. (25:446.)

HAGGARD, H. RIDER.

Robert Louis Stevenson. Strand. June, '26. (72:547.)

HAMILTON, MARY AGNES.

G. K. Chesterton. Time and Tide. July 9, '26. (7:620.)
Olive Tilford Dargan. Time and Tide. Aug. 20, '26. (7:754.)
Walter de la Mare. Time and Tide. June 11, '26. (7:523.)
Manuel Komroff. Time and Tide. Aug. 20, '26. (7:754.)
Francis H. Sibson. Time and Tide. July 9, '26. (7:620.)

Hardy, Thomas.

By Max Pemberton. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Oct. 2, '26. (6:711.)

Harte, Francis Bret.

By Edwin Pugh. Bookman (London). June, '26. (70:176.)

HARTLEY, L. P.

American Short Story. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 26. (143:477.)
Martin Armstrong. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 5. (143:360.)
Stacy Aumonier. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:51). Saturday Review (London). Sept. 25, '26 (142:350.).
Konrad Bercovici. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 19. (143:442.)
Mary Borden. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 27, '26. (142:652.)
Elizabeth Bowen. Saturday Review (London). June 5, '26. (141:686.)

British Short Story. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 27, '26. (142:652.) Feb. 12. (143:240.)
G. K. Chesterton. Saturday Review (London). July 3, '26. (142:18.)
Irvin S. Cobb. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 2. (143:527.)
A. E. Coppard. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 11, '26. (142:737.)
E. M. Delafield. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 22. (143: 127.)
Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 11, '26. (142:292.)
Susan Ertz. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 15. (143:92.)
Ernest Hemingway. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 30, '26. (142:522.)
Laurence Housman. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 13, '26. (142:592.)
Aldous Huxley. Saturday Review (London). June 5, '26. (141:686.)
Alexander Irvine. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:51.)
Sheila Kaye-Smith. Bookman (London). Nov. '26. (71:124.) Saturday Review (London). Oct. 23, '26. 142:478.)
Vernon Knowles. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 19. (143: 280.)
Manuel Kromoff. Saturday Review (London). July 17, '26. (142:74.)
W. J. Locke. Saturday Review (London). July 24, '26. (142: 102.)
André Maurois. Saturday Review (London). June 26, '26. (141:781.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71: 51.) Saturday Review (London.) Sept. 18, '26. (142:317.)
Liam O'Flaherty. Saturday Review (London). June 12, '26. (141:722.)
Edith O'Shaughnessy. Saturday Review (London). July 24, '26. (142:102.)
Eden Phillpotts. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:51.) Saturday Review (London). July 24, '26. (141:722.)
C. C. Rogers. Saturday Review (London). July 24, '26. (142: 102.)
"Saki." (H. H. Munro.) Bookman (London). Jan. (71:214.)
Arthur Schnitzler. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 19. (143: 280.)
Ruth Suckow. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 26. (143: 477.)

Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 18, '26. (142:778.)
Edith Wharton. Saturday Review (London). June 19, '26. (141:754.)

HARWOOD, H. C.

Martin Armstrong. Outlook (London). Mar. 5. (59:231.)
Stacy Aumonier. Outlook (London). Aug. 21, '26. (58:178.)
Ernest Bramah. Outlook (London). Jan. 8. (59:30.)
British Short Story. Outlook (London). Jan 22. (59:87.)
William Caine. Outlook (London). Apr. 9. (59:384.)
Rhys Davies. Outlook (London). Feb. 19. (59:191.)
Peter Deane. Outlook (London). Dec. 18, '26. (58:610.)
Benjamin Disraeli. Outlook (London). Jan. 8. (59:30.)
Theodore Dreiser. Outlook (London). Dec. 24, '26. (58:636.)
Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Outlook (London). Aug. 21, '26. (58:178.)
Susan Ertz. Outlook (London). Jan. 15. (59:67.)
Hulbert Footner. Outlook (London). Dec. 18, '26. (58:610.)
William Gerhardi. Outlook (London). Sept. 11, '26. (58:249.)
Ghost Stories. Outlook (London). Oct. 16, '26. (58:371.)
Percival Gibbon. Outlook (London). June 12, '26. (57:422.)
Laurence Housman. Outlook (London). Nov. 13, '26. (58:474.)
Rudyard Kipling. Outlook (London). Sept. 18, '26. (58:268.)
D. H. Lawrence. Outlook (London). Nov. 20, '26. (58:495.)
William J. Locke. Outlook (London). July 10, '26. (58:48.)
Guy de Maupassant. Outlook (London). July 31, '26. (58:108.)
George Moore. Outlook (London). Feb. 5. (59:128.)
Liam O'Flaherty. Outlook (London). June 19, '26. (57:442.)
Booth Tarkington. Outlook (London). June 19, '26. (57:442.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Outlook (London). Oct. 23, '26. (58:390.)
Edith Wharton. Outlook (London). June 5, '26. (57:394.)

"HAY, IAN."

"Ian Hay." Strand. Apr. (73:399.)

Hemingway, Ernest.

Anonymous. Criterion. May. (5:271.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 4, '26. (25:766.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Nov. 7, '26. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 30, '26. (142:522.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. Nov. 13, '26. (28:144.)
By D. H. Lawrence. Calendar. Apr. (4:67.)
By J. M. Irish Statesman. Feb. 19. (7:579.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. Dec. 9, '26. (4.)

HERRING, ROBERT.
Anatole France. London Mercury. Nov., '26. (15:102.)
HERVEY, GRANT MADISON.
D. H. Lawrence. Nation (London). Aug. 21, '26. (39:581.)
HESELTINE, OLIVE.
Mary Borden. Time and Tide. Jan. 7. (8:12.)
E. M Delafield. Time and Tide. Feb. 25. (8:186.)
Ruth Suckow. Time and Tide. Apr. 8. (8:337.)
Hewlett, Maurice.
By Richard Church. Spectator. June 12, '26. (993.)
Hill, Leonard.
Anonymous. Outlook (London). May 7. (59:548.)
"Hobbes, John Oliver."
By Eric Sutton. Dublin Review. Apr. (180:266.)
HODGSON, STUART.
Joseph Conrad. Daily News. Aug. 21, '26. (4.)
Holt, George E.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 22, '26. (25:494.)
HOLTBY, WINIFRED.
Edmund Candler. Time and Tide. Dec. 31, '26. (7:1206.)
Ghost Stories. Time and Tide. Dec. 31, '26. (7:1206.)
George Gissing. Time and Tide. Feb 25. (8:185.)
Laurence Housman. Time and Tide. Dec. 31, '26. (7:1206.)
Alan Sullivan. Time and Tide. Dec. 31, '26. (7:1206.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Time and Tide. Dec. 31, '26 (7:1206.)
Housman, Laurence.
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Nov. 28, '26. (9.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 2, '26. (25:884.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Nov. 29, '26. (4.)
By H. C. H. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 3, '26. (7.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 13, '26. (142:592.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Nov. 13, '26. (58:474.)
By Winifred Holtby. Time and Tide. Dec. 31, '26. (7:1206.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. Dec. 4, '26. (28:241.)
By H. A. L. Irish Statesman. Dec. 18, '26. (7:363.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Nov. 24, '26. (4.)
Hutten, Baroness von.
By Gerald Gould. Observer. May 29. (8.) Daily News. May 30. (4.)
Huxley, Aldous.
Anonymous. Bermondsey Book. Sept., '26. (3:106.)
Anonymous. Dublin Magazine. Oct.-Dec., '26. (65.)
By John Freeman. London Mercury. Feb. (15:391.)
By Margaret M. Green. New Leader. July 9, '26. (13.)

By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). June 5, '26. (141:686.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. June 5, '26. (27:199.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Time and Tide. June 18, '26. (7:548.)
By Yoi Maraïni. Bermondsey Book. June, '26. (3:76.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). June 12, '26. (39:284.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. July 3, '26. (106:24d.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:222.)
By V. Sackville-West. Vogue (London). Early Aug., '26. (45.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Aug., '26. (14:431.)
By John Sydenham. Empire Review. Sept., '26. (44:276.)

Hyne, Cutcliffe.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 6. (26:10.)

Ince, Richard B.

Anonymous. Time and Tide. Oct. 8, '26. (7:904.)
By O. G. Irish Statesman. Nov. 27, '26. (7:284.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Oct. 9, '26. (107:69.)

Irvine, Alexander.

By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Sept. 6, '26. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:51.)

Islavin, L. V.

Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. London Mercury. Dec., '26. (15:148.)

Ivanov, Ysevolod.

By Z. Vengerova. Bermondsey Book. June, '26. (3:69.)

Jacks, L. P.

Anonymous. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:227.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 1, '26. (25:446.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. July 12, '26. (4.)
By Naomi Royde-Smith. New Statesman. May 21. (29:184.)
By A. de S. Manchester Guardian. June 25, '26. (7.) May 27. (9.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. May 14. (871.)
By T. Earle Welby. Saturday Review (London). May 7. (143: 712.)

Jacobs, W. W.

W. W. Jacobs. Strand. Apr. (73:398.)

Jacobs, W. W.

Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Nov. 5, '26. (13.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Sept. 7, '26. (5.)
Anonymous. Spectator Sept. 18, '26. (443.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 9, '26. (25:594.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 17, '26. (7.)
By H. G. Daily Express. Sept. 9, '26. (11.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Sept. 19, '26. (8.)

By "Greenjade." Sunday Express. Sept. 26, '26. (8.)
By W. W. Jacobs. Strand. Apr. (73:398.)
By Horace Newte. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:18.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Sept. 18, '26. (106:354.)
By J. B. Priestley. Daily News. Sept. 21, '26. (4.)
By Edwin Pugh. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Oct. 9, '26 (6: 746.)

Jacot, B. L.
Anonymous. Morning Post. June 18, '26. (6.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). June 12, '26. (39:298.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Aug. 2, '26. (7.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. June 5, '26. (27:199.)
By J. M. Irish Statesman. July 31, '26. (6:586.)
By Percival Nash. Bookman's Journal. July, '26 (14:95.)

James, Henry.
By "Affable Hawk." New Statesman. Feb. 26. (28:604.)
Anonymous. Adelphi. Apr. (4:647.)
Anonymous. Irish Statesman. Feb. 12. (7:550.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 5. (143:202.)
Anonymous Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 6. (26:1.)
By Margot Asquith. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 12, '26. (6:223.)
By Theodora Bosanquet. Time and Tide. Jan. 14. (8:36.)
By W. L. Courtney. Daily Telegraph. Dec. 17, '26. (16.)
By Thomas Moult. Bookman (London). Mar. (71:317.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). Jan. 1. (40:483.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Dec. 18, '26. (107:531.)
By Dilys Powell. Sunday Times. Jan. 9. (9.)
By J. C. Squire. Observer. Feb. 20. (4.)

Jean-Aubry, G.
Prosper Mérimée. Fortnightly Review. Apr. (121:540.)

Jensen, Johannes V.
By L. Aas. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:192.)

Jepson, Edgar.
Edgar Jepson. Strand. Apr. (73:400.)

Jerome, Jerome K.
By Louis J. McQuilland. Bookman (London). Sept., '26. (70: 282.)

Jerold, Malter.
British Short Story. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:187.)

"John o' London.
Honoré de Balzac. John o' London's Weekly. Feb. 19. (16:709.)

Joyce, James.
Anonymous. Dublin Magazine. July-Sept., '26. (66.)

By Wyndham Lewis. Enemy. Jan. (95.)

K., A.
Joseph Conrad. English Review. Dec., '26. (43:736.)

K., C. F.
Eden Phillpotts. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 3, '26. (5.)

Kallas, Aino.
Anonymous. Morning Post. May 27. (5.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. May 29. (8.)

Kaye-Smith, Sheila.
Anonymous. Daily News. Oct. 28, '26. (4.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Oct. 22, '26. (17.)
Anonymous. Morning Post Oct. 5, '26. (6.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Oct. 31, '26. (10.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 7, '26. (25:673.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Oct. 17, '26. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Bookman (London). Nov., '26. (7:124.)
Saturday Review (London). Oct. 23, '26. (142:478.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. Oct. 23, '26. (28:48.)
By Andrew E. Malone. Fortnightly Review. Aug., '26. (120: 199.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 15, '26. (7.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Oct. 20, '26. (22.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Oct. 23, '26. (107:144.)
By Naomi G. Royde-Smith. Time and Tide. Nov. 19, '26. (7: 1055.)
By G. B. Stern. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Jan. 8. (7:383.)

Kennedy, P. C.
Stacy Aumonier. New Statesman. Sept. 25, '26. (27:676.)
Mary Borden. New Statesman. Nov. 20, '26. (28:177.)
Elizabeth Bowen. New Statesman. July 17, '26. (27:388.)
A. E. Coppard. New Statesman. Dec. 4, '26. (28:241.)
Olive Tilford Dargan. New Statesman. Aug. 28, '26. (27:555.)
Walter de la Mare. New Statesman. July 3, '26. (27:328.)

Ernest Hemingway. New Statesman. Nov. 13, '26. (28:144.)
Laurence Housman. New Statesman. Dec. 4, '26. (28:241.)
Aldous Huxley. New Statesman. June 5, '26. (27:199.)
B. L. Jacot. New Statesman. June 5, '26. (27:199.)

Sheila Kaye-Smith. New Statesman. Oct. 23, '26. (28:48.)

Manuel Komroff. New Statesman. July 31, '26. (27:444.)
Ring W. Lardner. New Statesman. July 17, '26. (27:388.)
André Maurois. New Statesman. June 5, '26. (27:199.)
Lorna Moon. New Statesman. Oct. 23, '26. (28:48.)
Liam O'Flaherty. New Statesman. July 17, '26. (27:388.)

Edith O'Shaughnessy. New Statesman. July 31, '26. (27:444.)
Short Stories. New Statesman. Nov. 6, '26. (28:112.)
Edith Wharton. New Statesman. June 19, '26. (27:265.)

KINGSTON, CHARLES.

Oscar Wilde. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 11, '26. (6: 629.)

Kipling, Rudyard.

By "Affable Hawk." New Statesman. Oct. 16, '26. (28:15.)
Anonymous. Adelphi. Feb. (4:526.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Sept. 16, '26. (11.)
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. Oct. 2, '26. (15:806.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 18, '26. (142: 315.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 16, '26. (25: 611.)
By H. B. C. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 15, '26. (5.)
By Ian Colvin. Morning Post. Sept. 15, '26. (9.)
By Bonamy Dobrée. New Criterion. Jan. (5:149.)
By H. G. Daily Express. Sept. 15, '26. (11.)
By W. R. Gordon. Daily News. Sept. 15, '26. (4.)
By "Greenjade." Sunday Express. Sept. 19, '26. (18.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Sept. 18, '26. (58:268.)
By Edward E. Long. London Magazine. July, '26. (85.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Time and Tide. Oct. 22, '26. (7:954.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). Oct. 9, '26. (40:28.)
By Y. O. Irish Statesman. Oct. 16, '26. (7:136.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Oct. 9, '26. (107:69.)
By V. R. English Review. Nov., '26. (43:602.)
By Arthur Rutland. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:14.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Oct., '26. (14:649.)
By Herbert Sidebotham. Sunday Times. Sept. 19, '26. (8.)
By J. C. Squire. Observer. Sept. 19, '26. (6.)
By "Stet." Saturday Review (London). Jan. 8. (143:50.)
By J. St. Loe Strachey. Spectator. Sept. 18, '26. (418.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Sept. 22, '26. (4.)

Knowles, Vernon.

Anonymous. Daily News. Apr. 19. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review. (London). Feb. 19. (143: 280.)
By V. E. W. Bookman (London). Mar. (71:324.)

Komroff, Manuel.

Anonymous. Nation (London). July 17, '26. (39:447.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 22, '26. (25:494.)
By F. F. Irish Statesman. Aug. 7, '26. (6:614.)

By Gerald Gould. Observer. July 18, '26. (6.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. Aug. 20, '26. (7: 754.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). July 17, '26. (142:74.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. July 31, '26. (27:444.)
By A. de S. Manchester Guardian. July 30, '26. (7.)
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)

L., H. A.
Laurence Housman. Irish Statesman. Dec. 18, '26. (7:363.)

L., M. A.
Kathleen Freeman. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 3, '26. (7.)

L., R. B.
British Short Story. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 29, '26. (7.)
M. P. Willcocks. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 11. (7.)

LANDA, M. J.
Israel Zangwill. Contemporary Review. Sept., '26. (130:316.)

"LANGUISH, LYDIA."
Edith Wharton. John o' London's Weekly. June 19, '26. (15: 328.)

Lardner, Ring W.
By Conrad Aiken. Criterion. Oct., '26. (4:773.)
Anonymous. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:233.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Sept. 7, '26. (6.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. June 13, '26. (8.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. July 17, '26. (27:388.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). June 12, '26. (39:284.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. July 10, '26. (106:54.)

LAVRIN, JANKO.
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Slavonic Review. Mar. (5:609.)

LAWFORD, LADY.
W. J. Locke. Woman. Apr. (21.)

LAWRENCE, D. H.
Ernest Hemingway. Calendar. Apr. (4:67.)

Lawrence, D. H.
Anonymous New Statesman. Dec. 18, '26. (28:320.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 17. (26:105.)
By Dudley Carew. London Mercury. Aug., '26. (14:440.)
By Austin Clarke. Nation (London). Dec. 11, '26. (40:392.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 26, '26. (4.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Nov. 20, '26. (58:495.)
By Grant Madison Hervey. Nation (London). Aug. 21, '26. (39:581.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). Sept. 11, '26. (39:669.)
By B. S. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 26, '26, (9.)

By Humbert Wolfe. Vogue (London). Late Dec., '26. (45.)
LEWIS, WYNDHAM.
James Joyce. Enemy. Jan. (95.)
Gertrude Stein. Enemy. Jan. (77.)
Ling, Janet.
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Oct. 31, '26. (10.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 26, '26. (4.)
LLOYD, J. A. T.
Anton Chekhov. Fortnightly Review. Apr. (121:575.)
Joseph Conrad. Fortnightly Review. July, '26. (120:140.)
Walter de la Mare. Fortnightly Review. Jan. (121:142.)
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Fortnightly Review. July, '26. (120:141.)
Ruth Suckow. Fortnightly Review. May. (121:720.)
Locke, William J.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. July 2, '26. (15.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 1, '26. (25:446.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. July 5, '26. (4.) Observer. July 11, '26. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). July 24, '26. (142:102.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). July 10, '26. (58:48.)
By Lady Lawford. Woman. Apr. (21.)
By J. M. Irish Statesman. Oct. 9, '26. (7:115.)
By M. A. S. Bookman (London). Aug., '26. (70:263.)
LOCKITT, JOHN.
W. Somerset Maugham. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 25, '26. (6:680.)
LONG, EDWARD E.
Rudyard Kipling. London Magazine. July, '26. (85.)
Lowell, Amy
By Humbert Wolfe. New Criterion. Jan. (5:130.)
LYND, ROBERT.
Joseph Conrad. Daily News. Sept. 2, '26. (4.)
Guy de Maupassant. Daily News. Jan. 14. (4.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. Daily News. Nov. 19, '26. (4.)
LYND, SYLVIA.
A. E. Coppard. Time and Tide. Jan. 14. (8:37.)
Walter de la Mare. Daily News. June 3, '26. (4.)
Aldous Huxley. Time and Tide. June 18, '26. (7:548.)
Rudyard Kipling. Time and Tide. Oct. 22, '26. (7:954.)
Katharine Mansfield. Daily News. June 15, '26. (4.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Time and Tide. Sept. 10, '26. (7:815.)
Liam O'Flaherty. Daily News. June 15, '26. (4.) Time and Tide. June 18, '26. (7:548.)
Edith Wharton. Time and Tide. June 18, '26. (7:548.)

M., A.
Gipsy Stories. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 7. (7.)
"Stendhal." Manchester Guardian. Nov. 19, '26. (7.)
M., D.
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Empire Review. Jan. (45:68.)
M., J.
Dorothy Canfield. Irish Statesman. Feb. 19. (7:579.)
Ernest Hemingway. Irish Statesman. Feb. 19. (7:579.)
B. L. Jacot. Irish Statesman. July 31, '26. (6:586.)
William J. Locke. Irish Statesman. Oct. 9, '26. (7:115.)
Seumas MacManus. Irish Statesman. July 24, '26. (6:553.)
Edgar J. Saxon. Irish Statesman. July 24, '26. (6:553.)
C. Henry Warren. Irish Statesman. Sept. 11, '26. (7:16.)
M., P. J.
"H. D." Manchester Guardian. Sept. 3, '26. (5.)
Seumas O'Sullivan. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 27, '26. (7.)
MACAULAY, ROSE.
Dorothy Edwards. Daily News. May 25. (4.)
R. Austin Freeman. Daily News. Mar. 31. (4.)
Mrs. J. L. Garvin. Observer. Nov. 7, '26. (6.)
MacCarthy, Desmond.
George Gissing. Empire Review. Feb. (45:147.)
Short Stories. Empire Review. Dec., '26. (44:562.)
McCLOY, KATHLEEN.
Walter de la Mare. Queen. June 30, '26. (31.)
Liam O'Flaherty. Queen. June 30. '26. (31.)
Machen, Arthur.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 25, '26. (25:836.)
MACKAIL, DENIS.
Denis Mackail. Strand. Apr. (73:400.)
MacM., L.
Alan Downey. Dublin Magazine. July-Sept., '26. (70.)
MacManus, Seumas.
By J. M. Irish Statesman. July 24, '26. (6:553.)
McQUILLAND, LOUIS J.
Mary Borden. Bookman (London). Feb. (71:286.)
Jerome K. Jerome. Bookman (London). Sept., '26. (70:282.)
André Maurois. G. K.'s Weekly. July 31, '26. (3:415.)
Edith O'Shaughnessy. G. K.'s Weekly. July 31, '26. (3:363.)
Edith Wharton. G. K.'s Weekly. June 26, '26. (3:264.)
MALONE, ANDREW E.
Sheila Kaye-Smith. Fortnightly Review. Aug., '26. (120:199.)
Mann, Thomas.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 17. (26:178.)

Mansfield, Katharine.
By Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. June 15, '26. (4.)
Maraïni, Yoi.
Aldous Huxley. Bermondsey Book. June, '26. (3:76.)
"Mark Over."
Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo. Outlook (London). Apr. 9. (59: 385.)
Marshall, Beatrice.
Maxim Gorky. T. P's and Cassell's Weekly. Apr. 9. (7:823.)
Martin, C. L.
By F. F. Irish Statesman. Aug. 7, '26. (6:614.)
Masson, Rosaline.
Robert Louis Stevenson. Cornhill Magazine. Mar. (62:343.)
Maude, Aylmer.
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Adelphi. Nov., '26. (4:296.)
Maugham, W. Somerset.
Anonymous. Adelphi. Dec., '26. (4:402.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Sept. 7, '26. (5.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Sept. 12, '26. (9.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 9, '26. (25:594.)
By W. L. Courtney. Daily Telegraph. Oct. 5, '26. (4:402.)
By F. F. Irish Statesman. Sept. 25, '26. (7:64.)
By H. G. Daily Express. Sept. 2, '26. (6.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Sept. 5, '26. (6.)
By L. P. Hartley. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:51.)
Saturday Review (London). Sept. 18, '26. (142:317.)
By John Lockitt. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 25, '26. (6: 680.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Time and Tide. Sept. 10, '26. (7:815.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). Oct. 9, '26. (40:28.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Sept. 18, '26. (106:354.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. Sept. 2, '26. (4.)
By A. de S. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 1, '26. (7.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Oct., '26. (14:649.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Sept. 8, '26. (24.)
By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Vogue (London). Oct., '26. (60.)
Maupassant, Guy de.
By "Affable Hawk." New Statesman. Sept. 4, '26. (27:583.) Jan. 15. (28:419.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Aug. 27, '26. (13.) Jan. 25. (13.)
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. Sept. 18, '26. (15:733.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Aug. 27, '26. (5.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). Aug. 21, '26. (39:587.)
Anonymous. Observer. Feb. 6. (8.)

Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 18, '26. (142: 316.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Dec. 11, '26. (1082.) Jan. 29. (160.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 11, '26. (25: 777.) Dec. 23, '26. (25:948.)
By Theodore Besterman. Nation (London). Feb. 12. (40:658.)
By H. B. C. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 13, '26. (5.)
By John Freeman. London Mercury. Apr. (15:661.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Sept. 19, '26. (7.)
By James R. Grant. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 26. (143: 303.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). July 31, '26. (58:108.)
By Robert Lynd. Daily News. Jan. 14. (4.)
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. London Mercury. Nov., '26. (15:99.)
By H. L. Morrow. Daily News. Aug. 19, '26. (4.)
By Raymond Mortimer. Nation (London). Feb. 5. (40:628.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). Sept. 18, '26. (39:704.)
By Henry Murray. Sunday Times. Aug. 22, '26. (5.) Jan. 16. (8.)
By Con O'Leary. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 4, '26. (6: 585.) Jan. 29. (7:466.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Sept. 11, '26. (106:324.)
By P. S. New Statesman. Feb. 12. (28:539.)
By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:1.) Mar. (71:307.)
By Robert H. Sherard. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 19. (143:268.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Observer. Sept. 26, '26. (7.)

Maurois, André.

By Dudley Carew. London Mercury. Aug., '26. (14:440.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). June 26, '26. (141:781.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. June 5, '26. (27:199.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. G. K.'s Weekly. Aug. 21, '26. (3:415.)
By Percival Nash. Bookman's Journal. July, '26. (14:95.)
By Veronica Rice. Contemporary Review. Jan. (131:93.)

Mégroz, R. L.

Joseph Conrad. Bookman (London). Aug., '26. (70:238.)
Water de la Mare. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:211.) Colour. Aug., '26. (26.) T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 3, '26. (6:333.)

Meldrum, D. S.

Ruth Suckow. Morning Post. Mar. 4. (15.)

Melville, Herman.

By "Affable Hawk." New Statesman. Mar. 5. (28:635.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 3. (26:140.)

Meredith, George.

By Max Pemberton. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Oct. 2, '26. (6:711.)

Mérimée, Prosper.

Anonymous. Daily News. Jan. 25. (4.)
Anonymous. Outlook (London). Jan. 29. (59:110.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Jan. 9. (9.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 27. (26:49.)
By Francis Birrell. Nation (London). Jan. 8. (40:514.)
By F. W. H. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 24. (9.)
By G. Jean-Aubry. Fortnightly Review. Apr. (121:540.)

Merrick, Leonard.

Anonymous. Morning Post. Feb. 1. (13.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Feb. 20. (8.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 10. (26:90.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Observer. Feb. 6. (6.)
By Arthur Waugh. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 15. (15.)

Metcalfe, Cranstoun.

Donn Byrne. Bookman (London). Nov., '26. (71:101.)

Miles, Hamish.

Nikolai Gogol. New Statesman. July 17, '26. (27:389.)
Luigi Pirandello. Empire Review. Apr. (45:344.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Outlook (London). Aug. 21, '26. (58:180.)

Millard, J. D.

Anatole France. John o' London's Weekly. July 31, '26. (15:522.)

Minchin, H. C.

Joseph Conrad. Sunday Times. Sept. 5, '26. (7.)

Mirsky, Prince D. S.

Anton Chekhov. London Mercury. Sept., '26. (14:540.) Observer. May 15. (6.)
Fyodor Dostoevsky. London Mercury. Sept., '26. (14:540.)
Guy de Maupassant. London Mercury. Nov., '26. (15:99.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Nation (London). Dec. 4, '26. (40:340.)
Ivan Turgenev. Observer. Mar. 20. (7.)

Monkhouse, Allan N.

Stacy Aumonier. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 13, '26. (7.)
G. K. Chesterton. Manchester Guardian. June 25, '26. (7.)
Dorothy Edwards. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 22. (9.)
Montague Glass. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 1. (9.)
Maxim Gorky. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 25. (9.)
Sheila Kaye-Smith. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 15, '26. (7.)
Edith Wharton. Manchester Guardian. June 4, '26. (5.)

Montague, C. E.
By D. N. Dalgeish. Adelphi. Oct., '26. (4:214.)
Moon, Lorna.
Anonymous Daily Telegraph. Oct. 22, '26. (17.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). Nov. 20, '26. (40:278.)
By F. Irish Statesman. Feb. 26. (7:602.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Oct. 17, '26. (8.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. Oct. 23, '26. (28:48.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Nov. 3, '26. (8.)
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)
Moore, George.
By Richard Church. Spectator. Feb. 12. (249.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Feb. 5. (59:128.)
By Y. O. Irish Statesman. Feb. 5. (7:534.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Feb. 19. (108:314.)
By T. Earle Welby. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 29. (143:158.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Observer. Feb. 6. (6.)
Morand, Paul.
Anonymous. Spectator. Nov. 20, '26. (930.)
By Austin Clarke. Nation (London). Dec. 11, '26. (40:392.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Dec. 8, '26. (8.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Nov. 27, '26. (107:394.)
Morris, Kenneth.
By "A. E." (George W. Russell.) Irish Statesman. Apr. 23. (8:164.)
By Cian Draoi. Dublin Magazine. Apr.-June. (79.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). May 21. (41:220.)
By P. S. New Statesman. Jan. 29. (28:476.)
Morrow, H. L.
Hans Christian Andersen. Queen. Mar. 23. (4.)
Martin Armstrong. Queen. Mar. 23. (4.)
Edmund Candler. Queen. Nov. 24, '26. (4.)
Anton Chekhov. Daily News. Mar. 31. (4.)
G. K. Chesterton. Daily News. July 1, '26. (4.)
Dorothy Edwards. Queen. May 4. (39.)
Susan Ertz. Queen. Jan. 26. (8.)
Mrs. J. L. Garvin. Queen. Dec. 8, '26. (8.)
George Gissing. Daily News Jan. 13. (4.) Queen. Jan. 26. (8.)
Laurence Housman. Queen. Nov. 24, '26. (4.)
Sheila Kaye-Smith. Queen. Oct. 20, '26. (22.)
Guy de Maupassant. Daily News. Aug. 14, '26. (4.)
Lorna Moon. Queen. Nov. 3, '26. (8.)

Paul Morand. Queen. Dec. 8, '26. (8.)
Edith O'Shaughnessy. Queen. July 14, '26. (7.)

MORTIMER, RAYMOND.
Guy de Maupassant. Nation (London). Feb. 5. (40:628.)

MOSELEY, MABOTH.
Liam O'Flaherty. Humanist. May. (4:223.)

MOULT, THOMAS.
Martin Armstrong. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 18. (9.)
R. Murray Gilchrist. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:7.)
Henry James. Bookman (London). Mar. (71:317.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. Bookman (London). Nov., '26. (71:126.)
Israel Zangwill. Bookman (London). Sept., '26. (70:288.)

MUIR, EDWIN.
Mary Arden. Nation (London). Apr. 9. (41:19.)
Martin Armstrong. Nation (London). Mar. 26. (40:898.)
Konrad Bercovici. Nation (London). Apr. 9. 41:19.)
Chinese Short Stories. Nation (London). May 21. (41:220.)
A. E. Coppard. (Vogue) (London). Late Jan. (57.)
William Gerhardi. Nation (London). Oct. 16, '26. (40:88.) Mar. 12. (40:802.)
R. Murray Gilchrist. Nation (London). June 12, '26. (39:284.)
Nikolay Gogol. Vogue (London). Early July, '26. (29.)
Maxim Gorky. Nation (London). Apr. 23. (41:85.)
Aldous Huxley. Nation (London). June 12, '26. (39:284.)
Henry James. Nation (London). Jan. 1. (40:483.)
Rudyard Kipling. Nation (London). Oct. 9, '26. (40:28.)
Ring W. Lardner. Nation (London). June 12, '26. (39:284.)
D. H. Lawrence. Nation (London). Sept. 11, '26. (39:669.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Nation (London). Oct. 9, '26. (40:28.)
Guy de Maupassant. Nation (London). Sept. 18, '26. (39:704.)
Kenneth Morris. Nation (London). May 21. (41:220.)
"Stendhal." Nation (London). Oct. 16, '26. (40:89.)
Ruth Suckow. Nation (London). Mar. 26. (40:898.)

MUIR, WARD.
Perceval Gibbon. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:198.)

MUNSON, GORHAM B.
Kenneth Burke. Calendar. July, '26. (3:129.)

MURRAY, HENRY.
Anatole France. Sunday Times. Sept. 12, '26. (8.) Feb. 13, (9.) Mar. 13. (9.)
Guy de Maupassant. Sunday Times. Aug. 22, '26. (5.) Jan. 16. (3.)
Ivan Turgenev. Sunday Times. Feb. 20. (8.)

NABOKOFF, C.
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Spectator. Sept. 4, '26. (338.)
NASH, PERCIVAL.
B. L. Jacot. Bookman's Journal. July, '26. (14:95.)
André Maurois. Bookman's Journal. July, '26. (14:95.)
Francis H. Sibson. Bookman's Journal. July, '26. (14:95.)
Neihardt, John G.
Anonymous. Spectator. Dec. 11, '26. (1082.)
NEWTE, HORACE.
W. W. Jacobs. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:18.)
Norwood, Gilbert.
Anonymous. Observer. June 6, '26. (9.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). June 12, '26. (141: 720.)
Anonymous. Spectator. July 10, '26. (65.)
By L. O. Bookman (London). June, '26. (70:175.)
By T. Michael Pope. London Mercury. Sept., '26. (14:543.)
O., L.
A. C. Benson. Bookman (London). Mar. (71:323.)
Gilbert Norwood. Bookman (London). June, '26. (70:175.)
O., Y.
Rudyard Kipling. Irish Statesman. Oct. 16, '26. (7:136.)
George Moore. Irish Statesman. Feb. 5. (7:534.)
Eden Phillpotts. Irish Statesman. July 17, '26. (6:526.)
"OCELLUS."
Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo. Outlook (London). Apr. 16. (59:399.)
O'CONNOR, T. P.
Anatole France. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Oct. 9, '26. (6: 750.)
Edith O'Shaughnessy. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Aug. 28, '26. (6:559.)
Ivan Turgenev. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Apr. 2. (7:776.)
O'Flaherty, Liam.
Anonymous. Morning Post. June 11, '26. (7.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). June 26, '26. (39:260.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 10, '26. (25: 392.)
By K. F. Irish Statesman. June 26, '26. (6:445.)
By Margaret M. Green. New Leader. July 9, '26. (13.)
By H. C. H. Manchester Guardian. June 11, '26. (7.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). June 12, '26. (141:722.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). June 19, '26. (57: 442.)

By P. C. Kennedy New Statesman. July 17, '26. (27:388.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. June 15, '26. (4.) Time and Tide. June 18, '26. (7:548.)
By Kathleen McCloy. Queen. June 30, '26. (31.)
By Maboth Moseley. Humanist. May. (4:223.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:222.)
By E. S. Westminster Gazette. June 25, '26. (6:445.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Aug., '26. (14:431.)

O'H., P. S.
American Short Story. Irish Statesman. Apr. 23. (8:168.)
British Short Story. Irish Statesman. Apr 23. (8:168.)

O'Leary, Con.
George Gissing. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Feb. 5. (7:497.)
Guy de Maupassant. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 4, '26. (6:585.) Jan. 29. (7:466.)

O'N., H. C.
G. K. Chesterton. Westminster Gazette. July 10, '26. (5.)

O'R., J. P.
Joseph Conrad. Irish Statesman. Dec. 11, '26. (7:334.)

Osborn, E. B.
"E. Barrington." Morning Post. Feb. 8. (5.)
Ambrose Bierce. Morning Post. June 4, '26. (5.)
Anatole France. Morning Post. Mar. 4. (15.)

O'Shaughnessy, Edith.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. June 25, '26. (5.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 8, '26. (25:462.)
By H. B. Manchester Guardian. July 2, '26. (7.)
By F. Irish Statesman. Sept. 4, '26. (6:715.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. July 25, '26. (5.) Daily News. July 26, '26. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). July 24, '26. (142:102.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. July 31, '26. (27:444.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. G. K.'s Weekly. July 31, '26. (3:363.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. July 14, '26. (7.)
By T. P. O'Connor. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Aug. 28, '26. (6:559.)

O'Sullivan, Seumas.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 23, '26. (25:628.)
By P. J. M. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 27, '26. (7.)

Palmer, Arnold.
Stacy Aumonier. Sphere. Aug. 28, '26. (106:273.)
Arthur Christopher Benson. Sphere. Jan. 29. (108:185.)

British Short Story. Sphere. Nov. 13, '26. (107:283.) Feb. 19. (108:314.)
William Caine. Sphere. Apr. 30. (109:190.)
G. K. Chesterton. Sphere. July 10, '26. (106:54.)
Joseph Conrad. Sphere. Jan. 8. (108:64.)
Jean Devanny. Sphere. Apr. 9. (109:60.)
Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Sphere. Aug. 21, '26. (106:237.)
Dorothy Edwards. Sphere. May 7. (109:227.)
Edna Ferber. Sphere. Aug. 28, '26. (106:273.)
Anatole France. Sphere. Sept. 18, '26. (106:354.)
Mrs. J. L. Garvin. Sphere. Dec. 25, '26. (107:574.)
William Gerhardi. Sphere. Oct. 9, '26. (107:69.)
R. Murray Gilchrist. Sphere. June 5, '26. (105:230.)
George Gissing. Sphere. Feb. 5. (108:231.)
Maxim Gorky. Sphere. Apr. 9. (109:60.)
Aldous Huxley. Sphere. July 3, '26. (106:24d.)
Richard B. Ince. Sphere. Oct. 9, '26. (107:69.)
W. W. Jacobs. Sphere. Sept. 18, '26. (106:354.)
Henry James. Sphere. Dec. 18, '26. (107:531.)
Sheila Kaye-Smith. Sphere. Oct. 23, '26. (107:144.)
Rudyard Kipling. Sphere. Oct. 9, '26. (107:69.)
Ring W. Lardner. Sphere. July 10, '26. (106:54.)
W. S. Somerset Maugham. Sphere. Sept. 18, '26. (106:354.)
Guy de Maupassant. Sphere. Sept. 11, '26. (106:324.)
George Moore. Sphere. Feb. 19. (108:314.)
Paul Morand. Sphere. Nov. 27, '26. (107:394.)
Eden Phillpotts. Sphere. Aug. 28, '26. (106:273.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Sphere. July 24, '26. (106:123.)
Arthur Schnitzler. Sphere. Feb. 19. (108:314.)
Short Story. Sphere. Nov. 13, '26. (107:283.)
Ivan Turgenev. Sphere. March 12. (108:435.)
Edith Wharton. Sphere. June 19, '26. (105:306.)
M. P. Willcocks. Sphere. Feb. 19. (108:314.)

Palmer, Arnold.

Anonymous. Spectator. May 14. (875.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 5. (26:316.)

PALMER, HERBERT E.

Ernest Rhys. G. K.'s Weekly. Feb. 26. (4:263.)

Patmore, Brigit.

Anonymous. Time and Tide. Feb. 25. (8:188.)

PELLIZZI, CAMILLO.

Gabriele d'Annunzio. Time and Tide. Feb. 4. (8:111.)
Luigi Pirandello. Time and Tide. Feb. 4. (8:111.)

PEMBERTON, MAX.

George Meredith. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Oct. 2, '26. (6:711.)

Percivall, Alfred.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 9, '26. (25:593.)

Perrault, Charles.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 24. (26:209.)

PERTWEE, ROLAND.
Roland Pertwee. Strand. Apr. (73:396.)

Pertwee, Roland.
By Roland Pertwee. Strand. Apr. (73:396.)

Phillpotts, Eden.
Anonymous. Adelphi. Apr. (4:648.)
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:62.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Aug. 31, '26. (5.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Aug. 24, '26. (5.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). June 19, '26. (39:325.) Sept. 4, '26. (39:648.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Sept. 26, '26. (10.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 3, '26. (25:372.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. June 14, '26. (4.) Observer. July 4, '26. (7.)
By H. C. H. Manchester Guardian. June 11, '26. (7.)
By L. P. Hartley. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:51.)
Saturday Review (London). June 12, '26. (141:722.)
By C. F. K. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 3, '26. (5.)
By Y. O. Irish Statesman. July 17, '26. (6:526.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Aug. 28, '26. (106:273.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. Aug. 25, '26. (4.)

Pilniak, Boris.
By Z. Vengerova. Bermondsey Book. June, '26. (3:69.)

Pirandello, Luigi.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Mar. 5. (28:638.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 31. (26.229.)
By Hamish Miles. Empire Review. Apr. (45:344.)
By Camillo Pellizzi. Time and Tide. Feb. 4. (8:112.)
By Margery Hunter Woods. Time and Tide. Apr. 15. (8:359.)

Poe, Edgar Allan.
By Richard Aldington. Nation (London). Sept. 25, '26. (39:736.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Sept. 3, '26. (13.)
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. July 24, '26. (15:490.)
Anonymous. Spectator. May 14. (857.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 5, '26. (25:523.) May 5. (26:314.)

By Graham Brooks. John o' London's Weekly. Apr. 30. (17:70.)
By Osbert Burdett. Outlook (London). Sept. 4, '26. (58:217.)
By T. S. Eliot. Nation (London). May 21. (41:219.)
By Newman Flower. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:16.)
By John Freeman. London Mercury. Oct., '26. (12:652.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Aug. 21, '26. (58:180.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. July 24, '26. (106:123.)
By J. B. Priestley. Daily News. Apr. 26. (4.)
By Peter Quennell. New Statesman. Apr. 16. (29:16.)
By B. S. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 4, '26. (5.)
By Edward Shanks. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 18, '26. (142:314.)
By J. C. Squire. Observer. May 8. (6.)
By E. S. W. New Statesman. Aug. 21, '26. (27:527.)

POPE, T. MICHAEL.
S. L. Bensusan. London Mercury. Sept., '26. (14:543.)
Mrs. J. L. Garvin. London Mercury. Apr. (15:658.)
Gilbert Norwood. London Mercury. Sept., '26. (14:543.)

Poulaille, Henri.
By A. Assier. Bermondsey Book. Dec., '26. (4:61.)

POWELL, DILYS.
Henry James. Sunday Times. Jan. 9. (9.)

PRIESTLEY, J. B.
W. W. Jacobs. Daily News. Sept. 21, '26. (4.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Daily News. Apr. 26. (4.)

PUGH, EDWIN.
Anatole France. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:127.)
George Gissing. Bookman (London). Mar. (71:319.)
Francis Bret Harte. Bookman (London). June, '26. (70:176.)
W. W. Jacobs. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Oct. 9, '26. (6:746.)

Pushkin, Alexander.
By Osbert Burdett London Mercury. June, '26. (14:216.)
By Richard Church. New Leader. July 9, '26. (12.)
By Mrs. Harold Williams. Nineteenth Century. Sept., '26. (100:422.)

Putnam, Emily James.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Jan. 14. (13.)

QUENNELL, PETER.
Anton Chekhov. New Statesman. May 14. (29:152.)
Edgar Allan Poe. New Statesman. Apr. 16. (29:16.)

R., D.
Montague Glass. Irish Statesman. Apr. 9. (8:119.)

R., E.
George Gissing. Dublin Review. Apr. (180:304.)

R., L.
A. E. Coppard. Irish Statesman. June 19, '26. (6:414.)
"H. D." Irish Statesman. Sept. 25, '26. (7:69.)

R., V.
Rudyard Kipling. English Review. Nov., '26. (43:602.)

"Ramec."
Rabindranath Tagore. Westminster Gazette. Aug. 21, '26. (4.)

Raphael, R. O.
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:34.)

Reid, Forrest.
Walter de la Mare. Irish Statesman. June 26, '26. (6:442.)

Remizov, Alexey.
By Alec Brown. Calendar. Apr. (4:4.)

Rhys, Ernest.
By Herbert E. Palmer. G. K.'s Weekly. Feb. 26. (4:263.)

Rhys, Jean.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Apr. 30. (29:90.)

Rice, Veronica.
André Maurois. Contemporary Review. Jan. (131:93.)

Robbins, Tod.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Jan. 4. (4.)

Roberts, R. Ellis.
Joseph Conrad. Bookman (London). June, '26. (70:172.)
"H. D." Daily News. Dec. 9, '26. (4.)
Theodore Dreiser. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:158.)
Kathleen Freeman. Daily News. Dec. 9, '26. (4.)
William Gerhardi. Daily News. Sept. 2, '26. (4.)
Maxim Gorky. Daily News. May 3. (4.)
Ernest Hemingway. Daily News. Dec. 9, '26. (4.)
Aldous Huxley. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:222.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Daily News. Sept. 2, '26. (4.)
Leonard Merrick. Observer. Feb. 6. (6.)
Liam O'Flaherty. Bookman (London), July, '26. (70: 222.)
Eden Phillpotts. Daily News. Aug. 25, '26. (4.)
"Saki." New Statesman. July 24, '26. (27:416.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Observer. Jan. 16. (3.)
Edith Wharton. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:222.)

Robinson, M.
Anton Chekhov. Adelphi. May. (4:683.)

Rogers, C. C.
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). July 24, '26. (142:102.)

Rover, Christopher.
Anonymous. G. K.'s Weekly. Jan. 8. (4.191.)

ROYDE-SMITH, NAOMI G.
Martin Armstrong. Time and Tide. Mar. 11. (8:238.)
Helen Granville-Barker. Time and Tide. Mar. 11. (8:238.)
L. P. Jacks. New Statesman. May 21. (29:184.)
Sheila Kaye-Smith. Time and Tide. Nov. 19, '26. (7:1055.)
RUSSELL, GEORGE W. *See* "E., A."
Russian Short Story.
By Theodora Bosanquet. Time and Tide. May 13. (8:452.)
RUTLAND, ARTHUR.
Rudyard Kipling. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:14.)
RYLANDS, GEORGE.
Walter de la Mare. New Criterion. Oct., '26. (4:785.)
S., A. DE.
L. P. Jacks. Manchester Guardian. June 25, '26. (7.) May 27. (9.)
Manuel Kromoff. Manchester Guardian. July 30, '26. (7.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 1, '26. (7.)
S., B.
D. H. Lawrence. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 26, '26. (9.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 4, '26. (5.)
S., E.
Liam O'Flaherty. Westminster Gazette. June 25, '26. (6.)
S., F.
Walter de la Mare. Manchester Guardian. June 18, '26. (7.)
George Gissing. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 27. (7.)
Ruth Suckow. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 11. (9.)
S., M.
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Dublin Magazine. Apr.-June. (71.)
S., M. A.
G. K. Chesterton. Bookman (London). Aug., '26. (70:263.)
William J. Locke. Bookman (London). Aug., '26. (70:263.)
S., P.
Guy de Maupassant. New Statesman. Feb. 12. (28:539.)
Kenneth Morris. New Statesman. Jan. 29. (28:476.)
S., R. H.
American Short Story. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 10, '26. (9.)
British Short Story. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 10, '26. (9.)
SACKVILLE-WEST, V.
Elizabeth Bowen. Vogue (London). Late July, '26. (47.)
Aldous Huxley. Vogue (London). Early Aug., '26. (45.)
"Saki." (H. H. Munro.)
Anonymous. Observer. July 11, '26. (6.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Sept. 12, '26. (8.) Jan. 30. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:214.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. New Statesman. July 24, '26. (27:416.)

By Edward Shanks. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 4, '26. (142:259.)
By F. Y.-B. Spectator. July 31, '26. (183.)
SAMPSON, GEORGE.
Joseph Conrad. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:191.)
"SAPPER."
"Sapper." Strand. Apr. (73:397.)
"Sapper."
Anonymous. Bookman (London). May. (72:149.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Aug. 6, '26. (14.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Aug. 1, '26. (4.)
By "Sapper." Strand. Apr. (73:397.)
Sauroy, Joseph Durey de.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 28. (26:297.)
Saxon, Edgar J.
By J. M. Irish Statesman. July 24, '26. (6:553.)
Schnitzler, Arthur.
Anonymous Adelphi. Mar. (4:586.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 1. (5.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Feb. 5. (205.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 24. (26:124.) Mar. 17. (26:178.)
By Edward Garnett. Nation (London). Mar. 5. (40:761.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 19. (143: 280.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Feb. 19. (108:314.)
By Gilbert Thomas. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:92.)
"SCRIBE, OLIVER."
Jules-Amédée Barbey d'Aurévilly. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 31, '26. (6:451.)
SHAND, JOHN.
Joseph Conrad. Criterion. Oct., '26. (4:782.)
SHANKS, EDWARD.
Mary Arden. London Mercury. Apr. (15:655.)
Martin Armstrong. London Mercury. Apr. (15:655.)
British Short Story. London Mercury. Dec., '26. (15:197.)
Walter de la Mare. Saturday Review (London). July 3, '26. (142:14.)
Jean Devanny. London Mercury. Apr. (15:655.)
William Gerhardi. London Mercury. Mar. (15:546.)
Aldous Huxley. London Mercury. Aug., '26. (14:431.)
Rudyard Kipling. London Mercury. Oct., '26. (14:649.)
W. Somerset Maugham. London Mercury. Oct., '26. (14:649.)
Liam O'Flaherty. London Mercury. Aug., '26. (14:431.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 18, '26. (142:314.)

"Saki." (H. H. Munro.) Saturday Review (London). Sept. 4, '26. (142:259.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 25, '26. (142:339.)
SHEPPARD, ALFRED TRESIDDER.
Guy de Maupassant. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:1.) Mar. (71:307.)
SHERARD, ROBERT H.
Guy de Maupassant. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 19. (143: 268.)
Short Stories.
By Richard Aldington. Vogue (London). Dec., '26. (81.)
Anonymous. English Review. Nov., '26. (43:604, 612.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Dec. 18, '26. (28:320.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 29. (143:165.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 4, '26. (25:764.)
By E. C. Irish Statesman. Nov. 20, '26. (7:260.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Oct. 24, '26. (8.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. Nov. 6, '26. (28:112.)
By R. B. L. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 29, '26. (7.)
By Desmond MacCarthy. Empire Review. Dec., '26. (44:562.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Nov. 13, '26. (107:283.)
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)
Sibson, Francis H.
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. July 9, '26. (7:620.)
By Percival Nash. Bookman's Journal. July, '26. (14:95.)
SIDEBOTHAM, HERBERT.
Rudyard Kipling. Sunday Times. Sept. 19, '26. (8.)
SITWELL, OSBERT.
Osbert Sitwell. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 10, '26. (6: 370.)
Sitwell, Osbert.
By Osbert Burdett. London Mercury. Mar. (15:515.)
By Osbert Sitwell. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 10, '26. (6:370.)
SQUIRE, J. C.
Joseph Conrad. Observer. Sept. 5, '26. (4.)
Detective Stories. Observer. Sept. 12, '26. (6.)
George Gissing. Observer. Jan. 30. (6.)
Henry James. Observer. Feb. 20. (4.)
Rudyard Kipling. Observer. Sept. 19, '26. (6.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Observer. May 8. (6.)
Stacpoole, H. De Vere.
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Jan. 17. (4.)
Stein, Gertrude.
By Wyndham Lewis. Enemy. Jan. (77.)

By T. Earle Welby. Saturday Review (London). May 28. (143:835.)

"Stendhal."

Anonymous. New Statesman. Oct. 23, '26. (28:50.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 7, '26. (25:671.)
By A. M. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 19, '26. (7.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). Oct. 16, '26. (40:89.)

STERN, G. B.

Sheila Kaye-Smith. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Jan. 8. (7:383.)

"STET."

Joseph Conrad. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 29. (143: 157.)
Rudyard Kipling. Saturday Review. (London). Jan 8. (143: 50.)

STEVENSON, G. H.

"Lanoe Falconer." (Marie Elizabeth Hawker.) Bookman (London). May-June, '26. (14:43.)

Stevenson, Robert Louis.

Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Dec. 17, '26. (16.)
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. May 14. (12.)
Anonymous. Observer. Aug. 22, '26. (5.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Sept. 25, 26. (490.) Nov. 20, 26. (910.)
By Robert Bell. Observer. Oct. 24, 26. (7.)
By Shirley Burns. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Dec. 11, '26. (7:256.)
By W. L. Courtney. Daily Telegraph. Oct. 26, '26. (17.)
By Sir Edmund Gosse. Sunday Times. Oct. 17, '26. (8.)
By H. Rider Haggard. Strand. June, 26. (72:547.)
By Robert Lynd. Daily News. Nov. 19, '26. (4.)
By Rosaline Masson. Cornhill Magazine. Mar. (62:343.)
By Thomas Moult. Bookman (London). Nov., 26. (71:126.)
By Edward Shanks. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 25, '26. (142:339.)

STRACHEY, J. ST. LOE.

George Gissing. Spectator. Jan. 15. (83.)
Rudyard Kipling. Spectator. Sept. 18, '26. (418.)

STRAUS, RALPH.

Walter de la Mare. Sunday Times. June 13, '26. (10.)

Suckow, Ruth.

By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 24. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 26. (143: 477.)
By Olive Heseltine. Time and Tide. Apr. 8. (8.337.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. May. (121:720.)
By D. S. Meldrum. Morning Post. Mar. 4. (15.)

By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). Mar. 26. (40:898.)
By F. S. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 11. (9.)
By John Sydenham. Empire Review. May. (45:459.)
By S. Paull Tabb. Daily News. Mar. 22. (4.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Mar. 9. (8.)

Sullivan, Alan.
Anonymous. English Review. Nov., '26. (43:603.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Nov. 21, '26. (10.)
By Winifred Holtby. Time and Tide. Dec. 31, '26. (7:1206.)

Sutton, Eric.
"John Oliver Hobbes." Dublin Review. Apr. (180:266.)

Sydenham, John.
A. E. Coppard. Empire Review. Feb. (45:164.)
Aldous Huxley. Empire Review. Sept., '26. (44:276.)
Ruth Suckow. Empire Review. May. (45:459.)

T., B. E.
Montague Glass. Spectator. Mar. 19. (512.)
Helen Granville-Barker. Spectator. Feb. 12. (253.)

Tabb, S. Paull.
Ruth Suckow. Daily News. Mar. 22. (4.)

Tagore, Rabindranath.
By H. N. Brailsford. New Leader. Aug. 27, '26. (9.)
By Wilfrid Gibson. Bookman (London). Dec., '26. (71:156.)
By "Ramec." Westminster Gazette. Aug. 21, '26. (4.)

Tarkington, Booth.
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). June 19, '26. (57:442.)

Taylor, G. R. Stirling.
Theodore Dreiser. Outlook (London). Dec. 18, '26. (58:607.)

Taylor, Rachel Annand.
Gilbert Frankau. Spectator. Mar. 12. (451.)
L. P. Jacks. Spectator. May 14. (871.)

Temple, Max.
Stacy Aumonier. Queen. Aug. 25, '26. (8.)
"E. Barrington." Queen. Feb. 2. (8.)
G. K. Chesterton. Queen. Aug. 4, '26. (8.)
Joseph Conrad. Queen. Sept. 15, '26. (8.)
A. E. Coppard. Queen. Dec. 29, '26. (4.)
Edna Ferber. Queen. Aug. 25, '26. (8.)
Rudyard Kipling. Queen. Sept. 22, '26. (4.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Queen. Sept. 8, '26. (24.)
Ruth Suckow. Queen. Mar. 9. (8.)

Thomas, Gilbert.
Susan Ertz. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:92.)
Gilbert Frankau. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:92.)
Arthur Schnitzler. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:92.)
M. P. Willcocks. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:92.)

Thurston, E. Temple.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Oct., '26. (71:63.)
By Gerald Gould Daily News. July 12, '26. (4.)
Titterton, W. R.
H. G. Wells. G. K.'s Weekly. Mar. 12. (4:283.)
Todd, Barbara Euphan.
Martin Armstrong. Spectator. Mar. 5. (385.)
Tolstoy, Count Lyof N.
Extracts from Diaries. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Dec. 4, '26. (7:198.)
Letters to His Cousin. London Mercury. Dec., '26. (15:148.)
Tolstoy, Count Lyof N.
By M. A. Aldanov. Slavonic Review. Dec., '26. (5:305.)
Anonymous. Adelphi. Feb. (4:526.)
Anonymous. Dublin Magazine. July-Sept., '26. (66.)
Anonymous. English Review. Feb. (44:258.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 12. (28:540.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 11, '26. (142: 740.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 4, '26. (25:765.) Nov. 18, '26. (25:817.)
By Bonamy Dobrée. Nation (London). Jan. 8. (40:512.)
By E. G. Manchester Guardian. Jan 4. (7.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 18, '26. (142:778.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Oct. 23, '26. (58:390.)
By Winifred Holtby. Time and Tide. Dec. 31, '26. (7:1206.)
By L. V. Islavin. London Mercury. Dec., '26. (15:148.)
By D. M. Empire Review. Jan. (45:68.)
By Aylmer Maude. Adelphi. Nov., '26. (4:296.)
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. Nation (London). Dec. 4, '26. (40: 340.)
By R. O. Raphael. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:34.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Observer. Jan. 16. (3.)
Traill, Peter.
Anatole France. Outlook (London). Sept. 11, '26. (58:252.)
Turgenev, Ivan.
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. Apr. 9. (16:984.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Mar. 11. (13.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). Apr. 2. (40:928.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 3. (26:140.)
By Robert Boothby. Spectator. May 14. (853.)
By W. L. Courtney. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 25. (17.)
By E. G. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 18. (5.)
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. Observer. Mar. 20. (7.)
By Henry Murray. Sunday Times. Feb. 20. (8.)

By T. P. O'Connor. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Apr. 2. (7: 776.)
VENGEROVA, Z.
I. Babel. Bermondsey Book. June, '26. (3:69.)
Vsevolod Ivanov. Bermondsey Book. June, '26. (3:69.)
Boris Pilniak. Bermondsey Book. June, '26. (3:69.)
W., C. H.
British Short Story. New Leader. July 2, '26. (13.)
W., E. S.
Edgar Allan Poe. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Aug. 21, '26. (27:527.)
W., V. E.
Vernon Knowles. Bookman (London). Mar. (71:324.)
WALLACE, EDGAR.
Edgar Wallace. John o' London's Weekly. June 19, '26. (15: 325.)
Wallace, Edgar.
By Edgar Wallace. John o' London's Weekly. June 19, '26. (15: 325.)
Walpole, Horace.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 7. (7.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 9, '26. (25: 907.)
WARNER, SYLVIA TOWNSEND.
W. Somerset Maugham. Vogue (London). Oct., '26. (60.)
WARREN, C. HENRY.
British Short Story. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)
Edmund Candler. Bookman. Jan. (71:236.)
A. E. Coppard. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)
Nikolay Gogol. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)
Manuel Komroff. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)
Lorna Moon. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)
Short Story. Bookman (London). Jan. (71:236.)
Warren, C. Henry.
By J. M. Irish Statesman. Sept. 11, '26. (7:16.)
Wassermann, Jakob.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 17. (26:178.)
WAUGH, ARTHUR.
George Gissing. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 1. (15.)
Leonard Merrick. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 15. (15.)
WAY, OLIVER.
Susan Ertz. Graphic. Mar. 5. (115:377.)
William Gerhardi. Graphic. Feb. 26. (115:328.)
WELBY, T. EARLE.
L. P. Jacks. Saturday Review (London). May 7. (143:712.)

George Moore. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 29. (143:158.)
Gertrude Stein. Saturday Review (London). May 28. (143: 835.)

Wells, H. G.
By W. R. Titterton. G. K.'s Weekly. Mar. 12. (4:283.)

Werfel, Franz.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 17. (26:178.)

West, Geoffrey.
Hans Christian Andersen. Outlook (London). Feb. 5. (59:133.)

Wharton, Edith.
Anonymous. Adelphi. Nov., '26. (4:336.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). June 19, '26. (39:325.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 2, '26. (25:578.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. June 7, '26. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). June 19, '26. (141:754.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). June 5, '26. (57:394.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. June 19, '26. (27:265.)
By "Lydia Languish." John o' London's Weekly. June 19, 26. (15:328.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Time and Tide. June 18, 26. (7:548.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. G. K.'s Weekly. June 26, '26. (3:264.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. June 4, '26. (5.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. June 19, '26. (105:306.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Bookman (London). July, '26. (70:222.)

Wilde, Oscar.
By Charles Kingston. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 11, '26. (6:629.)

Willcocks, M. P.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 1. (15.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Feb. 11. (13.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 5. (143:205.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Feb. 21. (4.)
By R. B. L. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 11. (7.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Feb. 19. (108:314.)
By Gilbert Thomas. Bookman (London). Apr. (72:92.)

Williams, Mrs. Harold.
Alexander Pushkin. Nineteenth Century. Sept., '26. (100:422.)

Wolfe, Humbert.
Martin Armstrong. Vogue (London). Early May. (74.)
Walter de la Mare. Observer. July 18, '26. (5.)
William Gerhardi. Vogue (London). Early Apr. (71.)
Ghost Stories. Vogue (London). Late Dec., '26. (45.)
D. H. Lawrence. Vogue (London). Late Dec., '26. (45.)

Amy Lowell. New Criterion. Jan. (5:130.)
Guy de Maupassant. Observer. Sept. 26, '26. (7.)
George Moore. Observer. Feb. 6. (6.)
WOODS, MARGERY HUNTER.
Luigi Pirandello. Time and Tide. Apr. 15. (8:359.)
WOOLF, LEONARD.
Walter de la Mare. Nation (London). July 3, '26. (39:386.)
WOOLF, VIRGINIA.
George Gissing. Nation (London). Feb. 26. (40:722.)
Y.-B., F.
"Saki." (H. H. Munro.) Spectator. July 31, '26. (183.)
Zangwill, Israel.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 19, '26. (25: 547.)
By Sidney Dark. John o' London's Weekly. Aug 21, '26. (15: 609.)
By Louis Golding. Fortnightly Review. Apr. (121:519.)
By M. J. Landa. Contemporary Review. Sept., '26. (130:316.)
By Thomas Moult. Bookman (London). Sept., '26. (70:288.)
ZEROMSKI, STEFAN.
Joseph Conrad. Nineteenth Century. Mar. (101:406.)
Zweig, Stefan.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 17. (26:178.)

VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

JUNE 1, 1926, to MAY 31, 1927.

NOTE. *An asterisk before a title indicates distinction.*

I. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

ADAMS, HERBERT. Perfect Round. Methuen.
ARDEN, MARY. * Luck. Cape.
ARMSTRONG, MARTIN. * Sir Pompey and Mademe Juno. Cape.
ASQUITH, LADY CYNTHIA, *editor*. * Ghost Book. Hutchinson.
AUMONIER, STACY. * Baby Grand. Heinemann.
BARCYNSKA, COUNTESS. Decameron Cocktails. Hurst and Blackett.
Golden Snail. Hurst and Blackett.
BARKER, HELEN GRANVILLE. Wives and Celebrities. Collins.
BEAMAN, ARDERN. At Government House. Mills and Boon.
BECKE, LOUIS. * Notes from by South Sea Log. Unwin.
BENSON, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER. Basil Netherby. Hutchinson.
BLACKWOOD, ALGERNON. * Ancient Sorceries. Collins.
BONE, FLORENCE. Cobblesett. Murray.
BRENTNALL, PERCY S. Tales of Brettell. Simpkin, Marshall.
BRIDGES, ROY. Mirror of Silver. Hutchinson.
CAINE, WILLIAM. What a Scream! Allan.
CAMPBELL, RONALD. Ten-Round Contest. Cassell.
CANDLER, EDMUND. * Emergency Man. Cape.
CHESTERTON, G. K. * Incredulity of Father Brown. Cassell.
CLIFFORD, SIR HUGH. * In Days that are Dead. Murray.
COCKER, W. D. Brave Days of Old. Gowans and Gray.
CONYERS, DOROTHEA. Grey Brother. Mills and Boon.
COPPARD, A. E. * Field of Mustard. Cape.
DAVIES, RHYS. * Song of Songs. Archer.
DAWSON-SCOTT, C. A., *and* RHYS, ERNEST, *editors*. * Twenty-Seven Humourous Tales. Hutchinson.
DEANE, PETER. Harvest. Hodder and Stoughton.
DEANS, HARRIS. The Little God and Gladys. Hutchinson.
DELAFIELD, E. M. * Entertainment. Hutchinson.
DE LA MARE, WALTER. * Connoisseur. Collins.
DELL, ETHEL M. House of Happiness. Cassell.
DEVANNY, JEAN. Old Savage. Duckworth.
DISRAELI, BENJAMIN. Popanilla and Other Tales. Davies.
DUDENEY, MRS. HENRY. * Fly Leaves. Collins.

EDWARDS, DOROTHY. * Rhapsody. Wishart.
ELLIS, J. C. Black Fame. Hutchinson.
ERTZ, SUSAN. * And Then Face to Face. Unwin.
FARQUHAR, IAN. Pickletillie Folk. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.
FIDLER, HENRY. Chronicles of Dennis Chetwynd. Hutchinson.
FLETCHER, J. S. Massingham Butterfly. Jenkins.
FOOTNER, HULBERT. Madame Storey. Collins.
FORTUNE, DION. Secrets of Dr. Taverner. Noel Douglas.
FRANKAU, GILBERT. Twelve Tales. Hutchinson.
FREEMAN, KATHLEEN. * Intruder. Cape.
FREEMAN, R. AUSTIN. Magic Casket. Hodder and Stoughton.
GARVIN, MRS. J. L. * Corn in Egypt. Methuen.
* Georgian Stories, 1926. Chapman and Hall.
GERHARDI, WILLIAM. * Bad End. Benn.
* Vanity Bag. Benn.
GIBBON, PERCEVAL. * Dark Places. Methuen.
GIBBS, SIR PHILIP. * Out of the Ruins. Hutchinson.
GOULD, NAT. Trainers' Tales. Long.
GUDSOW, AGUBE. Princess Biaslantt. Heinemann.
HABIB, MUHAMMAD. Desecrated Bones. Luzac.
HAMILTON, HILDEGARDE HUME. Human Bits. Oxford: Alden.
HERRON, VENNETTE. Peacocks. Murray.
HILL, LEONARD. Scarecrow. Actinic Press.
HOLT, GEORGE E. By Favour of Allah. Melrose.
HOUSMAN, LAURENCE. * Ironical Tales. Cape.
HUTTEN, BARONESS VON. Flies. Miles and Boon.
HYNE, C. J. CUTLIFFE. Ben Watson. Country Life.
INCE, R. B. * At the Sign of Sagittarius. Faber and Gwyer.
IRVINE, ALEXANDER. Man from World's End. Unwin.
JACKS, L. P. * Heroes of Smokeover. Hodder and Stoughton. * Magic Formula. Harper.
JACOBS, W. W. * Sea Whispers. Hodder and Stoughton.
JONES, W. M. Discovering Somerset. Folk Press.
KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA. * Joanna Godden Married. Cassell.
KIPLING, RUDYARD. * Debits and Credits. Macmillan.
KNOWLES, VERNON. * Here and Otherwise. Holden.
LAWRENCE, D. H. * Glad Ghosts. Benn.
LAWRENCE, MARGERY H. Nights of the Round Table. Hutchinson.
LAWSON, HENRY. * While the Billy Boils. 2v. Cape.
LOCKE, WILLIAM J. * Stories Near and Far. Lane.
MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET. * The Casuarina Tree. Heinemann.
MERRICK, LEONARD. * Four Stories. Bookman's Journal.
MINCHIN, H. C., *editor*. * Mercury Book. Williams and Norgate.
MONTAGUE, LILY H. What Can a Mother Do? Routledge.
MOORE, GEORGE. * Celibate Lives. Heinemann.

MORRIS, KENNETH. * Secret Mountain. Faber and Gwyer.
MOTTRAM, R. H. * Spanish Farm Trilogy. Chatto and Windus.
* New Leader Book. New Leader.
O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., *editor*. The Best Short Stories of 1926. I. English. Cape.
O'FLAHERTY, LIAM * Tent. Cape.
O'SULLIVAN, SEUMAS. * Common Adventures. Dublin: Orwell Press.
PALMER, ARNOLD. Straphangers. Selwyn and Blount.
PATMORE, BRIGIT. * This Impassioned Onlooker. Holden.
PERCIVALL, ALFRED. They'm Tellin' Me. Mills and Boon.
PHILIPS, AUSTIN. Colombo Night. Mills and Boon.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. Circe's Island. Grant Richards. * Peacock House. Hutchinson.
PRITCHARD, F. H., *editor*. Humour of To-day. Harrap.
RHYS, JEAN. * Left Bank. Cape.
ROBERTS, MORLEY. * Adventures of Captain Spink and His Two Mates Ward and Day. Nash and Grayson.
ROVER, CHRISTOPHER. * Red Horse. Richards.
"SAKI." (H. H. MUNRO.) Chornicles of Clovis. Lane. Square Egg. Lane. Toys of Peace. Lane.
"SAPPER." Saving Clause. Hodder and Stoughton.
STACPOOLE, H. De VERE. Stories East and West. Hutchinson.
STEWER, JAN. In Chimley Corner. Jenkins.
STOCKLEY, CYNTHIA. Three Farms. Hutchinson.
STUART, GERALD VILLIERS. Land of Day Dreams. Holden.
STUART, P. A. African Attila. Benn.
THOMPSON, MADGE, S. According to Lizer-Ann. Epworth Press.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE. * Rossetti. Cassell.
VIVIAN, HERBERT. Mysteries of Venice. Jenkins.
WALPOLE, HORACE. * Hieroglyphic Tales. Mathews.
WARD, J. M. S. Told Through the Ages. Baskerville Press.
WILLCOCKS, M. P. * Delicate Dilemmas. Hutchinson.
WILLIAMSON, ALICE M. Told at Monte Carlo. Mills and Boon.
WILLIAMSON, HENRY. * Old Stag. Putnam.

II. AMERICAN AUTHORS

BARRINGTON, E. * The Gallants! Harrap. * The Ladies! Benn.
BENNETT, JAMES W., *and* KWEN-LING, SOONG. * Plum Blossoms and Blue Incense. Shanghai: Commercial Press.
BERCOVICI, KONRAD. Singing Winds. Cape.
BORDEN, MARY. * Four o'Clock. Heinemann.
COBB, IRVIN S. * From Place to Place. Brentano's.
Copy, 1926. Appleton.
DARGAN, OLIVE TILFORD. * Highland Annals. Cape.

FERBER, EDNA. * Buttered Side Down. Methuen. * Mother Knows Best. Heinemann.
FREEMANN, MARY E. WILKINS. * Best Stories. Harper.
GLASS, MONTAGUE. Lucky Numbers. Heinemann.
HEMINGWAY, ERNEST. * In Our Time. Cape.
KOMROFF, MANUEL. * Grace of Lambs. Cape.
LARDNER, RING W. * How to Write Short Stories. Chatto and Windus.
LITCHFIELD, GRACE DENIO. As a Man Sows. Putnam.
MOON, LORNA. * Doorways in Drumorty. Cape.
NEIHARDT, JOHN G. Indian Tales and Others. Macmillan.
O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., *editor*. Best Short Stories of 1926. II. American. Cape.
O'SHAUGHNESSY, EDITH. * Married Life. Cape.
PORTER, ELEANOR H. Little Pardner. Hodder and Stoughton.
PUTNAM, EMILY JAMES. * Candaules' Wife. Putnam.
ROBBINS, TOD. * Who Wants a Green Bottle? Allan.
SHUSTER, GEORGE N. * Hill of Happiness. Appleton.
SUCKOW, RUTH. * People and Houses. Cape.
SULLIVAN, ALAN. * Under the Northern Lights. Dent.
THOMASON, JOHN W., *jr*. Red Pants. Scribner.
THOMSON, CHRISTINE CAMPBELL., *editor*. More Not at Night. Selwyn and Blount.
* Transatlantic Stories. Duckworth.
VAN DYKE, HENRY. Golden Key. Hodder and Stoughton.
WALLACE, FREDERICK WILLIAM. Tea from China. Hodder and Stoughton.
WHARTON, EDITH. * Here and Beyond. Appleton.
WHITAKER, HERMAN. Tenderfoot. Collins.
WHITE, STEWART EDWARD. Skookum Chuck. Hodder and Stoughton.
WITWER, H. C. Bill Grimm's Progress. Putnam. Roughly Speaking. Putnam.

III. TRANSLATIONS

BALZAC, HONORÉ DE (*French.*) * Tales from Balzac. Nash and Grayson.
BARBEY D'AURÉVILLY, JULES-AMÉDÉE. (*French.*) * Diaboloques. Knopf.
CAYLUS, ANNE-CLAUDE-PHILIPPE DE TUBIÈRES, COMTE DE. (*French.*) * Coachman's Story. Chapman and Hall.
CHEKHOV, ANTON. (*Russian.*) * Grasshopper. Stanley Paul.
CLARK, BARRETT H., *and* LIEBER, MAXIM, *editors*. * Great Short Stories of the World. Heinemann.
ELLNER, JOSEPH., *editor*. * Gypsy Patteran. Parsons.
GOBINEAU, COMTE DE. (*French.*) * Dancing Girl of Shamakha. Cape.
GORKY, MAXIM. (*Russian.*) * Story of a Novel. Jarrolds.

KALLAS, AINO. (*Finnish.*) * Eros the Slayer. Cape.
MAUDE, AYLMER, *editor.* * Russian Tales. Collins.
MAUPASSANT, GUY DE. (*French.*) * Collected Novels and Stories. 18 vols. Knopf. * Stories from De Maupassant. Cape. * Tales from de Maupassant. Nash and Grayson.
MEYER, RICHARD M., *editor.* (*German.*) * Twelve Best Short Stories in the German Language. Gowans and Gray.
MORAND, PAUL. (*French.*) * Europe at Love. Knopf.
SAUROY, JOSEPH DUREY DE. (*French.*) * Masked Lady. Chapman and Hall.
SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR. (*Austrian.*) * Beatrice. Laurie.
"STENDHAL." (*French.*) * Abbess of Castro. Chatto and Windus.
TOLSTOY, COUNT LYOF N. (*Russian.*) * Stories and Dramas. Dent.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

(*See also "The Best British Short Stories of 1926."*)

ALLISON, J. MURRAY. "I spent the first 25 years of my life in the back blocks of Australia, and since then I have been in the advertising business. It is two or three years ago that I took to writing short stories as a relaxation, and only a very few of them have been printed." Lives in London.

ARDEN, MARY. Born May 13th, 1901, at Brentwood, Essex. Educated at Kensington High School, and privately. First published story in "The Adelphi," December, 1924. Author of "Luck, and Other Stories," 1927. Lives in London.

ARLEN, MICHAEL. Author of "Piracy," "The Romantic Lady," "These Charming People," "The Green Hat," and "Young Men in Love."

ARMSTRONG, OLIVE. Born January, 1891, in Dublin. Educated at the Alexandra School and College, and Dublin University. Graduated with honours in History and Political Science. Won the Blake Scholarship for historical research. Author of "Edward Bruce's Invasion of Ireland," 1923. Since 1924, contributor to Irish publications of short stories and articles. Lives in Ireland.

BARTON, MICHAEL H. Born at Gloucester, September 27, 1906. Son of J. E. Barton, Head Master of the Bristol Grammar School. Educated at Wellington College. History scholar of Hertford College, Oxford, 1924–7.

BASHFORD, HENRY HOWARTH. Born 1880. Married. Has four sons. Educated at Bedford, London University, and London Hospital. Medical Officer H. M. C. S. Author of "The Corner of Harley Street," "Pity the Poor Blind," "Vagabonds in Périgord," "Sons of Admiralty," "The Plain Girl's Tale," "Half-past Bedtime," "The Happy Ghost," and other books. Lives in London.

BATES, H. E. "Born in circumstances where he heard the voice

of a machine before the voice of his mother. Is 22. After terrific energy *The Two Sisters* was produced at 19, succeeded by a one-act play or two of no importance, and perhaps a score of short stories. Thanks his gods daily for Edward Garnett, and nightly that they have left him still unmarried." Lives in London.

BERESFORD, JOHN DAVYS. Born March 7, 1873. Married. Has three sons. Educated at Oundle and Peterborough. Came to London at eighteen. Practised architecture for several years. Began to write in 1906. Author of "Jacob Stahl," 1911; "The Hampdenshire Wonder," 1911; "A Candidate for Truth," 1912; "Goslings," 1913; "The House in Demetrius Road," 1914; "The Invisible Event," 1915; "H. G. Wells," 1915; "The Mountains of the Moon," 1915; "These Lynnekers," 1916; "House Mates," 1917; "W. E. Ford" (with Kenneth Richmond), 1917; "Nineteen Impressions," 1918; "God's Counterpoint," 1918; "The Jervaise Comedy," 1919; "An Imperfect Mother," 1920; "Revolution," 1921; "Signs and Wonders," 1921; "The Prisoners of Hartling," 1922; "Taken from Life," 1922; "Love's Pilgrim," 1923; "The Imperturbable Duchess," 1923; "Unity," 1924; "The Monkey Puzzle," 1925; "The Tapestry," 1927; and "The Decoy," 1927. Lives in Switzerland.

BICKNELL, FRANKLIN. A West countryman, born in 1906. Educated at Marlborough and New College, Oxford, where he is now reading medicine. A contributor to the "Marlburian," the "Isis," and the "Oxford Outlook."

BLACKWOOD, ALGERNON. Born 1869. Educated at a Moravian School in the Black Forest, Wellington College, Edinburgh University, and abroad. Had a varied career in Canada and U. S. A., as farmer, gold miner, hotel manager, journalist, and business man. Author of "The Empty House," 1906; "The Listener," 1907; "John Silence," 1908; "The Education of Uncle Paul," 1909; "Jimbo," 1909; "The Human Cord," 1910; "The Lost Valley," 1910; "The Centaur," 1911; "Pan's Garden," 1912; "A Prisoner in Fairyland," 1913; "Ten Minute Stories," 1913; "Incredible Adventures," 1914; "The Extra Day," 1915; "Julius Levallon," 1916; "The Wave," 1916; "Day and Night Stories," 1917; "The Promise of Air," 1918; "The Garden of Survival," 1918;; "The Wolves of God," 1921; "The Bright Messenger," 1921; "Episodes before Thirty," 1923; "Tongues of Fire," 1924; "Ancient Sorceries," 1927; and several plays in collaboration with Violet Pearn. Lives abroad.

BOYD, DONALD. Journalist. Born in Leeds, 1895. Has contributed short stories to The Dublin Magazine, The Manchester Guardian, T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, "The Best Short Stories of 1923," and essays and sketches to The Saturday Review, The Manchester Guardian, Colour, Drawing and Design, The Weekly Westminster, and Land and Water.

BROOME, DORA M. "I was born in Devonshire, but have lived in the north for many years. Like the happiest nations, I have no history. I first began to write in the Saturday Westminster Problems, and anything I have I owe Miss Naomi Royde-Smith, who was then the Problems Editor and who helped and encouraged us all. She accepted my first long story."

BRUNLEES, A. M. "Born at Roehampton, Surrey, in 1877. Of Scotch and Northumbrian parentage. Emphatically a northerner in tastes and instincts. Before the war wrote short stories, also held an appointment on the Bystander Staff. For a long time most reluctantly gave up writing for teaching. Of late years has contributed stories to Time and Tide, Woman's Leader, Coming Day, Queen, Eve, etc. Writes occasional articles, but her whole-hearted interest is given to the technique of the short story. No ambition to write a novel. If she should ever feel she had produced the perfect short story, would seek other conquests in the one-act play. Student and admirer of French, Russian, and Irish short stories, but deplores their undue influence, believing that England has yet a wonderful contribution of her own to give the world. Hobbies: Reading, Walking, Gardens. Interested in social and political questions. Open air fiend. Ardent feminist. Lives at Hove."

BUCHANAN, GEORGE HENRY PERROTT. "Born at Kilwaughter Rectory, near Larne, Co. Antrim, in 1904. Educated at Larne Grammar School, Campbell College, and Belfast University. After four years in journalism in Belfast, was for one year on the Daily Graphic. Since the cessation of that paper, has given all his time to writing. Was co-founder and Hon. Secretary of the Northern (Ireland) Drama League, 1923."

BURDETT, OSBERT. Born in London, September 29, 1885. Educated at Marlborough College, and King's College, Cambridge. Author of "The Silent Heavens," 1914; "Resurrection of Rheims," 1920; "The Idea of Coventry Patmore," 1921; "The Beardsley Period," 1925; and "Critical Essays," 1926. Lives at Harrow.

"CAROL, RICHARD." "Born in Edinburgh, 1899. Educated at George Watson's College and London University. 1918–19 2nd Lieut. Seaforth Highlanders, 15th Highland Division. Started the usual flow of rejection slips by trying everything from poetry up (or down). Got a story germ which required to be told by a countryman visiting London and intended to get a friend to do the translating into Lancashire dialect. The friend, fortunately, was away yachting, so Scots dialect was attempted with considerable misgiving. Has since specialized in this dialect and is now a regular contributor to the Daily News, Wireless Magazine, and Gaiety Magazine."

"CAVANAGH, KIT." "Years ago a friend advised me to write stories; two books are the result, one a volume of imaginative tales. A

publisher informed me that some were of exceptional merit, but that there was no sale for such stories in book form. He suggested that I should write a novel for a competition. This I did. The publisher's reader after many remarks for and against, ended with the words 'a really powerful story with easily remedied defects.' It did not gain the prize. I rewrote parts. Then began a long period of travel for the novel and tales. From publisher to publisher they vainly went until literally worn out. They now repose in my desk. Their titles 'The Luck of the Dunleary's,' 'A Dunleary Legend and Other Tales.' The only story of mine that ever met the public eye is 'A Tale of Two Frogs,' published by the Irish Statesman"

CHADWICK, PHILIP GEORGE. "Born in Dewsbury, West York, August 16th, 1893. Seventh child of William Henry Chadwick, Bank Manager and Insurance Broker. Privately educated. Intended to adopt Commercial Artistry as a career and, having studied art for some months, was apprenticed to a firm of colour printers in Leeds in 1911, but, owing to illness, left shortly after and, on recovery, entered the insurance business as agent and broker. Never in robust health, was rejected from the army until 1917, when he joined the 2nd. Artists' Rifles, O. T. C., in which he served for two years, 1917–1919. After demobilisation resumed previous business. Writing having always been a hobby since childhood, first began to write commercially in 1919 and, on moving to Bridlington, East York, in 1922, devoted himself seriously to short stories. As a member of the Independent Labour Party has taken an active interest in politics in recent years."

COLUM, MARY M. Born in Ireland. Educated in Ireland and on the continent. Graduate of the National University of Ireland in modern languages and modern European Literature. Married Padraic Colum, 1912. Came to America, 1914. Contributor to contemporary American periodicals, chiefly of criticism. Visiting critic New York Herald Tribune (Books). Will publish in the near future two books, one of critical essays, and the other "Portraits" (Short Stories). Lives in New Canaan, Connecticut, U S. A.,

COLUM, PADRAIC. Born in Longford, December 8, 1881. Married in 1912. Founder and Editor of the Irish Review, 1911–13. Has lived in America since 1914. Author of "Three Plays," "Wild Earth," "Dramatic Legends," "Castle Conquer," "The Adventures of Odysseus and the Tale of Troy," "The Girl Who Sat by the Ashes," "The Boy Apprenticed to an Enchanter," "The Children Who Followed the Piper," "Voyagers," "The Forge in the Forest," "Hawaiian Tales and Legends," "At the Gateways of the Day," and "The Bright Islands." Lives at New Canaan, Connecticut, U. S. A.

CORKERY, DANIEL. Author of "The Labour Leader," "The Yellow

Bittern," "The Onus of Ownership," "A Munster Twilight," and "The Threshold of Quiet." Lives in Ireland.

CROFT-COOKE, RUPERT. Born 1903. Educated at Tonbridge School. At nineteen went to Argentina, working in various capacities (schoolmaster, stableman, and journalist) for two years. In 1925 having sold "Sport and Society," a monthly paper in English and Spanish which he had recently started in partnership with W. A. Duffy, returned to England. Contributor of stories and articles to numerous periodicals. Lives at Longfield, Kent.

COULDREY, OSWALD JENNINGS. Born at Abingdon, 1882. Educated at Abingdon School and Pembroke College, Oxford. Was appointed to the Indian Educational Service in 1908, and spent most of the next ten years in the Madras Presidency, sometimes as an Inspector of Schools (Tanjore, Waltair) but for the most part as Principal and Professor of English at the Rajahmundry College. Travelled much in Asia during vacations. Invalided home in 1919 and shortly afterwards was retired as disabled. Lives (what is left of him) at Abingdon. Has published "The Mistaken Fury," (stories), 1914; "Thames and Godavery" (poems), 1920; and "South Indian Hours" (description illustrated by the author), 1924.

CROMPTON, RICHMAL. (RICHMAL CROMPTON LAMBURN.) Born in Bury, Lancs., 1890. Her father was a master in Bury Grammar School. Educated at St. Elphin's School, Darley Dale. Won a scholarship in Classics to Royal Holloway College. Was classical mistress at St. Elphin's, Darley Dale and afterwards at Bromley High School till 1923, when she gave up teaching and devoted herself entirely to writing. Her first sketches were printed in Punch. *Novels,* "The Innermost Room," "The Hidden Light," "Anne Morrison," "The Wildings," "David Wilding," "The House," and "Leandon Hill." Short stories in various publications.

"DALE, HARRISON." This writer has spent more than a third of his twenty-eight years in tramp-steamers of the Mercantile Marine, and has some acquaintance with most countries possessing a seaboard. His experience and something of his biography are told in his book "Vanishing Trails." His connection with journalism is of less than three years' standing. Contributor to various periodicals, and also author of a book on Ireland in Black's Colour-book series.

DESMOND, SHAW. Born in Ireland, January 19, 1877. Married and has one daughter. Educated by Irish monks. Left school at fifteen. Has resided in London, Ireland, Copenhagen, and the United States. Engaged in business until 1909. Author of "Fru Danmark," 1917; "The Soul of Denmark," 1918; "Democracy," 1919; "Passion," 1920; "My Country," 1921; "Gods," 1921; "Labour, the Giant with the Feet of Clay," 1921; "Citizenship," 1922; "Bodies and Souls," 1923; "The

Drama of Sinn Fein," 1923; and "The Isle of Ghosts," 1925. Lives near London.

DIGBY, MARGARET. "Born 1902. Educated privately. Student of art and economics. Secretary and translator in the International Co-operative Movement since 1923. Publications: short stories in Manchester Guardian and New Leader." Lives at King's Langley, Herts.

"DORSET, F. H." "The four tales appearing in the Cornhill Magazine: 'Mrs. Murdoch's Man,' 'The Cinema of Sleep,' 'Hedgesparrow and Farmer Todd,' and 'A Jester of the King,' represent this author's very first efforts at producing short stories A previous novel ('John Poole') received excellent notices but did not go beyond one edition. F. H. Dorset is a convenient nom-de-plume for the domesticated parent of three sons, engaged in wrestling with post-war conditions, a commonplace name, and the necessity for augmenting a limited income."

DUKE, WINIFRED. "I was born in Liverpool, of Irish parentage, and came to live in Edinburgh when a schoolgirl. I have had a bent for scribbling ever since I can remember, poetry first, then prose. My first success was a short story in the now defunct Saturday Westminster Gazette. My books are 'The House of Ogilvy,' 1922; 'The Wild Flame,' 1923; 'The Laird,' and 'Scotland's Heir,' 1925; 'Lord George Murray and the Forty-Five,' 1927, and my forthcoming 'Tales of Hate.' I am an occasional contributor to the Scots Magazine, newspapers, and a regular writer for the Judicial Review." Lives at Edinburgh.

DUNSANY, EDWARD JOHN MORETON DRAX PLUNKETT, 18TH BARON. Born July 24, 1878. Married and has one son Educated at Eton. Saw service in South Africa and in the great war. Late Captain of Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and 2nd. Lt. First Battalion Coldstream Guards. Author of "The Gods of Pegana," "Time and the Gods," "The Sword of Welleran," "A Dreamer's Tales," "The Book of Wonder," "Five Plays," "Fifty-one Tales," "Tales of Wonder" "Plays of Gods and Men," "Tales of War," "Plays of Near and Far," "Unhappy Far-off Things," "Tales of Three Hemispheres," "The Chronicles of Rodriguez," and "The King of Elfland's Daughter." Lives at Dunsany Castle, County Meath, Ireland.

ELWELL-SUTTON, R. N. LT.-COM., A. S. Born 1878, in Manchester. Educated H. M. S. Britannia, R. N. College, Greenwich, and subsequently to Great War, London University. Joined Royal Navy 1892; served in East Indies, Mediterranean, Australia, China, Mesopotamia and home waters; interpreter in French. Commanded three of H. M. ships during Great War. Mentioned in dispatches. Retired 1919. B. A. (Lond.), 1921. Fellow of R. G. S (in consideration of survey work on Tigris during war), 1922. Public Lecturer and Lecturer for Oxford and London University Extension Boards.

Prospective Liberal candidate Croydon (S.) Author of "Humanity versus Un-Humanity," 1916. Lives at Shortlands, Kent.

ERVINE, ST. JOHN GREER. Born at Belfast December 28, 1883. Married. Manager of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, 1915. Author of "The Magnanimous Lover," "Mixed Marriage," "Jane Clegg," "John Ferguson," "The Ship," "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," "The Lady of Belmont," "Anthony and Anna," "Some Impressions of My Elders," "Eight o'Clock," "Mrs. Martin's Man," "Alice and a Family," "Changing Winds," "The Foolish Lovers," "The Wayward Man," "Sir Edward Carson," "Parnell," and "The Organised Theatre." Lives in London.

FINDLATER, JANE HELEN. Born in Edinburgh and educated at home. Author of "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," "A Daughter of Strife," "Rachel," "The Story of a Mother," "Stones from a Glass House," "The Ladder to the Stars" (with Kate Douglas Wiggin), "The Affair at the Inn" (with Mary Findlater), "Tales that are Told," "Crossriggs," "Penny Monypenny," "Seven Scots Stories," "Content with Flies" (with Mary Findlater), "Seen and Heard," "A Green Grass Widow," and "Beneath the Visiting Moon" (with Mary Findlater). Lives at Rye.

GALLAGHER, FRANK. Born in 1893. Educated Presentation Brothers College, Cork, and University College, Cork. Joined staff of Cork Free Press, 1911. Appointed London Parliamentary Correspondent of that paper, 1913, and Editor, 1914. Appointed to Publicity Department of Dail Eireann (Irish Republican Government), 1919. Editor Irish Bulletin, 1920–21. Assistant to Reublican Minister for Publicity, 1920–21. Assistant Editor An Phoblacht (The Republic), 1922. Engaged in free lance journalism since 1924.

GALSWORTHY, JOHN. Born in 1867. Author of "Jocelyn," 1898; "Villa Rubein," 1900; "A Man of Devon," 1901; "The Island Pharisees," 1904; "The Man of Property," 1906; "The Silver Box," 1906; "The Country House," 1907; "Joy," 1907; "The Commentary," 1908; "Fraternity," 1909; "Strife," 1909; "A Motley," 1910; "Justice," 1910; "The Patrician," 1911; "Moods, Songs, and Doggerels," 1911; "The Little Dream," 1911; "The Pigeon," 1912; "The Eldest Son," 1912; "The Inn of Tranquillity," 1912; "The Dark Flower," 1913; "The Fugitive," 1913; "The Mob," 1914; "A Bit o' Love," 1915; "The Little Man," 1915; "The Freelands," 1915; "A Sheaf," 1916 and 1919; "The Foundations," 1916; "Beyond," 1917; "Five Tales," 1918; "Saints' Progress," 1919; "Addresses in America," 1919; "Tatterdemalion," 1920; "In Chancery," 1920; "Awakening," 1920; "The Skin Game," 1920; "To Let," 1921; "Six Short Plays," 1921; "A Family Man," 1921; "The Forsyte Saga," 1922; "Loyalties," 1922; "Windows," 1922; "Captures," 1923; "The White Monkey," 1924; "The Forest," 1924; "Old English," 1924; "Show," 1925;

"Escape," 1926; and "The Silver Spoon," 1926. Lives in Sussex.

GARNETT, DAVID. Born in 1892. Is the son of Edward Garnett, critic, and Constance Garnett, translator of Turgenev, Chekhov, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Gogol, and many other Russian writers. His grandfather was Dr. Richard Garnett, keeper of printed books at the British Museum. David Garnett spent five years at the Royal College of Science, studying Botany, and was awarded the Marshall scholarship for a piece of research work. He refused to be a soldier during the war. In 1920 he opened a bookshop in partnership with Francis Birrell, but gave up bookselling after four years. In 1921 he married Ray, daughter of the late William Cecil Marshall, architect. His wife has illustrated several of his books. In 1922 he began "writing publishable work" and is the author of: "Lady into Fox," "A Man in the Zoo," "The Sailor's Return," and "Go She Must." The first of these won the James Tait Black and the Hawthornden prizes. His books have been translated into several languages. David Garnett is a junior partner in the Nonesuch Press. Address: Hilton Hall, Huntingdonshire.

GEORGE, W. L. Born in Paris, March 20, 1882. Married three times. Educated in Paris and Germany. Was special correspondent on various newspapers, served in the French Army, and was Section Officer in the Ministry of Munitions during the war. Author of "A Bed of Roses," 1911; "The City of Light," 1912; "Israel Kalïsch," 1913; "Woman and To-morrow," 1913; "The Making of an Englishman," 1914; "Dramatic Actualities," 1914; "The Second Blooming," 1914; "Anatole France," 1915; "Olga Nazimov," 1915; "The Stranger's Wedding," 1916; "The Intelligence of Woman," 1917; "A Novelist on Novels," 1918; "Eddies of the Day," 1919; "Blind Alley," 1919; "Caliban," 1920; "The Confession of Ursula Trent," 1921; "Hail, Columbia!" 1921; "A London Mosaic," 1921; "The Stiff Lip," 1922; "One of the Guilty," 1923; "Triumph of Gallio," 1924; "How to Invest Your Money," 1924; "Story of Woman," 1925; and "Gifts of Sheba," 1926. Died in 1926.

GIBSON, GLADYS L. Born in Lincoln, bred in Yorkshire, a graduate of Leeds University. Contributor to the Manchester Guardian, New Statesman, Westminster Gazette, Yorkshire Post, Baltimore Sun. Sometime teacher of English. Lives in Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

GUNN, WINIFRED ELEANOR. "Born 1888, in Peebles, Scotland. Daughter of Clement Gunn, M. D., noted Antiquarian. Educated privately; later Edinburgh. Specialised in all branches of domestic science and hygiene. Taught and examined in these subjects for some years. Member of Executive of National Council of Women. As Lecturer and writer has devoted much time to publicity work for the League of Nations since its inception. Has for some time casually

contributed articles (light) and verse (heavy) to leading weeklies and dailies. Recently however has turned seriously to free lance journalism, and in particular to short story writing. Finds keenest enjoyment in country life, music, and the study of human nature generally." Lives in Peebles, Scotland.

HAMILTON, COSMO. Author of "Adam's Clay," "Brummell," "The Blindness of Virtue," "Duke's Son," "The Infinite Capacity," "The Outpost of Eternity," "The Door That Has No Key," "A Play for the Younger Generation," "The Miracle of Love," "His Friend and His Wife," "The Rustle of Silk," "The Wisdom of Folly," "A Sense of Humour," "The Mountain Climber," "Bridge," and "Mrs. Skeffington."

HAYTHORNE, WINIFRED. Born near Aylesbury. At school in Liverpool. Was at Somerville College, Oxford, reading Greats when the war broke out. Finished the degree course, but only took a degree when these were granted to women some years afterwards. Later had a year at the London School of Economics and the Women's University Settlement. Served in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps (Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps) as Controller, London District, and then as Deputy Chief Controller, attached B. E. F. (O. B. E. military, and mention in dispatches). Has had various occupations and written articles and a few short stories.

HEALY, CAHIR. Born in Co. Donegal, in 1877. Was identified with the Nationlist Movement in Ireland from 1911. Interned for two years on a prison ship in Larne Bay by the Northern Government from 1922 to 1924. Then released on the intervention of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, when Prime Minister. Twice elected a Member of the Imperial Parliament; at present M. P. (Fermanagh and Tyrone) in the Northern Parliament. Is an insurance official; writes verse, stories and sketches as a hobby; knows the highways and byeways of the Irish Gaelteacht intimately. Residence, Enniskillen, Ireland.

HESELTINE, OLIVE. Born November, 1878. Second daughter of Sir Courtenay Ilbert, K. C. S. I., G. C. B. late Clerk to the House of Commons, and Jessie Bradley, niece of the late Dean of Westminster; married, 1912, Michael Heseltine, C. B.; marriage dissolved, 1920. Contributor to the Nation from 1907 to 1923, to the Daily News, and to Time and Tide. Author of "Conversation," 1927. Lives at Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

HOBSON, CORALIE. "Born at Chatham. Left school at the age of fourteen—wanted to be a pianist but had no money. Went on tour in a third-rate Theatrical Company. Disgusted! Married Harold Hobson, son of the famous economist, J. A. Hobson. Published her first book 'The Revolt of Youth,' during the War. This was followed by 'In Our Town,' in 1924; and 'Bed and Breakfast,' in 1926. Has also contributed short stories to the New Coterie and

Manchester Guardian, etc., and has a new volume of short stories for the autumn." Lives in London.

INCE, MABEL. Second daughter of the Rev. J. C. Ince of Gurnard, I. W. Was born at Serampore, India. She studied art at the Byam-Shaw School of Art, and for a time illustrated her own and other stories, which appeared in various magazines. She has published two novels. During the war she went on the land and worked on a farm in Norfolk. She has since given up drawing for the greater interest in writing, and has contributed short tales to Punch, Manchester Guardian, Sunday Chronicle, and a certain amount of magazines. Lives in London.

KAHAN, HERBERT LEON. "Born in London in 1904 and educated at William Ellis School. During the summer months of 1925 he worked as a reporter on a London suburban paper. In May, 1926, as the result of a fortunate introduction, he began reviewing for the Nation; in December of the same year for The New Statesman. His first story was published in The Calendar of Modern Letters, for July, 1926; his second in that periodical for January, 1927; his third is to appear in The Nation. Such has been the course of his literary activity to the beginning of 1927."

KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA. Married Rev. Penrose Fry, 1924. Author of "The Tramping Methodist," 1908; "Starbrace," 1909; "Spell-land," 1910; "Isle of Thorns," 1913; "Three Against the World," 1914; "Sussex Gorse," 1916; "The Challenge to Sirius," 1917; "Little England," 1918; "Tamarisk Town," 1919; "Green Apple Harvest," 1920; "Joanna Godden," 1921; "The End of the House of Alard," 1923; "The George and the Crown," 1925; and "The Mirror of the Months," 1926.

"KIRK, LAURENCE" (E. A. SIMSON). Born May 4, 1895. Scotch parents. Educated Wellington, classical scholar Magdalen, Oxford, 1914, but did not reside. Served R. F. A. 1914–1916, A. F. C. and R. A. F. 1916–1919, entered Civil Service, Colonial Office, 1920, emerged 1923. First publication in Cornhill Magazine, 1926.

LEWIS, CECIL DAY. "Born at Ballintubber, Queens Co., Ireland, April 27, 1904. Educated at Sherborne School, and Wadham College, Oxford. Has contributed poems to "Best Poems of 1926" (New York), the Spectator, the Weekly Westminster, the Westminster Gazette, the Decachord, Oxford Poetry, the Cambridge Review, and most of the Oxford papers; short stories to the Manchester Guardian. Is the author of the following books (poetry): 'Beechen Vigil,' (the Fortune Press) 1925; 'Country Comets,' (in preparation); prose, 'Four American Poets,' (in preparation). Has lived a sadly uneventful life. His present recreations are skittles, philosophy, and fighting. Is rather fond of unicorns."

LOVELL, DOROTHY A. "I am a native of Gainsborough, Lincoln-

shire. I contributed short stories to various papers before becoming a regular contributor of prose and verse to the Christian Science Monitor. My home is now in London."

LUSBY, REGINALD HERBERT. Born in 1905 in Lincolnshire. Became a teacher in 1926, serving under the London County Council. "Driftwood" is the only story he has had published. Lives in London.

MACCARTHY, DESMOND. Born in 1878. Married. Three children. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. Author of "The Court Theatre," "Memoirs of Lady John Russell," and "Remnants." Lives in London.

MCFEE, WILLIAM. Born in 1881. Author of "Ocean Tramp," 1908; "Aliens," 1914; "Casuals of the Sea," 1916; "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," 1921; "Harbours of Memory," 1922; "Command," 1923; "Race," 1924; "Sunlight in New Granada," 1924; "Swallowing the Anchor," 1925. Lives in Westport, Connecticut, U. S. A.

MACK, LOVEL. Author of short stories, articles, and poems in various papers. Was a soldier in Gallipoli and France throughout the war. Lives in Liverpool.

MANNIN, ETHEL. "Born 1900, London; Irish on my father's side. First appeared in print at the age of ten on the children's page of the Lady's Companion; second outburst was on the children's page of Reynold's Newspaper at the age of thirteen; but wrote fairy stories since I was seven years old. At fifteen left commercial training college, for which I'd won a scholarship from a council school, and went into Charles Higham's advertising organisation as a stenographer; at seventeen in the beginning of 1918, Higham bought the old theatrical paper, THE PELICAN, from Frank Boyd, and made me dramatic critic and associate editor. In the files of The Pelican, therefore, lie buried all my adolescent outpourings. Ran at the same time for Higham, Higham's Magazine, and various little business publications ('house organs'). Began free lance journalism with the Evening Standard and the Pall Mall Gazette in 1918–1919. Wrote first novel, 'Martha,' at the age of twenty-one, published 1923; followed by 'Hunker of the Sea' in 1924; 'Sounding Brass' in 1925, and 'Pilgrims' in 1927. I don't belong to any clubs of any kind. All my spare time (I work solidly every day from 9–30 or 10 until 6–30 or 7 in the evening when I am at home, but I go away a great deal because, like Ulysses, I cannot rest from travel) I put into my home, which is for me a creation as much as my books. My husband is Sir Charles Higham's business manager, and I have a little daughter of seven. My married name is Porteous, but I prefer my own beautiful Celtic name of Mannin."

MASON, ALFRED EDWARD WOODLEY. Educated at Dulwich College, and Trinity College, Oxford. Captain Manchester Regiment 1914. Major R. M. L. I. on General Staff, 1917. M. P. for Coventry, 1906–10.

Author of "A Romance of Wastdale," 1895; "The Courtship of Morrice Butler," 1896; "The Philanderers," 1897; "Lawrence Clavering," 1897; "Parson Kelly" (with Andrew Lang), 1899; "Miranda of the Balcony," 1899; "Ensign Knightley," 1901; "Clementina," 1901; "The Four Feathers," 1902; "Truants," 1904; "Running Water," 1907; "Broken Road," 1907; "Colonel Smith," 1909; "At the Villa Rose," 1910; "Witness for the Defense," 1911; "The Turnstile," 1912; "Open Windows," 1913; "The Four Corners of the World," 1917; "The Summons," 1920; "Running Water," 1922; "The Winding Stair," 1923; and "The House of the Arrow," 1924.

MITTON, G. E. Educated at home and at Durham High School. Associated with publishing and editing annuals. Author of numerous novels, guide books, books of travel, and books for boys. Lives at Graffham, near Petworth.

MONTAGUE, CHARLES EDWARD. Born January 1, 1867. Married in 1898. Has seven children. Educated at City of London School and at Balliol College, Oxford. Is a director of the Manchester Guardian and a Governor of the University of Manchester. Served in army throughout the war. Author of "A Hind Let Loose," 1910; "Dramatic Values," 1911; "The Morning's War," 1913; "Disenchantment," 1922; "Fiery Particles," 1923; "The Right Place," 1924; and "Rough Justice," 1926. Lives at Burford, Oxon.

MORDAUNT, ELINOR. "Twenty-four years ago I took my first real voyage (though I had been out to Mauritius and South Africa before that) on a sailing ship, and was from the end of the second week in February to the beginning of July going from Glasgow to Adelaide, with no sight of land. We had a very rough time of it. Lost all the starboard boats with the starboard taffrail, were becalmed for days on end in the Doldrums, and got among the icebergs, far south of the Cape; were very short of food and, towards the end, of water, being reduced to one pint a day of fresh water for drinking and washing—which latter was, as you may imagine, altogether omitted. I knocked about Australia a good deal and earned my own living in a great many different ways, gardening and house decorating taking up most of my time. I came home to England in 1907 and wrote my second book, "The Ship of Solace" My first book, "The Garden of Contentment," had been written eight years before when I came home from Mauritius and was on my back with inflammation of the spinal cord, which I have never altogether got over. The first part of 1914 found me in the Balkans, and I was in Valona and Durazzo up to a week before war was declared. I never saw another unveiled woman all the time I was there, living in the house of a Turk with two Albanian wives, and taking my meals in the one European hotel, so crowded that I was obliged to climb over the beds to reach the dining room where men of, I suppose, every

nationality upon earth, congregated; for at that time speculators had a great idea of exploiting Albania. After the war was over I went out to the Canary Islands and then into Morocco, and three years ago started off on my journey around the world, of which journey all the particulars appear in my book 'The Venture Book,' published last spring, and in 'The Further Venture Book.' I have written in all about twenty-three books and a great number of magazine stories, which at one time appeared regularly in the Metropolitan Magazine. At the present time I have an old château in the south of France which I have been very busy reconditioning, and of which I am keeping the ground floor as a pied-á-terre, letting off the rest of the house. So far as I know there has been only one more writer on either side of my family, that being my mother's brother who was a correspondent for the Times and Pall Mall Gazette throughout the Franco-German war and went through the siege of Paris, and who wrote a great many really amusing books of French history. For the rest they were all given up heart and soul to sport, hunting and racing, I myself and my six brothers and one sister—the youngest of the whole family—being mad about sport of all kinds, though in addition to this we all drew or painted more or less. My father drew horses wonderfully, though he'd never settle down to it, and his best work was done with a piece of burnt stick on any blank wall. A good deal of the sort of life I lived as a child is shown in my book, 'The Family.' My latest novel deals with a phase of life in the Dutch Indies which I know to be equally true in many other islands throughout the Pacific."

MOTTRAM, R. H. "I am a native of Norwich, in the employ of Messrs. Barclays, as were also my father, grandfather and great-grandfather. I served in the Army for five years, starting in the ranks, and obtaining a special appointment which I held until demobilisation, when I returned to the Bank. Before the War I had published two small books of verse, but no prose. Since the War, I have published, 'The Spanish Farm,' 'Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four,' 'The Crime at Vanderlynden's,' and some short pieces, and 'Our Mr. Dormer,' is at present appearing in serial form in English Life. Though, of course, the material for the war books was collected during my period of active service, those books are in no way autobiographical, nor are the characters or scenes therein other than types that seem to me to fairly represent the conditions that arise when certain natures are involved in particular crises."

NORMAN-SMITH, DOROTHY E. Born in 1893 in Derby, England. Was educated at the Keighley Grammar School, Yorkshire. She has published no books, but has contributed to periodicals short stories and poems. Married in 1914 and began writing during the war, in the intervals of war-work.

O'Faoláin, Seán. One of the younger generation of Irish writers, born in 1900 in Cork. Studied at Cork University from 1918 to 1926. A writer on Celtic literature and current Irish events, and a student of medieval literature. At present studying in Harvard where he is gathering materials for a book on Irish literature, which will deal with keyphases of Irish culture from the lyrics of the Middle Ages to the Anglo-Irish Renaissance. He has written much in Gaelic, sometimes translating from the original but always vivifying his work by the help of the buried literature of the past. The story "The Bomb-shop" was written originally in Gaelic and transferred subsequently into English.

Ormerod, J. C., "is a Congregational minister in the north of England. His preparation for this placid career appears to have been rather varied. Beginning in an engineering foundry, he went to Oxford, and then took on a touch of European culture at the universities of Paris and Berlin. The instinct of the wanderer now broke out in him, and he travelled all over Greece alone with a rucksack, and all through Syria and Palestine on horseback. During the War he acted as Chaplain on the western front. Occasional special articles have been contributed by him, chiefly to the Manchester Guardian. When his friends try to persuade him to leave the church of literature, he is said to have replied that while short stories have to be made, sermons, as everybody knows, can be found in stones."

Pantin, Amy Moir, is the daughter of a Scottish Inspector of Schools, and was born in Scotland in 1900. Her childhood was spent in Fife and in Edinburgh, where she went to school and later, for a year, to the University. In 1919 she went up to Cambridge to read medicine, and was a student of Newnham College from 1919 to 1922, in which year she took an Honours Degree in Natural Science. In 1923 she married Carl F. A. Pantin, a physiologist, and since that time has done some biological work and written some short stories.

Peake, C. M. A. "Born abroad, C. M. A. Bayliff began in Hertfordshire a long and close association with English country folk, continued in the Wye Valley and in Berkshire. Coming to London she took up black and white illustrating and this led to literary work. After her marriage to Harold J. E. Peake, she travelled in Europe, the far East, the wilder parts of British Columbia and other places to which her husband's anthropological studies led them. She is much interested in Village Drama and, before the war, wrote and produced a series of Masques at Boxford in Berkshire. Author of 'Eli of the Downs,' and 'Pagan Corner,' two novels of country life, and (in collaboration with Shotaro Kimura) of 'Sword and Blossom Poems' from the Japanese. Her chief interests lie in fiction, poetry, and the art and literature of ancient China, though she also writes on gardening and other topics of the country side." Lives at Newbury.

PEEL, MRS. C. S. Educated at home. Has been editorially associated with several magazines and newspapers, and has served on Committees in various Ministries and Associations for Public Service. Author of various novels and books on household management. Lives in London.

PHILLIPS, W. BURNARD. Born July, 1899. Stationers' Company School, 1908–1916. Enlisted July, 1917. Demobilised after service in France and Belgium, January, 1919. Occupation for seven days a week, poultry farming. Lives at Cuffley, Herts.

PICKTHALL, MARMADUKE WILLIAM. Born April 7, 1875. Married. Educated at Harrow and on the Continent. Has spent a large part of his life in the Orient. Author of "Saïd the Fisherman," 1903; "Enid," 1904; "Brendle," 1905; "House of Islam," 1906; "The Myopes," 1907; "The children of the Nile," 1908; "The Valley of the Kings," 1909; "Pot-au-feu," 1911; "Larkmeadow," 1912; "Veiled Women," 1913; "With the Turk in War Time," 1914; "Tales from Five Chimneys," 1915; "The House of War," 1916; "Knights of Araby," 1917; "Oriental Encounters," 1918; "Sir Limpidus," 1919; "The Early Hours," 1921; and "As Others See Us," 1922. Lives at Hyderabad, Deccan, India.

PRYCE, RICHARD. Born at Boulogne. Educated at Leamington. Author of "An Evil Spirit," 1887; "The Ugly Story of Miss Wetherby," 1889; "Just Impediment," 1890; "The Quiet Mrs. Fleming," 1890; "Miss Maxwell's Affections," 1891; "Deck-Chair Stories," 1891; "Time and the Woman," 1892; "Winifred Mount," 1894; "The Burden of a Woman," 1895; "Elementary Jane," 1897; "Jezebel," 1900; "The Successor," 1904; "Towing-path Bess," 1907; "Christopher," 1911; "David Penstephen," 1915; "The Statue of Wood," 1918; "Romance and Jane Weston," 1924; and numerous plays. Lives in London.

ROBINSON, LENNOX. Born in Cork, October 4, 1886. Educated at Bandon Grammar School. Manager of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, 1910–14 and 1919–23. Organizing Librarian of the Carnegie Trust, 1915–25. Author of "The Clancy Name," 1908; "The Cross Roads," 1909; "Patriots," 1912; "The Dreamers," 1915; "The Whiteheaded Boy," 1916; "A Young Man from the South," 1917; "The Lost Leader," 1918; "Dark Days," 1918; "Eight Short Stories," 1919; "The Round Table," 1922; "Crabbed Youth and Age," 1922; "Never the Time and the Place," 1924; "Retreat," 1925; "Portrait," 1925; and "The Golden Treasury of Irish Verse," 1925. Lives at Dalkey, County Dublin, Ireland.

SACKVILLE-WEST, EDWARD. "Born in London, November, 1901. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where I read the Modern Language School. I have lived for some months at a time in Paris, Vienna, and Freiburg-in-Baden. In 1924 I was musical critic

to the Spectator. In 1925 I published my first novel, 'Piano Quintet,' and in 1926 my second, 'The Ruin.' Since May, 1926, I have been assistant literary editor of the New Statesman." Lives at Knole, Sevenoaks, Kent.

SHANN, RENÉE. "Born in London, 1901. Most of young life spent in care of Mrs. Horace Fuller Rackham, High Wych Vicarage, Sawbridgeworth, aunt of the late Sir Cyril Arthur Pearson. Educated Bishop's Stortford High School. First intended for musical profession. Owes to Katherine Mansfield the impulse to express in prose the poignant simplicities of ordinary life. Married to editor and author in 1922. Two children. Hobbies: husband and these twain. Contributor to numerous periodicals. Writes in odd minutes between attending to domestic duties and mothering the children. In preparation, a first book of short stories." Lives in London.

SOMERVILLE, MARY. Is twenty-nine. Educated at Somerville College, Oxford. Is Schools Executive under the Director of Education, developing School Broadcasting of the B. B. C Has lived for twenty years in the Border country of Scotland and is shortly publishing a book of short stories about the people of the ballad country. Lives in London.

THORPE, JULIAN. Born in South America of English parents and educated at Oxford and Cambridge. Author of one or two plays and a few short stories.

"TRAILL, PETER." (GUY M. MORTON.) Age thirty. Educated at Rugby and University College, Oxford. Called to the Bar in 1921. Major in R. G. A. during the war and mentioned in dispatches. Married in 1924. One son. Author of "Woman to Woman," 1924; "Memory's Geese," 1924; "The Divine Spark," 1926; "Under the Cherry Tree," 1926; "The White Hen," 1927; and several plays in collaboration with Michael Morton.

TURNER, J. C. "I was born in Cardiff in 1901, and educated first at a Council School, then at a Business College. I left the latter in 1915 and from that date until 1921 I worked in a shirt-warehouse here. From August, 1921 until June, 1922 I was unemployed. Since 1922, I have been a shop assistant in a large Cardiff drapery store."

W., V. "V. W.'s family came to Ireland from Wales in the 17th century. She can boast three great-grandfathers who voted against the Union in the last Irish parliament in College Green. Her father was a Civil Engineer who worked in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, but her parents settled down again in Ireland when she was a child. They became believers in Sir Horace Plunkett and Dominion Home Rule. V. W. was educated at Alexandra College, Dublin; then studied art. She began to write when the war had put an end to this first career. She has had an ample opportunity to study dramatic

story telling and the use of the effective word among the people of the Irish countryside."

WILLIAMS, ORLO. Born in 1883. Author of "Life and Letters of John Rickman," 1912; "Vie de Bohème," 1913; "Giosuè Carducci," 1914; "The Essay," 1914; "A Good Englishman," 1920; "Three Naughty Children," 1922; "Contemporary Criticism," 1924. Lives in London.

"WILLIAMS, PATRY," is a pseudonym of two friends, Miss M. Patry and Miss D. Williams who live and write together. "Having neither of us been either married, divorced, imprisoned, or wanted by the police, we fear that we've nothing very sensational to offer. We have both wandered about a good deal; India, Burmah, Egypt, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and France—the latter having been our home for the last few years. We have many French friends of all sorts and conditions, and have a great affection for the French people, and admiration for their sane, courageous, and cheerful outlook on life. Our first novel, 'The Gulf Invisible,' published in 1925, deals with an Anglo-French marriage; our second, 'The Other Law,' published in 1926, has Capri for its chief setting; and the third, now in preparation, is a story of village life on the southern coast of France, showing the contrast of the English and French point of view. We are both lovers of the country, and do a lot of our writing out of doors; our best holidays have been spent in remote villages in the Alpes Maritimes; places unknown to the general public, and where the sole means of getting about is on foot or on donkey back—the latter being the means of transport we most heartily recommend." They live at Cagnes-sur-Mer, France.

WILLIAMS, REGINALD STEPHEN. Born at Flixton, Lancashire in 1900. Was educated at the Manchester Grammar School, where he followed a long line of literary men, including Thomas de Quincey, Harrison Ainsworth, Stanley Houghton, Gilbert Cannan and others, and was contemporary with Louis Golding. He left the school during the war to train as a wireless telegraphy operator in the Mercantile Marine. In 1920 he joined the Editorial Staff of the Daily Mail for whom he now acts as music critic for the north of England. He is well known also as a lecturer on music and a bass singer, having broadcast from London, Manchester and other stations of the B. B. C. Lives in Manchester.

WILLIAMS, THOMAS. Born, 1891. Educated at Aberustwyth and Carlsruhe. Holds British and German Research degrees in science, first class Honours in Chemistry. Formerly demonstrator and research assistant at the Royal Technical College, Carlsruhe. Has published scientific works in England and Germany. Literary publications, "In the Hands of Men," a romantic tragedy, and others.

WITHEROW, JAMES MILLING, "the only surviving son of Professor Witherow, Magee College, Londonderry (see Dict. Nat. Biography), was born in that city and educated in the Academical Institution, Magee College, Queen's College, Belfast, and New College, Edinburgh. He took First Honours at his B.A. and also at his M.A. examinations in the Royal University, Dublin. He went into the ministry and was first called to Wallace Green Church, Berwick-on-Tweed, afterwards to Belhaven Church, Glasgow, and latterly for nearly twenty years ministered in St. Andrews, Norwood, London, S. E. 19. In 1896 he married Nina Robinson, daughter of Captain H. E. C. Robinson, R. N. Their family now number three sons and three daughters. The two older boys served in the Great War, one as an Artillery officer, the other as a Corporal in the A. A. C. Their father served in the Ministry of Munitions and also as Chaplain to the Royal Naval Division at the Crystal Palace. In 1920 Mr. Witherow received the honorary degree of D.D. from the Ulster Theological Faculty. Dr. Witherow is the author of "Grapes of God," a little volume which has long been out of print and is now very difficult to procure, and many short articles. In 1923 he resigned his charge in Norwood and since then has travelled in France, Italy, Sicily, and in the east of North America."

WOOLF, VIRGINIA, youngest daughter of the late Sir Leslie Stephen. Educated at home. Married Leonard Woolf in 1912, with whom she manages the Hogarth Press. Author of "The Voyage Out," 1915; "Night and Day," 1919; "Monday or Tuesday," 1921; "Jacob's Room," 1922; "The Common Reader," 1925; "Mrs. Dallaway," 1925; and "The Lighthouse," 1927. Lives in London.

WYLIE, I. A. R. Educated at Brussels, Cheltenham Ladies' College, and in Germany. Author of "The Rajah's People," 1910; "Rambles in the Black Forest," 1911; "In Different Keys," 1911; "Dividing Waters," 1911; "The Daughter of Brahma," 1912; "The Red Mirage," 1913; "The Paupers of Portman Square," 1913; "Eight Years in Germany," 1914; "Happy Endings," 1915; "The Temple of Dawn," 1915; "Arm-chair Stories," 1916; "Tristram Sahib," 1916; "The Shining Heights," 1917; "The Duchess in Pursuit," 1918; "All Sorts," 1918; "Towards Morning," 1920; "Brodie and the Deep Sea," 1920; "The Dark House," 1922; and "Ancient Fires," 1924.

THE END

Madge Christman

1938